CASEY STENGEL HIS OWN STORY

PLUS: KENNEDY'S "REPORT CARD" By STEWART ALSOP

1

The Saturday Evening POST

Sept. 16, 1961

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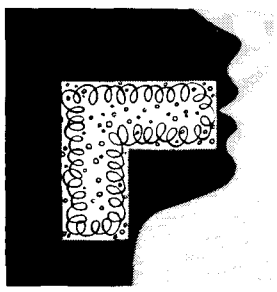
Stop bad breath 4 times better with Listerine



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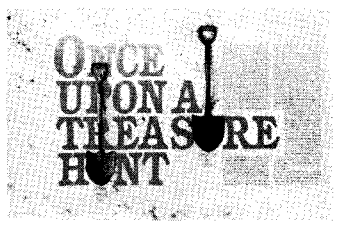
"AT BAT"—Beginning the engaging autobiography of CHARLES DILLON (DUTCH) (CASEY) STENGEL, the Kansas City street sprinkler's son who led the New York Yankees to ten pennants in twelve years. Sports Editor Harry T. Paxton has translated Casey's life story from perplexing Stengelese into intelligible, delightful Stengelese. Part I is on seven consecutive color-splashed pages.

NEW LOOK, NEW FEATURES. WE MUST THINK ABOUT NUCLEAR WAR, WARNS PHYSICIST HERMAN KAHN IN A HARD-HITTING POLEMIC WHICH INAUGURATES OUR "SPEAKING OUT" DEPARTMENT. . . . "PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP": BEGINNING A FEATURE ON NEW FACES TO BE RECKONED WITH. THIS WEEK'S UP-AND-COMERS: GUITAR-PLAYING BUREAUCRAT JIM SYMINGTON, TV CORRESPONDENT NANCY HANSCHMAN, THE BRAINY SCHAEFER TWINS, SOPRANO MARY COSTA . . . . A FRESH LOOK AT "THE FACE OF AMERICA". . . . POST SCRIPTS: FUN AND SATIRE AS USUAL, WRAPPED IN FOUR PAGES OF CARTOONS.

ARTICLES: KENNEDY'S REPORT CARD: Stewart Alsop assesses the President's record. . . . A young widow tells of her fight against "THE DISEASE OF LONELINESS" . . . . An American millionaire gives himself and his fortune to bring good medicine to a superstitious people. . . . DAVID MERRICK, the "abominable showman". . . . Two views of youth: A Fulbright exchange teacher looks at JAPAN'S YOUNG MODERNS, tells of collegians who committed suicide to protest noise which interfered with their studies. And ex-professor Jerome Ellison (who wrote the 1959 Post article, Are We Making a Playground Out of College?) jabs a needle in Florida's "SUN-TAN U.," where a coed was given a car to console her for failing.

THE COVER. Once (1728) we were a brand-new publication called The Universal Instructor in All Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. To keep in step with the times, we have on occasion changed our name and applied new make-up. No change in name this week, but the make-up has been brightened considerably. On our cover, designer Herbert Lubalin has tucked "The Saturday Evening" inside a bigger and perkier "Post." The artist who painted the picture is that slim young man who first captivated Post readers in 1916—but just for fun he altered his signature, employing a modern lettering for this renascent occasion: Norman Rockwell



FICTION: ONCE UPON A TREASURE HUNT: a Robert Edmond Alter story about a happily-ever-after girl. . . . Storyteller Gerald Kersh at his puckish best in THE LADY WHO PLAYED THE FOOL. . . . A car wears the stains of murder in John D. MacDonald's HIT AND RUN—and tire tracks screech into its title in a new type of illustration aimed at the essence of the story. . . . Part II of William Chamberlain's BATTLE PARTY.

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Published by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania. Issued weekly with the two year-end issues combined. Second-class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The names of characters used in all Post fiction and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. Any resemblance to a living person is a coincidence.

Subscription Prices: U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada, 1 Yr., $5.95; longer terms $4.00 each additional year. Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America (except the Guianas)—1 Yr., $8.45. All other countries, 1 Yr., $10.95. Remit by Money Order or Draft on a bank in the U.S. payable in U.S. Funds. All prices subject to change without notice.

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LETTERS

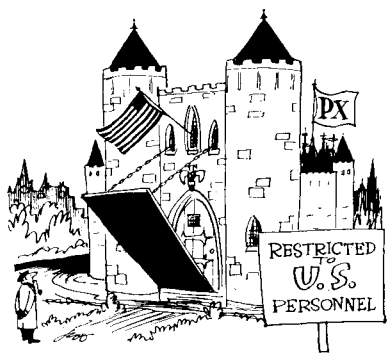
READY . . . AIM . . .

I was appalled by the numerous errors and misconceptions reported in THE PX: WORLD'S BIGGEST DISCOUNT HOUSE [by Toni Howard, Aug. 12]. . . . Food in a foreign country is *not* suitable for consumption by Americans. Military medical regulations prohibit "off-post" dining at many overseas military sites. . . . Natives are immune, by reason of long exposure, to the beriberi, amoebic dysentery, cholera, typhoid, etc., found in local food products, but Americans would succumb.

Living on the economy *is* a hardship. Lack of proper heating facilities and inside toilet necessities, and the presence of rats, roaches, bedbugs and other creatures in off-base living quarters compares to the lowest class of "slums" in the United States.

CAPT. BURLEY A. JOHNSON, USAF (RET.)
Baltimore, Md.

You make servicemen, and particularly their dependents, sound like a miserable bunch of leeches. We are not! My father and my husband are both career Marines. I've been a dependent all my life, and I'm sure the Army and Air Force dependents are not different. . . . The reason dependents stay to themselves, both here and overseas, is for protection. No matter where we go



we are treated as second-class citizens, particularly the enlisted families. After a while you keep within your own "social class" and quit being snubbed.

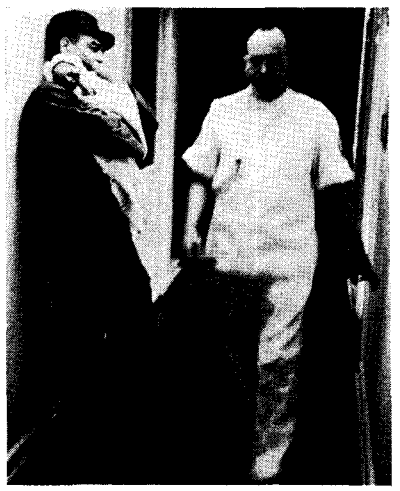
DONNA DARNOLD SLATON
Santa Ana, Calif.

THE PX: WORLD'S BIGGEST DISCOUNT HOUSE is one of the best articles in years. No occupation army—ever—has been liked by locals. But I know of nothing which makes us more hated than the "American Ghettos" and the "PX." Many of our men abroad are tops. But an American ghetto, at a time when student exchanges, the Peace Corps, foreign aid and the like are striving for international understanding and friendliness, is the most provincial, self-centered and medieval factor in our Government program.

MAYNARD OWEN WILLIAMS
Natick, Mass.

So now we're being accused of bargain hunting in the maternity ward. Oh my! Could you please inform the finance office that we have been getting seventy-five dollars less than we are supposed to be, since we (according to your article) receive twenty-five dollars for every child we have.

PATRICIA A. MACGREGOR
Larson AFB, Wash.



A G.I. lulls his month-old daughter to sleep, waiting for mamma to get X rays in Heidelberg army hospital.

Sure, our medical care is cheap, but Miss Howard tells only one part of it. She forgot the part where we wait from four to six hours to see an Army doctor.

JOAN CASTRO
Denver, Colo.

Toni Howard has succeeded in shattering my fondest illusion. I had thought my parents had me because they wanted a child, like other parents, to love and to care for. Now I suddenly discover that the only reason for my existence is the fact that I was a bargain and—because of the low, low prices in our PX—I cost practically nothing to maintain.

CAROL MAROHN (age 16)
Redstone Arsenal, Ala.

Military pay tables show that a private's monthly base pay is $85.80 (for less than two years' service, but more than four months'); for his first dependent (usually a wife) he receives $51.30 additional (to rent quarters for his wife); for his second dependent (first child) he receives an additional $25.80; for his third dependent (second child) he receives an additional $19.80. There is *no* increase in quarters allowance for additional dependents.

Therefore, a private with a wife and two or more children has a grand total of $182.70 a month (before taxes) on which to live. It can be done, but only if the serviceman is able to obtain necessities for his entire family—not just toilet articles and cigarettes—from the PX.

THOMAS E. WASHINGTON
Honea Path, S.C.

• *Reader Washington and many others are right—author Howard's statement on the Class Q allotment is true only for the first two children.—ED.*

We lived "on the economy" in France for three years, learned to speak French fluently; but all our mingling and associating with French neighbors didn't spare us when it came to paying exorbitant and outrageous amounts for rent, electricity and French taxes.

FRANCES MANSFIELD
Lake Charles, La.

The thing I detest most about the article is the ridiculous implication that

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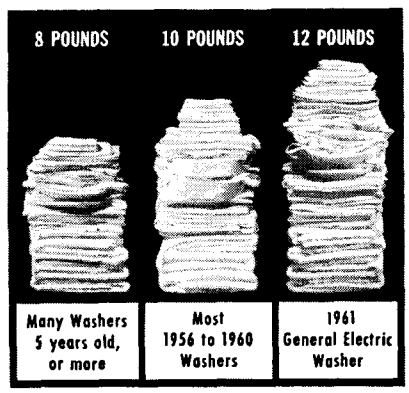
Washes a big 12-lb. load truly clean!

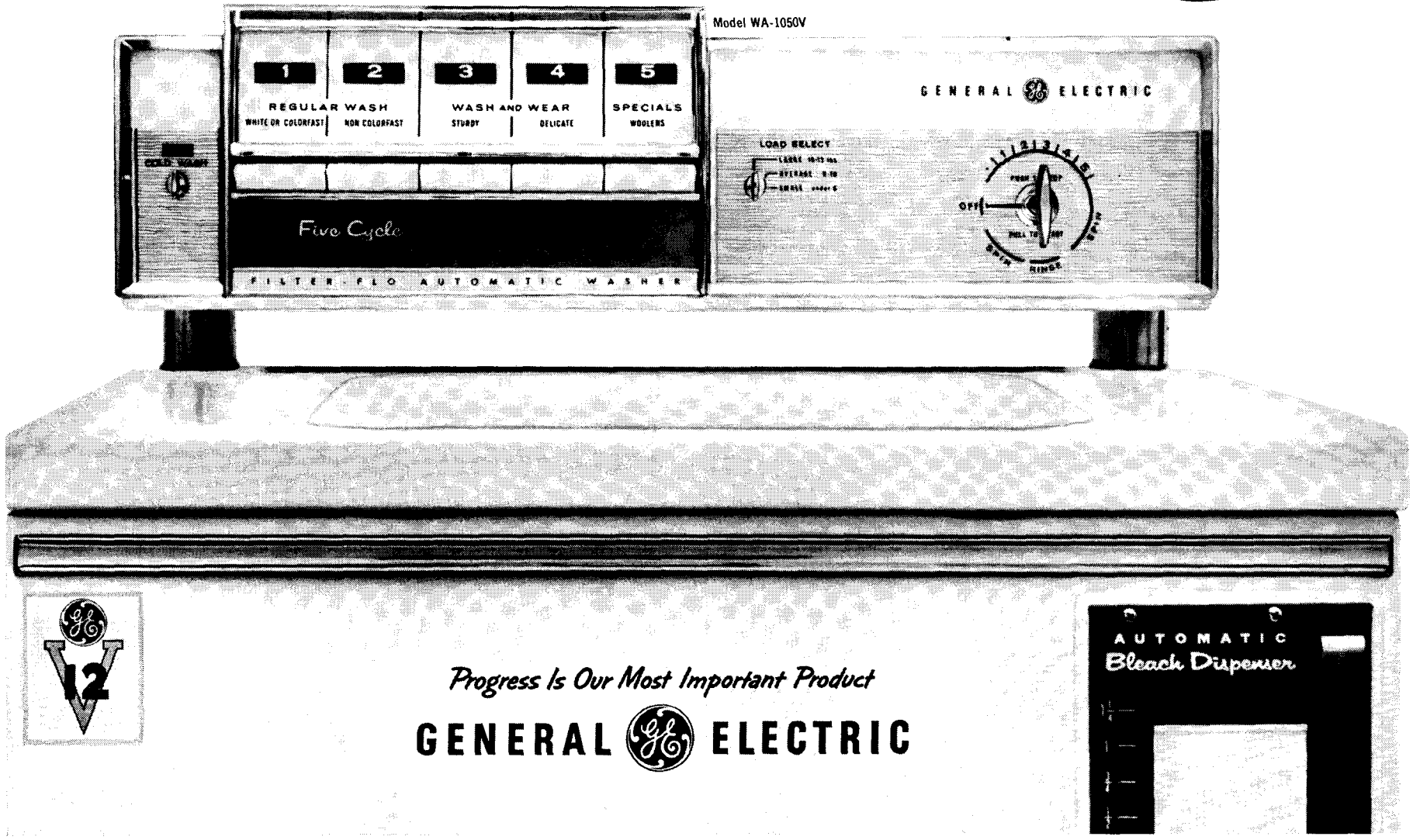


12 pounds of wash in one load! That's 20% more than previous models. This new General Electric washer does in 4 loads what many others take 5 or even 6 loads to do. Saves you time, work, water and detergent.

And every piece gets truly clean—thanks to a powerful new motor, new Activator® and new, quick, gentle wash action. 3 water levels for small, medium or big 12-pound loads. Fits like a built-in, flat against the wall. See it now at your General Electric dealer. General Electric Co., Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Ky.

New General Electric 1961 Filter-Flo® Washer

gets bigger-than-ever loads cleaner than ever—gives big capacity PLUS new, more efficient washing action. The famous Filter-Flo Washing System leaves no lint-fuzz on clothes.



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LETTERS

military personnel are not taxpayers.... If Toni Howard is interested in "crusading," I suggest a crusade to bring the pay of all military men at least to the level of the Federal minimum wage. Perhaps then there would be no need for a PX—or even bargain babies.

Or, here is another suggestion. . . . Suppose we just do away with the Army, Navy, Air Force and Marines. That would really save *you* taxpayers some money. Incidentally, since your publication is concerned about how we military people spend our money, don't bother to send me a renewal notice. I think I'll just spend my money in the PX—before we lose that too!

1ST. LT. LOUIS E. FLACK
Anniston, Ala.

Your timing is somewhat off. You certainly realize the Berlin crisis is bringing the GI back into favor. You know, he may just be needed one of these days. MAJ. JERRY CREEDON, USAF
Larson AFB, Wash.

A year of teaching dependent children in Germany on an Army base was enough to convince me of the wasted tax money and ill will created by American dependents overseas. . . . Driving on fifteen-cents-per-gallon gasoline, smoking dollar-per-carton cigarettes, and drinking five-cents-per-bottle beer with other Americans was about the extent of the good-neighbor policy displayed by our overseas military goodwill ambassadors. The sooner dependents are recalled the sooner our "military" bases will revert to military bases.

Three cheers for Toni Howard for unwrapping this sore thumb so we could all have a good look at it.

MARY ANNE ADAMS
Taylorville, Ill.

If Miss Howard had talked to some GI's in the barracks or in their homes, she would have found out that we all refer to the good old U.S.A. as the "Land of the Big PX."

S/SGT. RICHARD H. WALL
Ludlow, Mass.

Apparently the writer is jealous of the people who have that wonderful PX card! Miss Howard can become eligible for a card by visiting the nearest recruiting office and signing on the dotted line! S/FC LAURENCE E. KLEES
Indian Head, Md.

• *As we went to press, 288 readers had complained about Miss Howard's article. Ten applauded her.—ED.*

QUIT BEING HARMLESS?

That gray page border around John Masters' article THE HARMLESS AMERICAN [July 29] should have been the most vivid scarlet you could produce in order to shout the urgency of his statements. . . . My husband and I lived in Japan and France for four years, courtesy of the U.S. Air Force. It was disheartening to see the ill impression made by many of us and shocking to recognize a widespread dislike and distrust of the U.S. The tragic irony is that much of this misunderstanding is due merely to ignorance of the language and social customs. . . .

The situation could be improved tremendously . . . by requiring that each American family, preparatory to living abroad, must pass an examination in basic vocabulary and essential customs of the country they are to visit.

MRS. PETER S. CONOVER
Wichita Falls, Tex.

Why, when he has the best of intentions, does Mr. John Masters irritate, annoy and even anger Americans when he stays home and writes such a snobbish, supercilious, envious and biased article? . . . It is quite apparent that Mr. Masters is still an Englishman in mind and heart, and nothing pleases

the Englishman more than to criticize our "inferior" mannerisms abroad.

CHARLES M. BROWN
Düsseldorf, Germany

"The Nauseated American"—that's me! . . . Why don't the Europeans, etc., build "worm runs" where the offensive Americans can grovel on their bellies. We hand out, dish out, loan out and knock ourselves out in behalf of these superior creatures, and what do we reap? A 1960 pre-election poll proving that we're still repulsive. . . . See America first! By then you will be too old to go dragging about Europe being "ugly," "harmless" and "uncouth."

M. H. VAN HUSEN
San Antonio, Tex.

THE MANLIEST MEN

I'm afraid I have to challenge Mrs. R. S. Munger's contention [LETTERS, Aug. 5] that Oklahoma produces the manliest men. If she's married to one, how does she know what husbands from other states are like?

KATHLEEN MURPHY
Marinette, Wis.

I am fascinated with the monumental research implicit in Mrs. Munger's letter. . . . Perhaps she could be persuaded to serialize her experiences for your readers. MRS. ROY B. BROWN
Orlando, Fla.

Arkansas is situated between the manly Okies, the Missouri Mules and the Texas Blowhards. Our men would have to be the manliest in the nation to stand it. MRS. GERALD C. ROUSE
Carlisle, Ark.

It is refreshing to read of Mrs. Munger's high regard for her husband. . . . Too many women look upon their husbands as essential undesirables. A. G. BALL, JR.
Greendale, Wis.

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If you're thinking of investing

What to say when you visit a stockbroker

(and how to choose one)

Let's say you've decided to become a shareowner and you'd like to get the advice of a broker. You'll do a lot of the talking when you visit him for the first time. Because from the start you are the most important subject.

Tell him you are considering investing in stocks and bonds and the amount of money you have in mind. (Beforehand, examine your finances—how much you make, how much you need for living expenses, emergencies, and what's available to invest.) Don't hesitate if you want to start out in a small way. That's not unusual.

Maybe your goal is to add to your income during the year. Then one thing to consider is the record of stocks which have paid dividends every three months for a number of years. Perhaps you are looking for stocks which may have a good possibility of growing in value over the years. Or bonds, which normally offer greater safety, might fit your situation best.

Ask him to suggest a few stocks or bonds he thinks are best for you. He'll be glad to give you information about a company's profit and dividend record, and what he thinks of its prospects.

And ask about the convenient Monthly Investment Plan through which you can invest in leading companies for as little as $40 every three months.

Then the decision is up to you.

When you choose a broker, make sure he's with a Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange. Look in the Stock Broker section of the Yellow Pages under "New York Stock Exchange." The Registered Representatives in Member Firms have had to meet the requirements of the Exchange to help them help you.

And you can help yourself by being careful, as you would when buying anything else important. Avoid the promises of stranger or friend with a "hot tip" on a company you know nothing about. Only the rich can afford to be reckless, and chances are they didn't get rich that way.

There are no fortune tellers in the stock market. Stock and bond prices go down as well as up. For the new investor, the smart thing is to start right, with practical long-range goals and the help of a Member Firm broker.

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Who lifted 12 million pounds from the hunter's shoulder?

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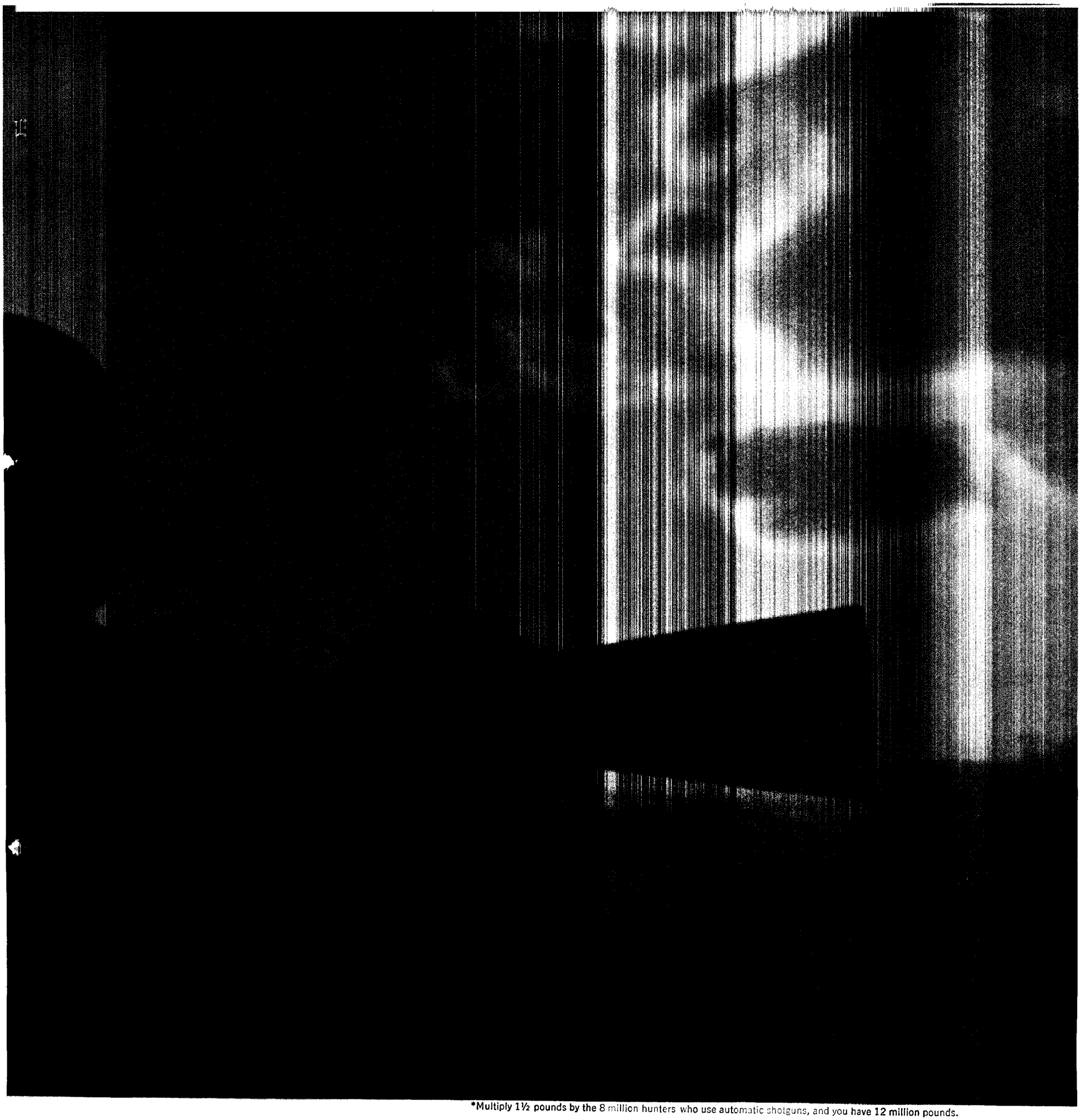

*Multiply 1½ pounds by the 8 million hunters who use automatic shotguns, and you have 12 million pounds.

Not so long ago, the weight of an automatic shotgun could turn a day's hunting into an endurance test. But how to drop the pounds and keep the strength? The Winchester-Western Division of Olin came up with the answer: a completely new concept in firearms. They lopped nearly a pound off the barrel by winding 500 miles of glass fiber around a thin steel tube, dropped more than half a pound by replacing steel with aluminum at key points.* Result? America's lightest, most efficient automatic shotgun, with the strongest barrel ever made. Free-swinging, magnificently balanced, it fairly leaps to the shoulder to foil a pheasant in flight. The Winchester Model 59 makes a great sport greater. ▪ Another creative solution to a problem . . . from the Winchester-Western Division of Olin.

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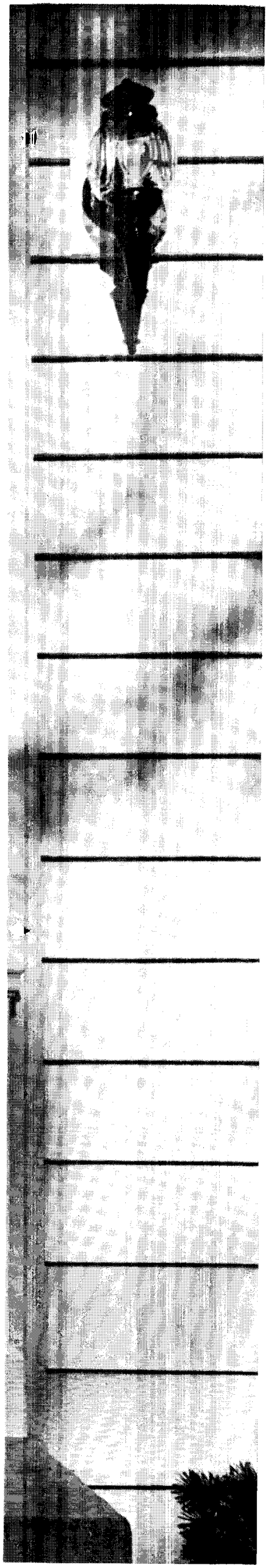


Let's step indoors for a breath of fresh air!

You know the old expression about stepping outdoors for a breath of fresh air? We just retired it.

Borg-Warner has been delving deeply into the air you breathe for quite a spell now (probably the most intensive study of "the neglected element" ever undertaken by industry). And now the specialists in air quality at Borg-Warner's Roy C. Ingersoll Research Center have given indoor air a startling competitive edge over outdoor air.

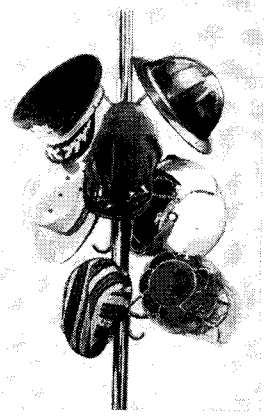
They have accomplished this by developing a solid deodorant, in the form of pea-sized pellets, which reacts chemically with and destroys odor molecules and odor-causing bacteria. Not disguises, mind you. *Destroys!* When exposed to these pellets in the filter of an air conditioner, stale indoor air becomes as healthful and clean as Nature's own.

And this major new advance in comfort is just around the calendar. These pellets will be sandwiched within the filters in the 1962 line of air conditioners made by B-W's York Division.

Odor removal is just the first achievement in our all-out campaign to improve the air. We're up to our noses in the study of man's own contamination of city air. We're tackling the air freshness problem of submarine living. We're at work to help conquer airborne viruses.

Our involvement in the air you breathe is a good example of the research-minded nature of Borg-Warner. We're alert to the improvement of present products, always in pursuit of new ones. With such results! A catalog of patents in automotive parts. A history of "firsts" in household appliances. Development of essential components to probe for oil, penetrate outer space, operate industrial machinery, increase farm productivity.

In fact, research rates near-top priority with Borg-Warner in all our major fields of activity. As represented by the *7 Hats of Borg-Warner*, they are (on the top) national defense; oil, steel and chemicals; (in the center) agriculture; industrial machinery; aviation; (on the bottom) automotive industry; home equipment.



At Borg-Warner, research is far more than electronic microscopes and vacuum chambers and analog computers. It is an attitude, an awareness, a sensitivity—a coordinated, dynamic effort to spearhead growth of industry and improve standards of living around the globe. *Borg-Warner Corporation, 200 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago 4, Illinois.*

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SPEAK!NG OUT THE VOICE OF DISSENT

WE'RE TOO SCARED TO THINK

HERMAN KAHN

Herman Kahn is the author of On Thermonuclear War, *published by Princeton University Press. While on the staff of the Rand Corporation from 1948 until mid-1961 he studied the relationships between weapons and strategy and served as a consultant to the Gaither Committee and the A.E.C. He now heads Hudson Institute, Inc., a nonprofit organization for research in the fields of national security and international order.*

For some years I have divided my working hours equally between thinking of means of avoiding thermonuclear war and methods of fighting, surviving and terminating such a war, should it occur. The two activities are not unconnected; indeed, in many ways they are inseparable. My colleagues and I spend much time thinking about thermonuclear war and the kinds of crises which might result in such a war simply because they may occur. We have sought answers to such questions as these: What would conditions be like after a nuclear attack had leveled fifty of America's largest cities? Would the survivors envy the dead? How many million American lives would an American President risk by standing firm in a crisis?—by continuing a nuclear war with the hope of avoiding surrender? How many should he risk? How many European and Russian lives would and should he risk?

Few people have criticized my search for means of avoiding thermonuclear war—but I have been criticized severely for spending any time at all on the problems of fighting, surviving and ending such wars. To many, this is an unthinkable subject; any attempt to think about it is either evil or insane.

This criticism is not really personal; it simply reflects the fact that we Americans are not prepared to face reality, that we transfer our horror of thermonuclear war to reports about the realities of thermonuclear war. We are acting like those ancient kings who punished messengers who brought bad news. This did not change the news; it simply slowed up its delivery. On occasion it meant that the kings were ill informed and, lacking the truth, made grievous errors in judgment and strategy.

In our times thermonuclear war may seem unthinkable to many people, but it is not impossible—and that is why I think about it. The vital point is that we *must* learn the truth about it to act intelligently. We may be able to avoid thermonuclear war. We may be able to avoid the crises that bring us to the brink of war. But we also may come face to face with a blunt choice between surrender or war. And we must face *this* possibility. We cannot wish it away. Nor can we afford to fool ourselves with the superstitious belief that "thinking so makes it so—if we build bomb shelters, we will have to use them."

It is not that I have given up all hope of avoiding an all-out thermonuclear war. At least in the United States, the study of disarmament and the control of arms now is a full-fledged profession. And we can hope that our current vigor may yet make up for our neglect of this field. However, we now have passed some points of no return. For example, it is no longer possible to envisage the complete abolition of nuclear weapons, or an absolute guaranty that no more could be built; too many bombs have been produced and too much knowledge about the technique of making them has been diffused throughout the world.

Also, it is hard to believe that our problems will be solved around the negotiating table in a spirit of give-and-take. I know of no occasion in history in which negotiators from two opposing nations or groups of nations sat around a table and said, "We're enemies. Let's be friends." Not, that is, without considerable outside pressure. In the past the necessary pressure for peacemaking usually has resulted from exhaustion in long wars, or the threat of a third force, a common enemy. In our case a third force might be a nuclear-armed Red China, but that would only multiply our difficulties. However, it is possible that the nuclear-arms race itself might act as a third force that scares both sides, *and all others*, into a satisfactory agreement. Although such a development is not impossible, it does seem somewhat unlikely at this time.

Another possible source of pressure on negotiators could be an extremely serious crisis—or a war itself. In fact, one dangerous and destructive but quite conceivable way in which world order could be brought about in the immediate future—perhaps tomorrow—would be for some buttons to be pushed by accident, thereby setting off nuclear weapons in the United States or Russia. The other side might begin to retaliate. But there would be a chance that neither Washington nor Moscow would be destroyed immediately. And within minutes the leaders in both cities might realize that a war had begun inadvertently. They would try to communicate. Contrary to common belief, there is a reasonable chance that they would succeed and would negotiate an on-the-spot armistice. But millions of people and perhaps five to ten major cities would have been destroyed in each nation. After that, can you imagine the people of the world returning to the old system of "peace keeping"? Everybody would be fed up with deterrence and international anarchy.

Yet, where is the plan for possible alternatives for peace keeping? It does not exist. Some of the planning just requires that the experts get to work. But for many such contingencies, plans can not exist unless we face the hard realities of the situation. We cannot do it by following a trust-in-the-government policy—by thinking that in Washington there is some competent expert or even a father figure doing all of our thinking for us.

We also need more communication back from Washington. There was talk during the last Presidential campaign about lack of leadership. My own experience during the Eisenhower Administration convinced me that the charge was true. I think the Kennedy Administration has made spectacular improvements. But it is falling short in at least one vital respect. Government should lead by exposing the great issues and revealing sound plans for dealing with them. This does not mean exhortation. It does mean that the President must make the necessary demands on the people and explain to them—in a convincing way—the issues and alternatives. Let the people know. A leader cannot be great before he achieves greatness as a teacher.

President Kennedy has already made a decision and announced it to the people, that we need strong, nonnuclear forces as an alternative to being forced into an all-out thermonuclear war over some crisis like Berlin or Laos. This was a wise decision. But what are the alternatives in case the strengthened nonnuclear forces are still inadequate? What would be the destructive effects, and how would we

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SPEAKING OUT

respond if the enemy sent over one thermonuclear bomb—or ten—on one city, say, London or even New York—or on ten cities? What will be the consequences of each alternative, how many dead, wounded or malformed? How effective would shelters be? How much warning time is needed? How many years would it take to recover? How could panic be averted, and so on?

Often in the past few years—so often that it has been like crying "wolf, wolf"—a so-called military expert or scientist has threatened us with what will happen if war starts. These "experts" contradict one another and confuse the public, especially when there is inadequate explanation from the one man who should be able to warn of real danger—the President.

Thus it is understandable that the average American senses a futility about our current approaches to either war or peace and becomes prone to assume an attitude of fatalism. "If we're all going to be dead anyway," people argue, "there's no use thinking about it."

The political and technical obstacles facing the country are difficult enough, without the added burden of such fatalistic mental blocks which make planning for survival almost impossible. Some denial of danger is of course a healthy way to retain sanity. But one does not refuse to think of insurance or making a will because death is implied. Nor would we avoid seeing a doctor because he might confirm our fears of cancer.

Our past reluctance to provide for even modest civil-defense programs is the most extreme manifestation of this attitude. Shelters are an admission of the dangers we face. It is comparatively easy to interest people in thinking about arms control, or about building a stronger deterrent capability—actions which make it less likely that enemy missiles will rain terror on our cities. But few people are willing to face up to safety programs which are for use if deterrence fails. Depending on the nature of a Soviet attack and the extent of our effort to protect ourselves, having adequate shelters might make the difference in saving 50,000,000 American lives.

Failing to prepare for warfare is in the best American tradition. We are a pragmatic people. We feel it is sensible to wait until trouble occurs and then react on the spur of the moment without a preconceived program. For 175 years this was an extraordinarily effective way for our democracy to operate. But the problems are different now. The world is too accident-prone, too disaster-prone, for us to play it by ear. Tomorrow's crisis may be fatal to our nation and our way of life. Since the new technology requires years to respond to a danger spotted today, we must anticipate our crises and plan for them years ahead of time.

Anticipating these crises and planning for eventualities require experts. Yet those scientists who are delving into the cause and effect of thermonuclear war, as objectively and professionally as they can, are considered suspect by many people. It is, these people say, immoral to talk clinically of thermonuclear war. War is still considered a taboo subject, like religion or sex, and should be neither investigated nor discussed. Some people's reactions to realistic examinations of thermonuclear war are like the first reactions to Dr. Sigmund Freud.

The feeling persists that no one can discuss war without a will of iron, or without being callous. My wife Jane insists that I am unpleasantly detached on this subject. Some Americans have a deep resentment against discussing possible casualties in terms of numbers, rather than people. But discussions about war *must* be technical. Experts cannot interpose in every sentence the phrase "If, heaven forbid, you die. . . ." Do not misunderstand; I believe emphatically that the human factor must be considered at all times. In fact, it must be built into policies and into total public discussion. But emotionalism must not enter the technical debates about technical questions.

When I am accused of icy rationality, I sometimes answer, "Would you prefer a warm human error? Do you feel better with a nice emotional mistake? Would you ask a surgeon to be warmly empathic during an operation and pause every few seconds to consider, 'Am I hurting this poor fellow too much?'"

The mental mechanisms which obscure the thinking of many Americans are frequently self-protective. Or if it is not this type of mental block, some people derive their mental ease from the notion that there is safety in the balance of terror—that is, warfare has now become so destructive, so horrible, that neither side dares risk it for fear of the effects from retaliation. Certainly there is some validity in this viewpoint, especially if wars were always started according to logical rules and by sane people. But I do not think the theory of safety in the balance of terror will continue to work for even as short a period as my expected lifetime. Among other things, the chances of accident, irrationality or unauthorized behavior by someone, somewhere, are too great. If somebody ten years ago had said that in the mid-'60's we would be living with thousands of nuclear missiles poised on either side, we would have said, "You're crazy. It's too dangerous." But we soon will live in such a world.

Unfortunately many people believe that the problems of national survival are too big for humans to handle. They believe that only God should toy with matters of this magnitude. And like the ancient Greeks who felt that tragedy was inevitable whenever anyone insolently confused himself with the gods, some of these modern believers think it disrespectful to wrestle with the forces implicit in thermonuclear war.

It may be disrespectful. But unless man does rouse his full mental equipment and masters his technology, he will be in trouble, and the whole world may be in danger of annihilation.

An all-knowing, objective Martian looking at the earth today might say, "It's impossible that this civilization will survive." This proposition may be correct. I certainly couldn't prove that the civilization will survive. But, on the other hand, no human being can *prove* that disaster will occur. So all our thoughts, skills, luck and perseverance must be used to create for ourselves and others a better chance to survive.

To know what I have come to know about thermonuclear war is to be worried. Yet I am even more troubled that so many Americans today seem so unconcerned. This, to me, is irrational. And if a cataclysm should occur, a historian from Mars would never believe that, while there was still time to think, to discuss, to plan, we failed to act because we had our heads in the sand. THE END

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■ One look tells you Hotpoint's new Town and Country built-in range is modern flameless cooking at its finest. Twin control towers, on a striking brushed-chrome top, give you Touch Command cooking. Touch a button for fast, precise heat that cooks as cool and clean as a day in spring... touch a dial and the giant oven bakes or roasts automatically, broils with charcoal-like heat. The door lifts off for easy oven cleaning — and it comes in your choice of 5 decorator colors, brushed-chrome or white. Notice, too, how the entire range fits flush and snug with cabinets for true custom beauty.

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A Division of General Electric Company, Chicago 44, Illinois

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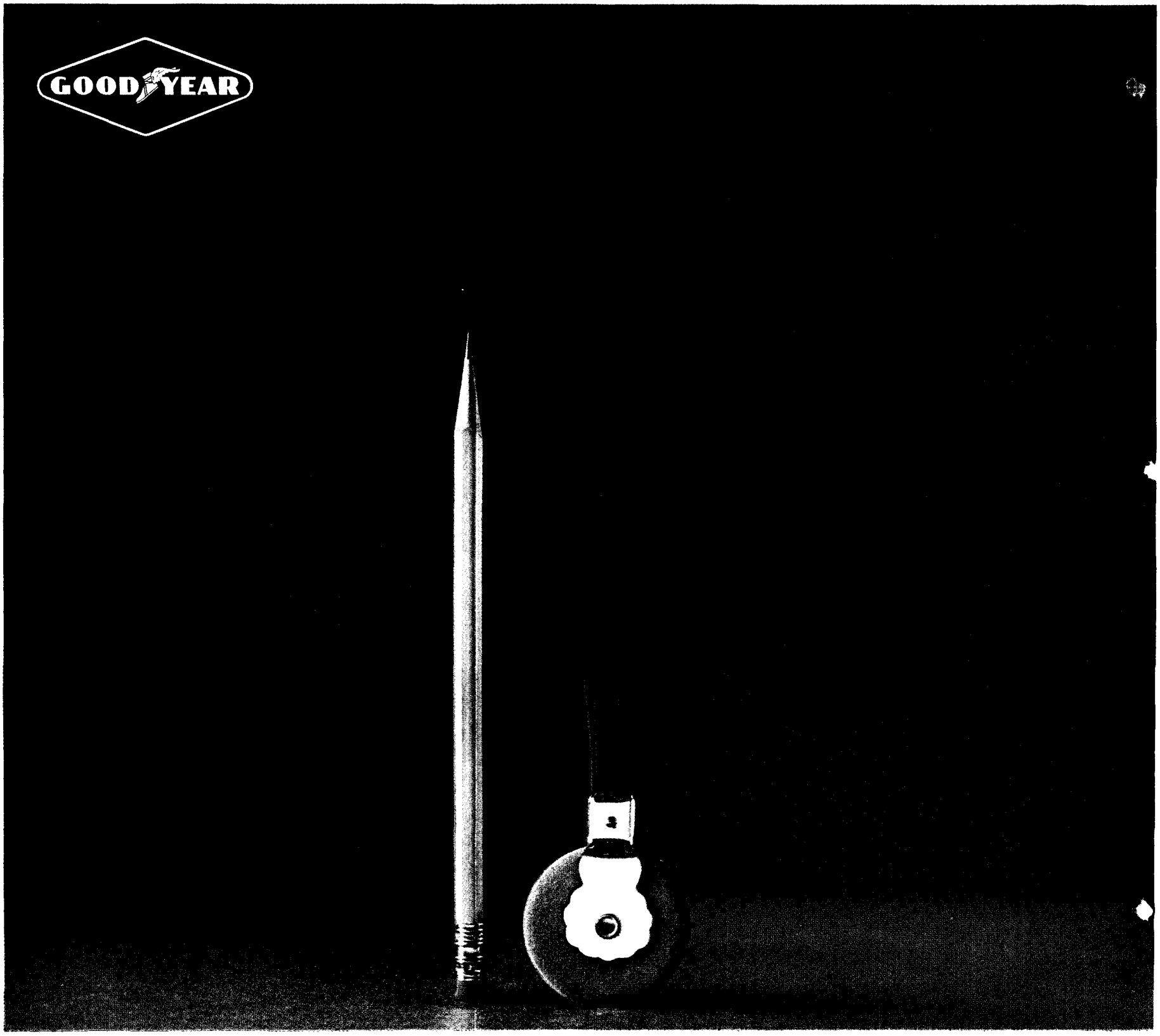

This simple principle has led to . . .

Which eraser would you use to flip through a sheaf of papers—soft-rubber, or hard?

You'd find the soft-rubber pencil eraser has more "grab." And more "grab" is the whole principle behind Goodyear's new Butyl Super-Cushion tire.

It's why butyl rubber—a new, "softer" rubber compound—gives you the greatest grip yet developed for tires. You stop faster, tak turns more sure-footedly.

Goodyear puts more of this remarkable new rubber to work fc you by giving you a *denser* tread design. You ride with greater cor fidence, because there's more rubber where it counts—*on the roa*

Smoother, too. This "softer" compound "gives" more easily again

NEW BUTYL SUPER-CUSHION

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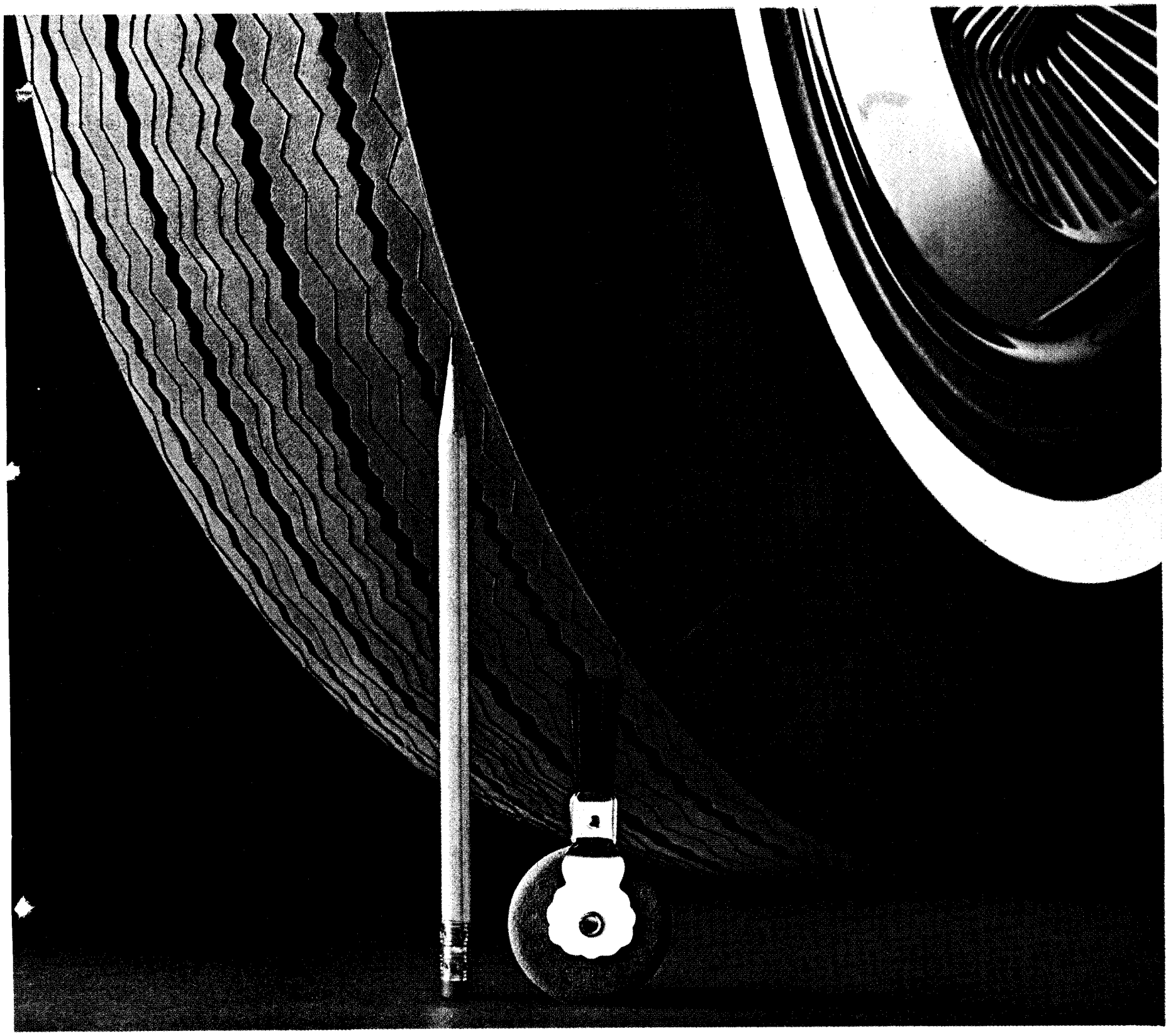

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bumps. It actually absorbs more of the shock before it reaches you. So you ride softer.

You also ride quieter. You can take corners and sharp turns without a squeal. Or high-tail it down a highway without a hum.

And, of course, it's Turnpike-Proved, just like all Goodyear tires. Ask about the new Butyl Super-Cushion at your Goodyear dealer's!

Guaranteed for 2½ years against road hazards. The new Goodyear Butyl Super-Cushion is guaranteed for 2½ years—in writing—against normal road hazards such as blowouts, fabric breaks, and cuts, except repairable punctures. Limited to original owner. This is in addition to Lifetime Guarantee against any defects in workmanship and material. Any Goodyear dealer (over 60,000 in all 50 states) will repair your tire without charge, or make allowance toward purchase of new tire based on original tread depth remaining and current "Goodyear Price."

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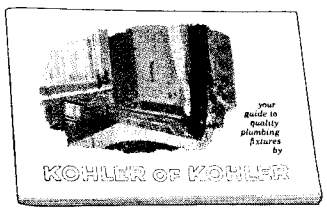

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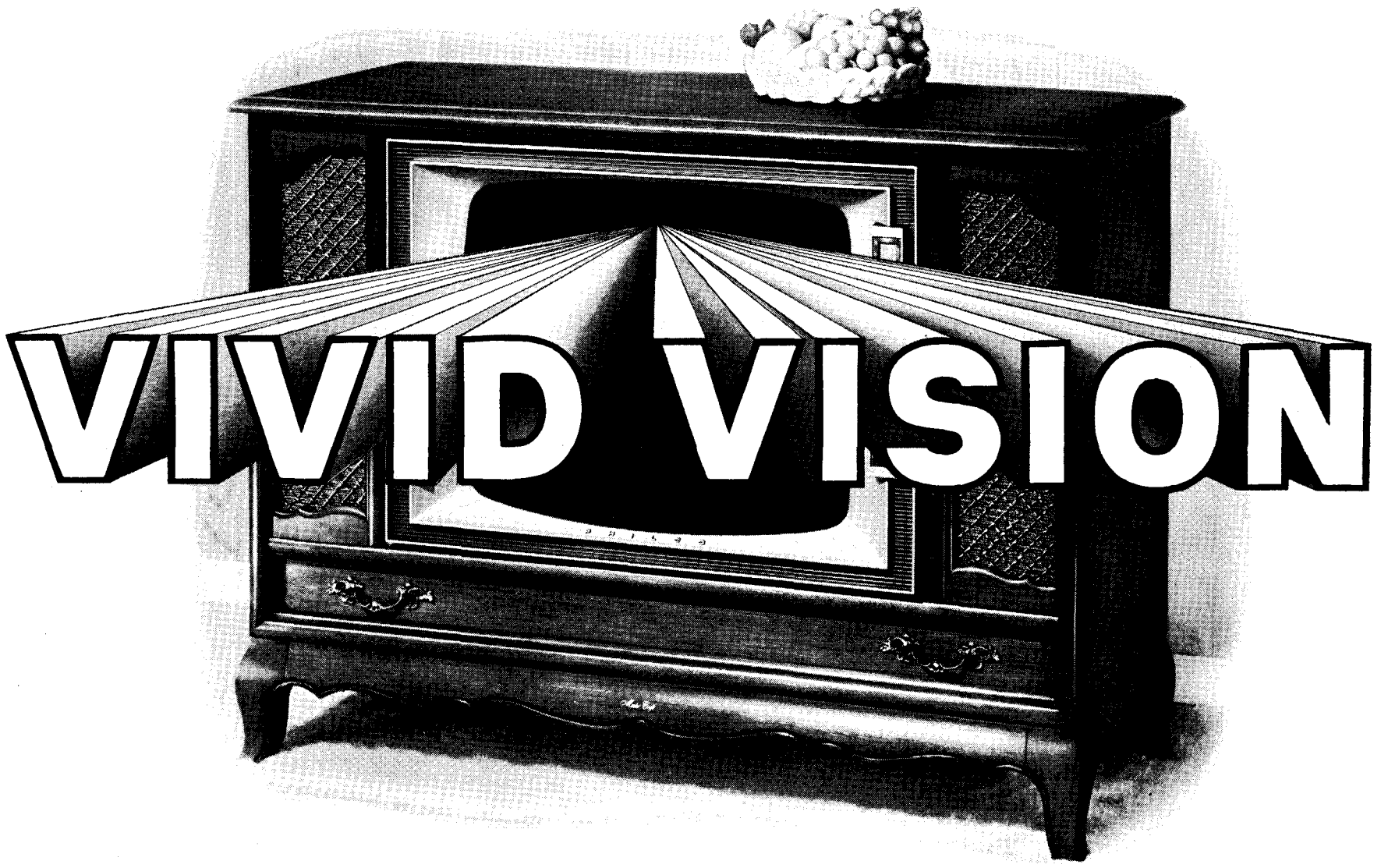
brings you a totally new viewing experience:



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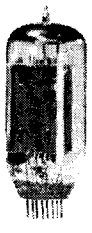
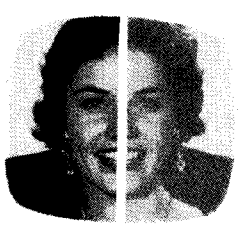
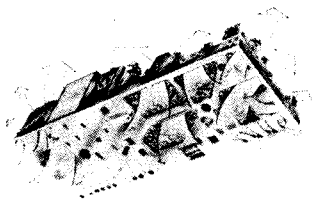


New INTENSI-TUBE and Beam-Booster Circuit increase video drive, give the picture brilliance, depth and realism never before possible. Only Philco has it!



Revolutionary Black Level Control . . . automatically maintains contrast ratios at peak level, keeps new-set brilliance long after other TV pictures have turned prematurely gray. See it!



Philco Cool-Chassis beats the heat, major cause of all TV failures. No parts underneath. No heat traps, more than 76% longer TV life. It's patented. Proven in 2 million hours' life test.

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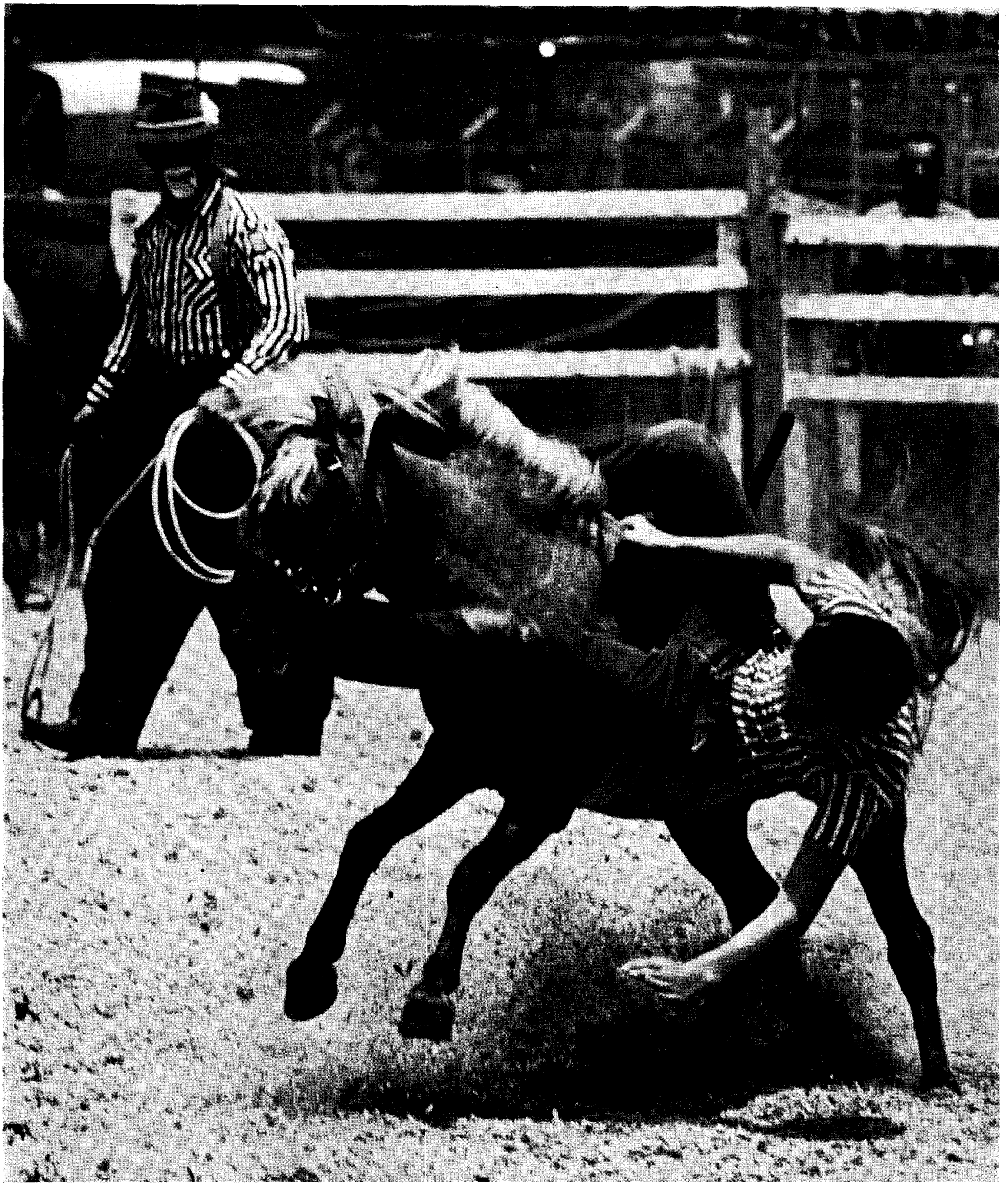

BATH

RUGGED RIDERS

The bell rang, the chute gate slammed open and a mean-tempered Shetland pony flailed into the arena hell-bent to throw thirteen-year-old Tim Miller. The pony won decisively. In seconds Miller was eating sawdust and nursing (only) a wounded ego. This is Buckaroodeo, a new diversion for West Coast kids age six to fourteen. The spills occur under the squint-eyed supervision of Gene Clark (left rear), a professional rodeo performer who emcees in clown costume. Clark's enterprise, launched this year, grosses about $1500 a show. For contestants it provides a high point—or low point—of a young lifetime.

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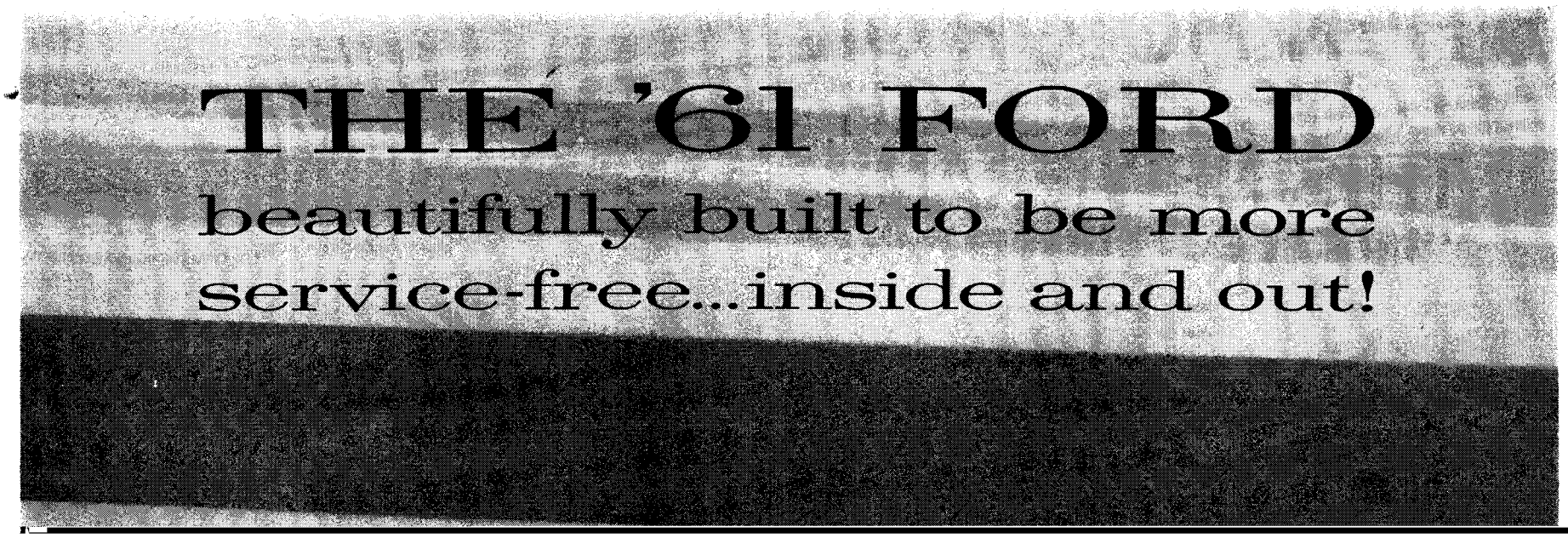

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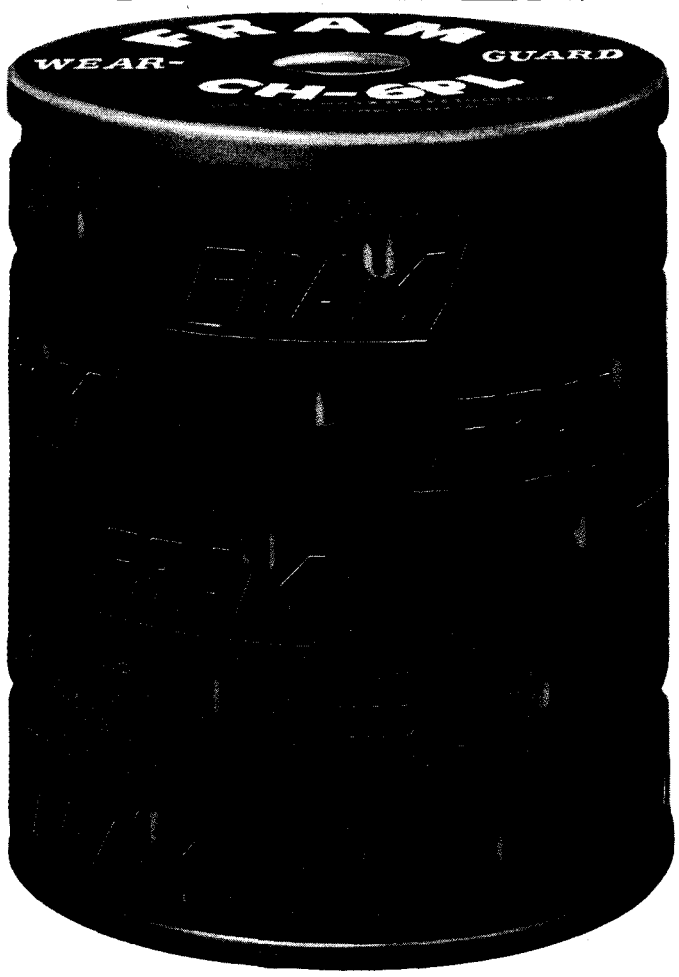
WHEN MOTOR OIL FLOWS THROUGH THIS NEW FRAM "WEAR-GUARD" OIL FILTER



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No other oil filter in the world protects your car engine like a new Fram "Wear-Guard" Oil Filter! An exclusive scientific breakthrough in construction traps more sludge . . . up to 40% more than any other filter tested. Sludge—a deadly mixture of road dirt, unburned fuel, metal particles, carbon, water and acids—can run up repair bills while in the process of ruining your engine. Why take a risk? Ask your service dealer for the safety of a new Fram "Wear-Guard" Oil Filter with your next oil change. And for your home too, insist on the protection of Fram Filters—specially permachem-treated for heating and cooling systems. Fram Corporation, Providence 16, R. I.

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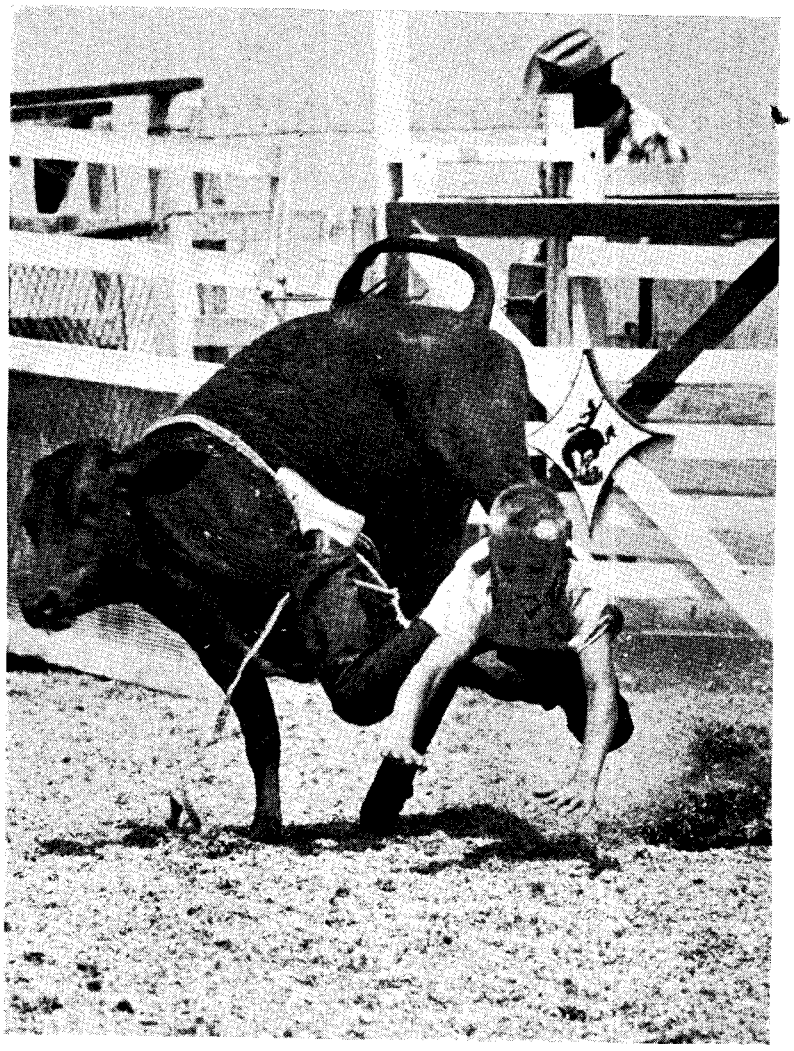
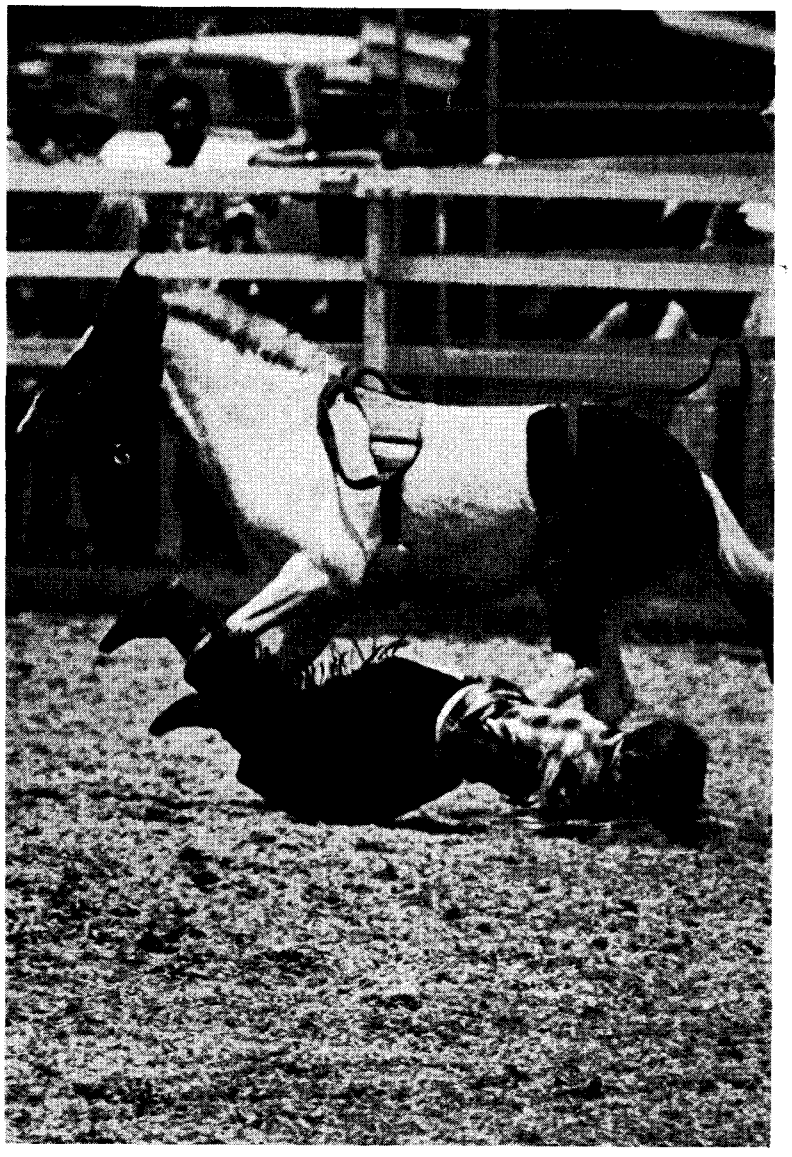


Bouncing from a baby Brahman, Jerry Rubiy, 10, cushions for the inevitable. He scampered away, shaken but unscathed.



Flying from an untamed Shetland, Tim Malloy, 11, impacts in a sprawling, dusty four-point (including nose) landing.

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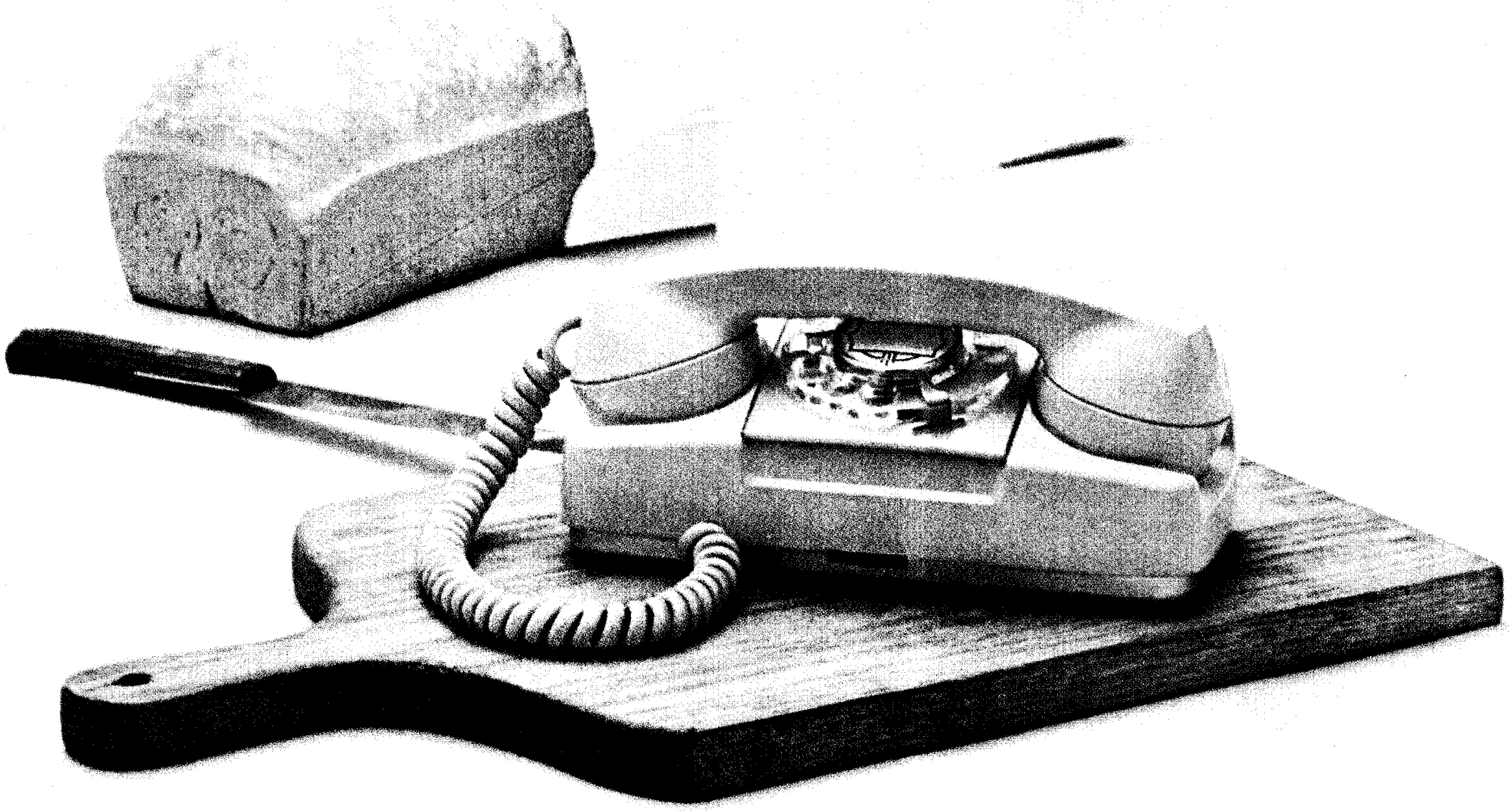

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Then they realize that because telephone service is so dependable, is so efficient, is so widely available, there's no reason to give it a second thought.

At Gen Tel, as at other telephone companies, this kind of telephone service is the result of much planning and working ahead: developing new equipment to meet needs before they arise, solving operational problems far in advance, expanding facilities to anticipate soundly projected growth.

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GENERAL SYSTEM

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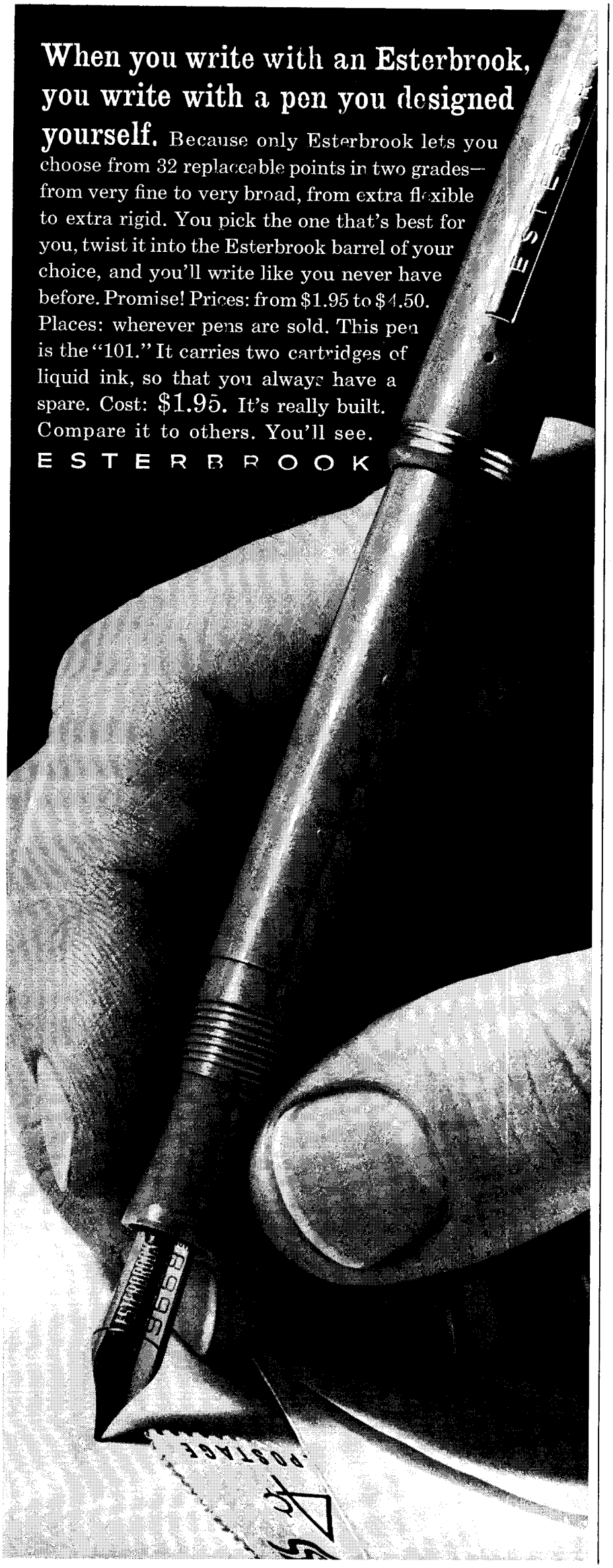
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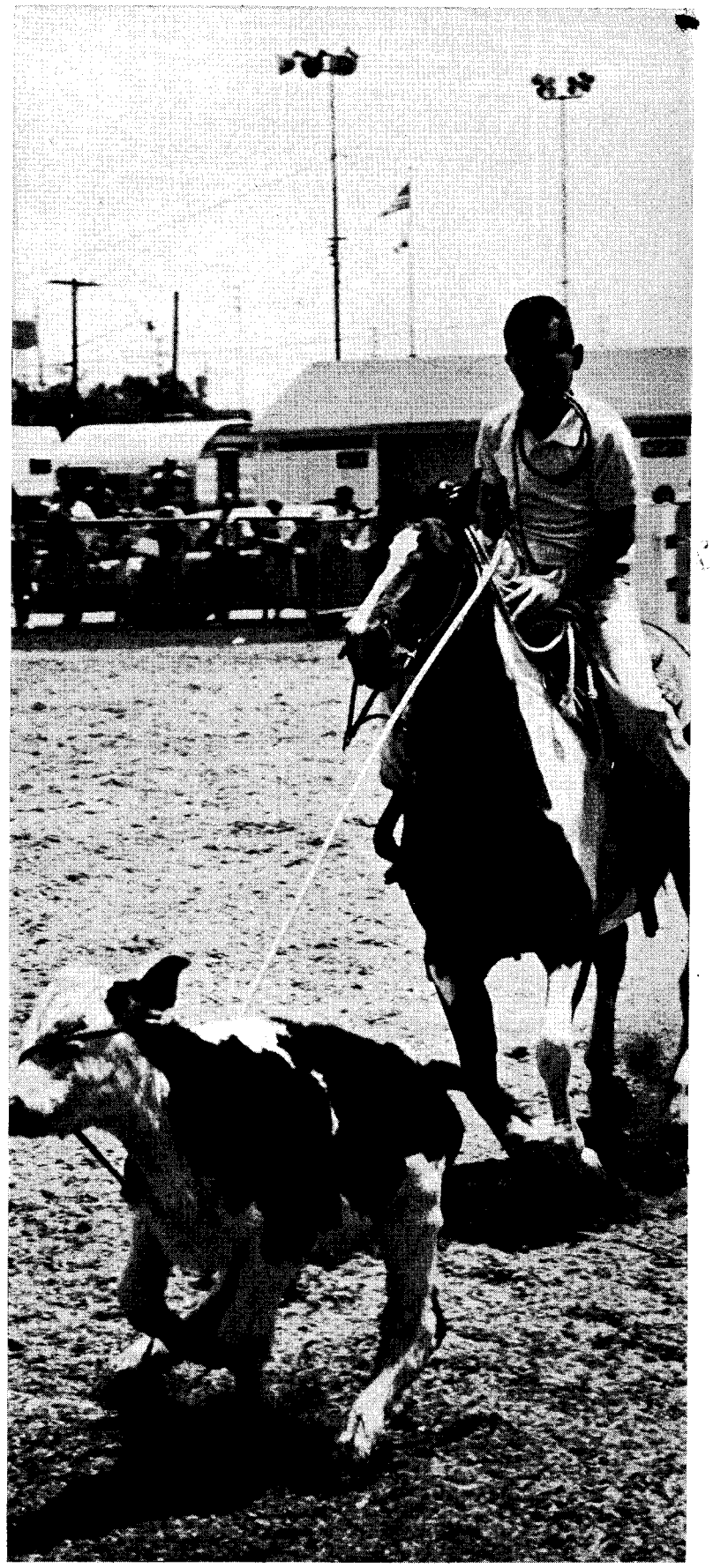

Pigging string clenched between his teeth, calf roper Dale Jutson, 11, lays a noose on his spirited target during a Los Angeles performance of Buckaroodeo. Calf roping is the most exacting of four main events, which also include bareback riding on untamed Shetland ponies, ribbon roping (lassoing a calf, then untying the ribbon from its tail), and riding Brahman bull calves. Little League rodeo features pint-sized critters, but it's no sport for sissies. A rambunctious baby Brahman (weight: 350 to 400 pounds) packs a mighty wallop, and sometimes even the moxiest cowpokes shed a reluctant tear or two after a tail-busting thud. "I've had quite a few cracked bones," drawls one well-seasoned ten-year-old saddlehound, "I guess." THE END

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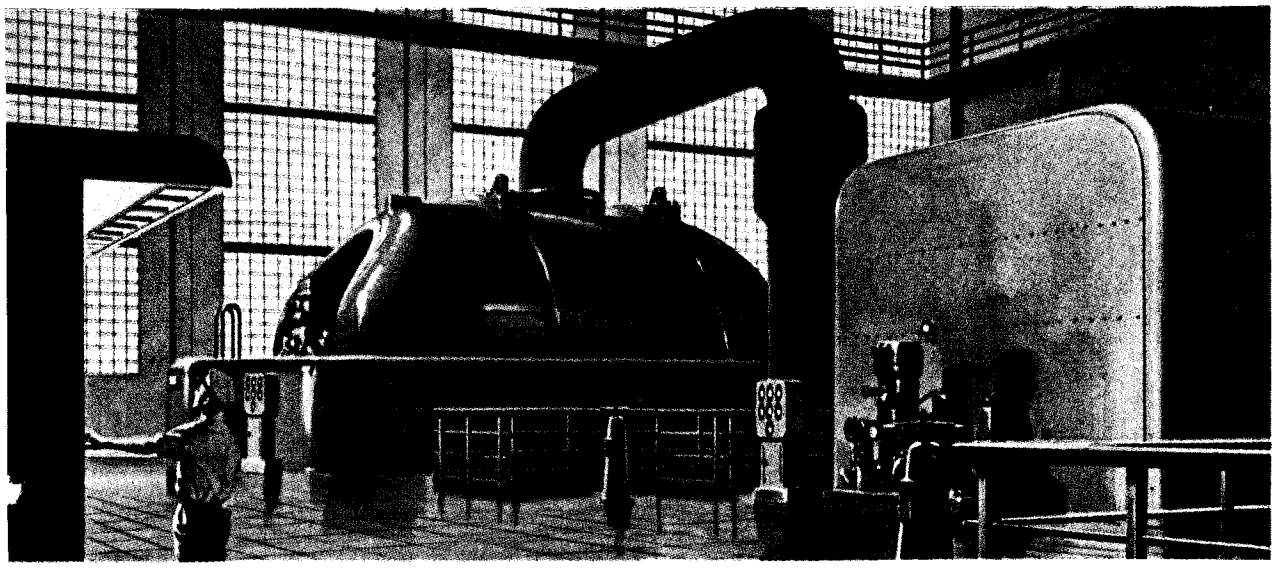
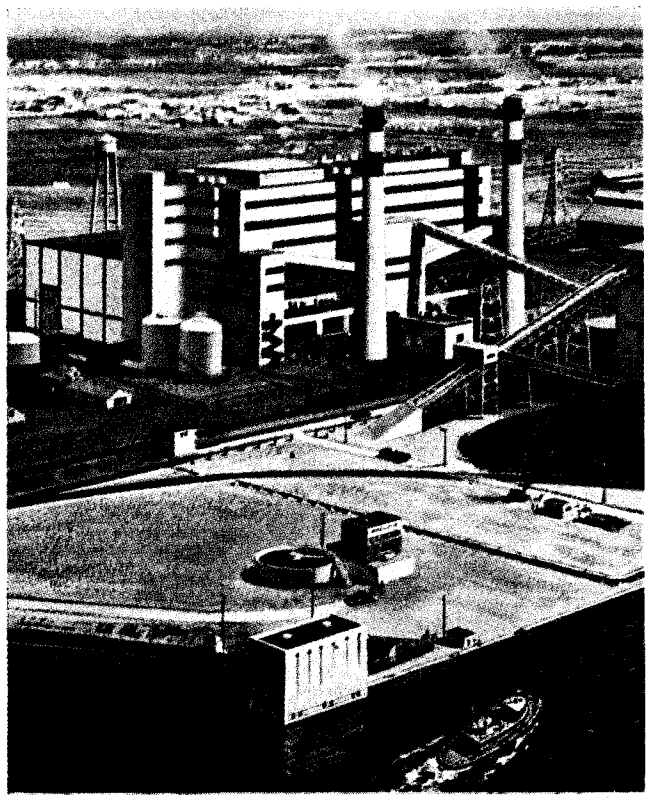
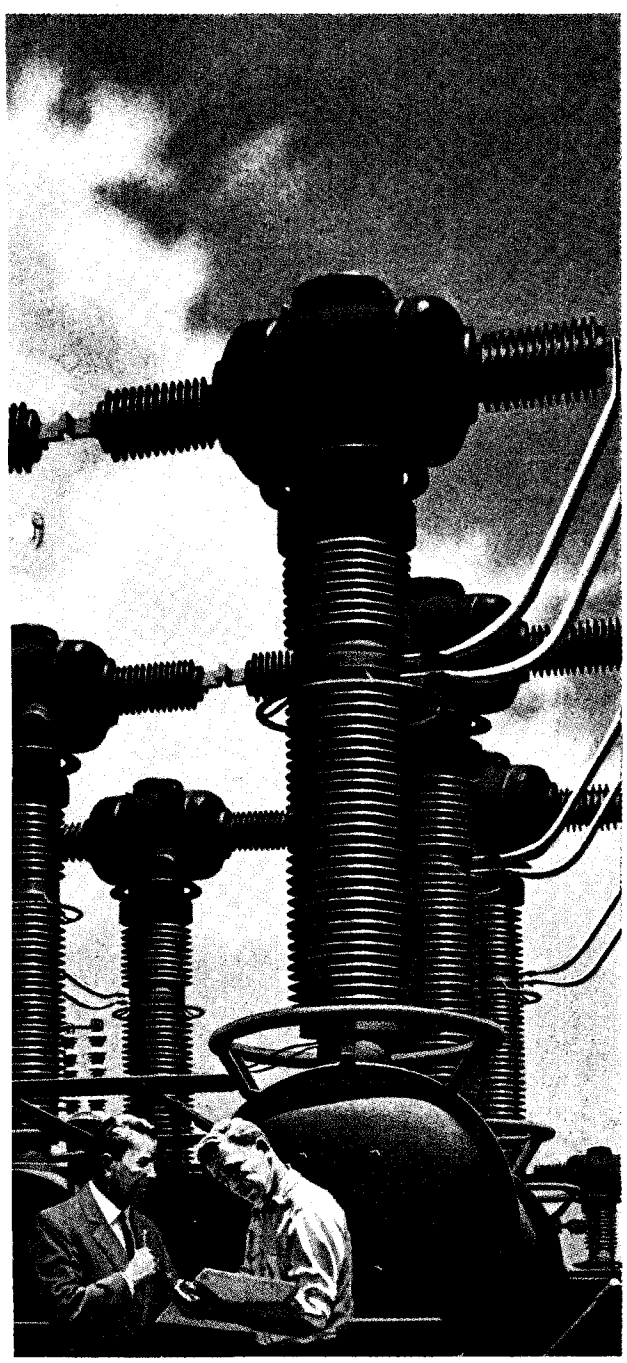
Electric power is plentiful and dependable in Greater Philadelphia







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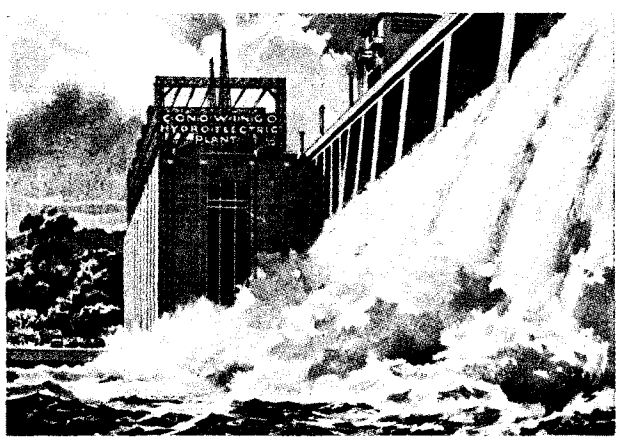

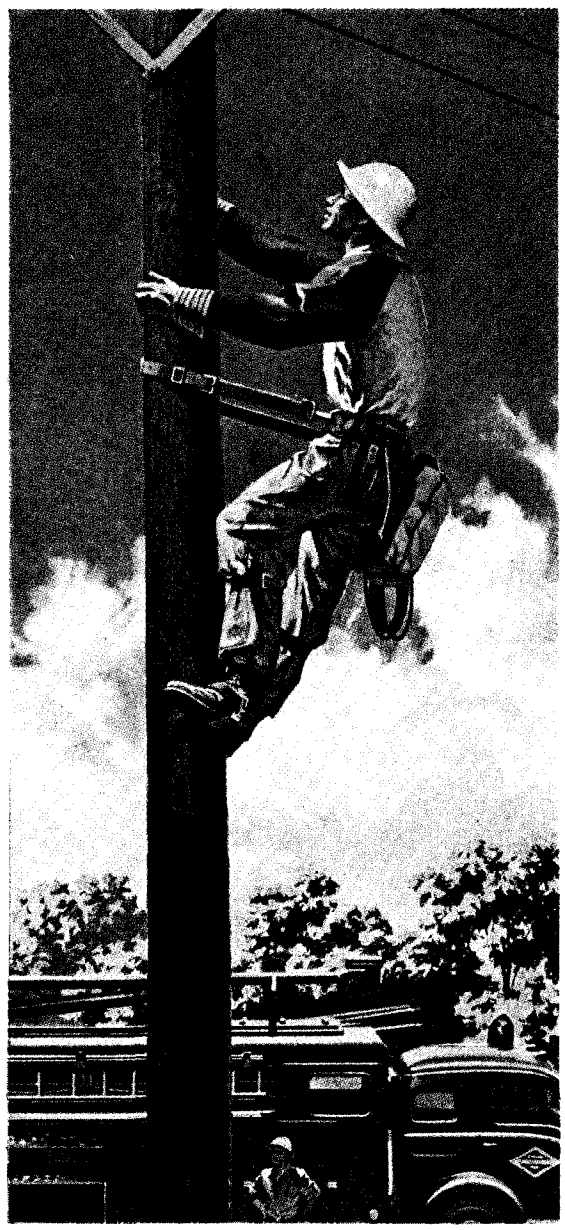

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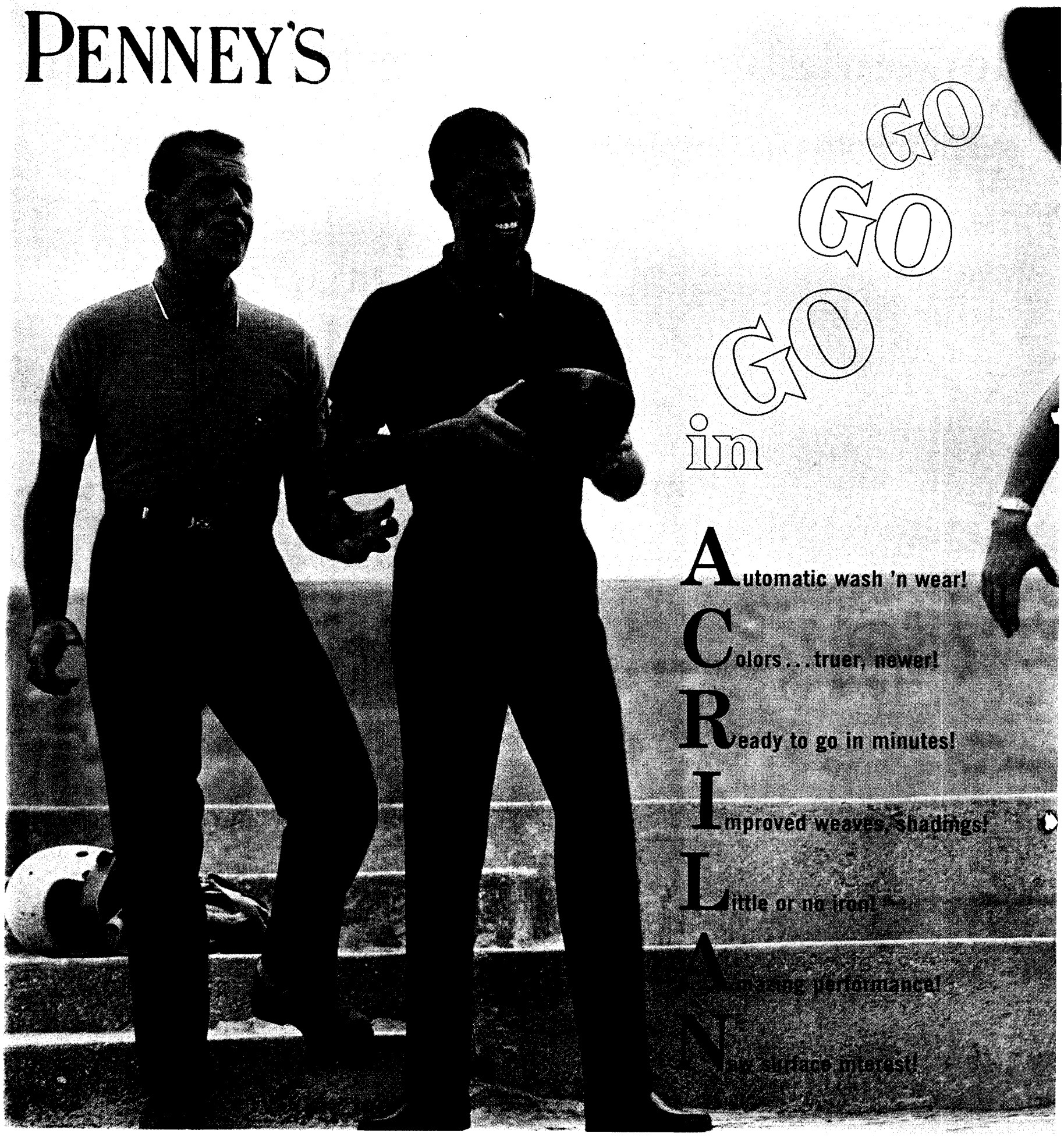

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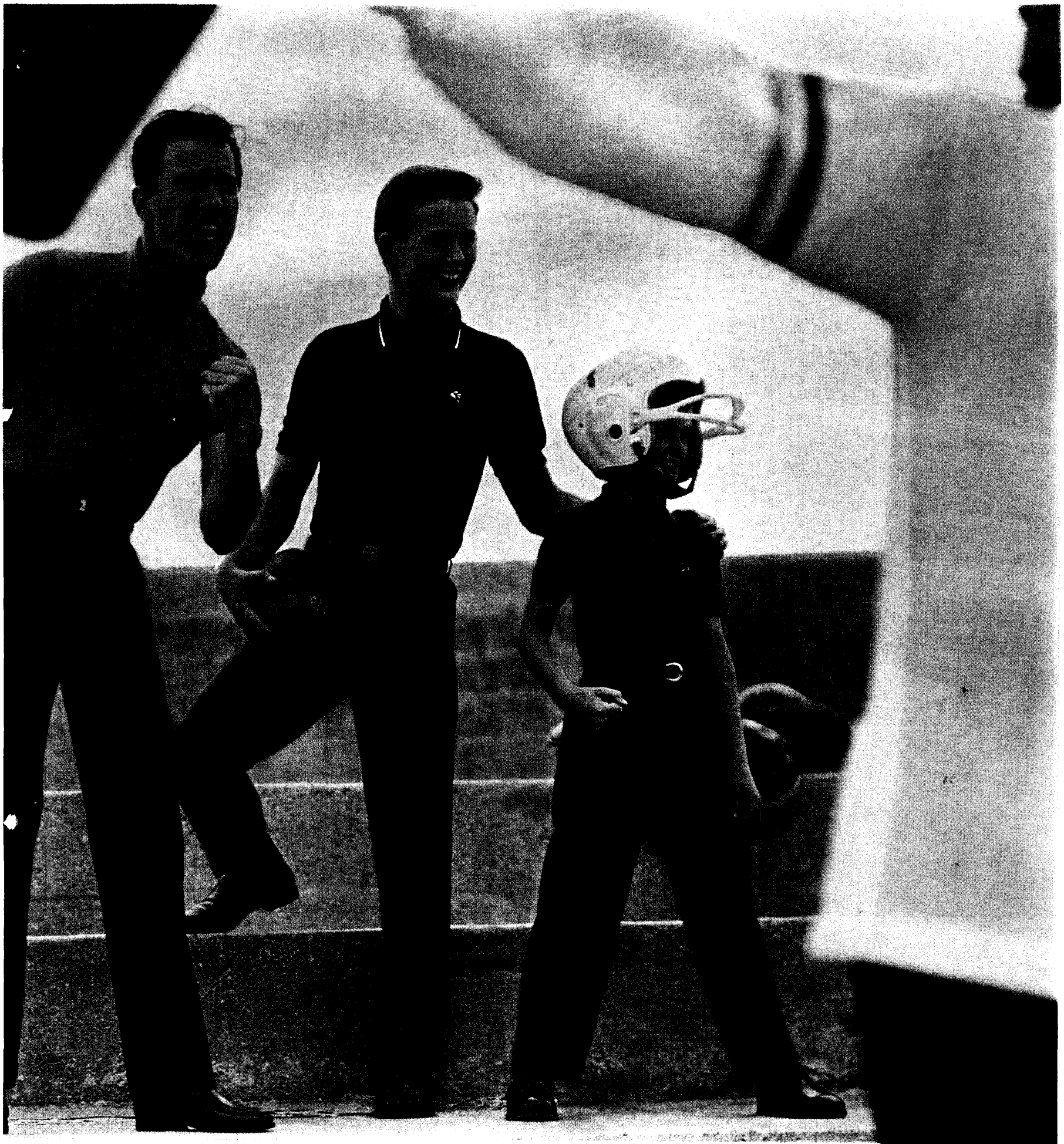

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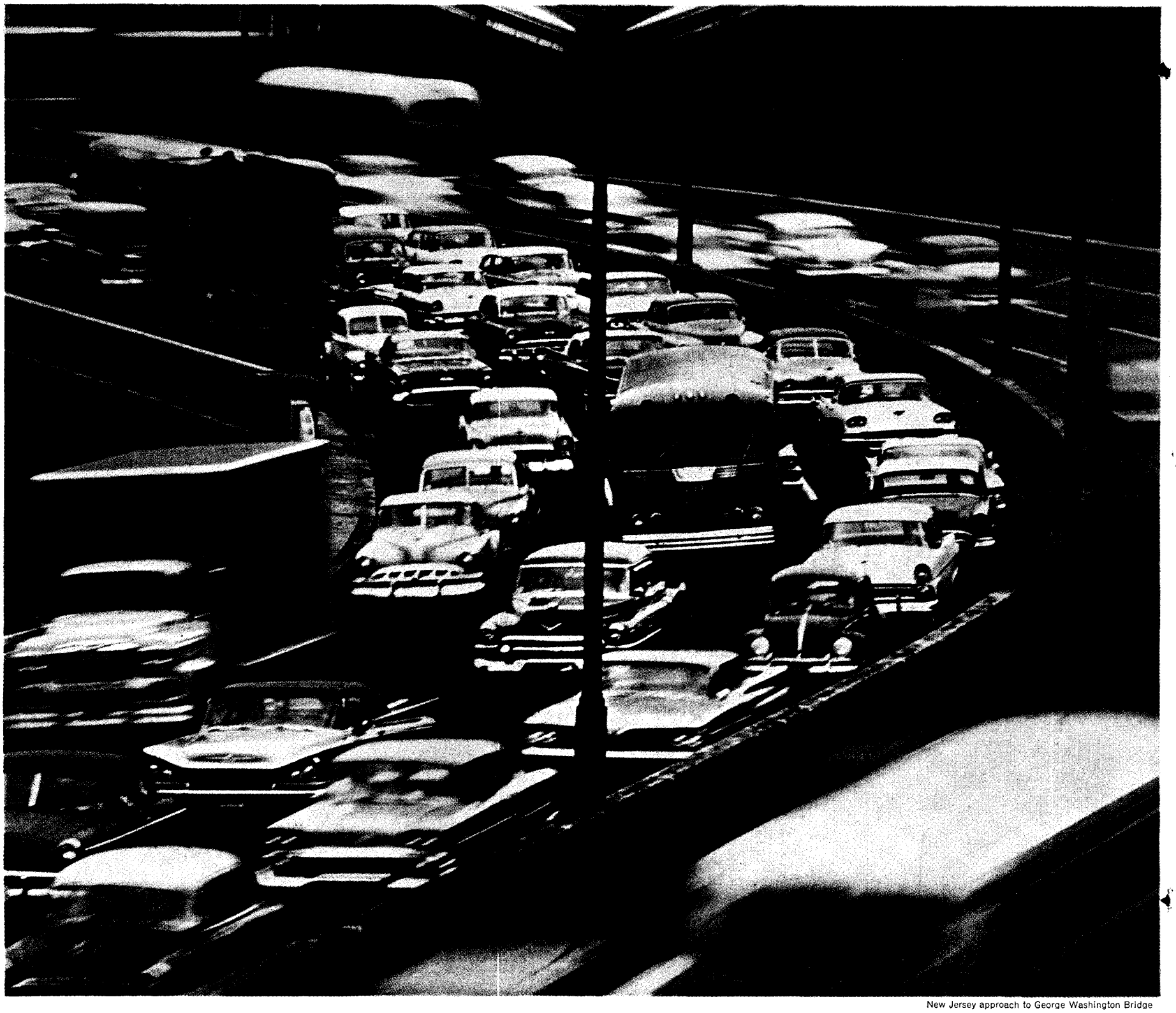

New Jersey approach to George Washington Bridge

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AT BAT

CASEY STENGEL

MY OWN STORY

1 INNING

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MY OWN STORY

By CASEY STENGEL as told to Harry T. Paxton

First of Five Parts

When I was a ballplayer in the National League, a manager told me, "There's one good thing about having you around. This is too dead a ball club. I'd rather have somebody like you with a little life—somebody that does things that are a little out of the way."

Well, I guess I've been doing things that were a little out of the way for most of my life in baseball. It gave some people the idea that I was just a comedian. When I was signed to manage the New York Yankees after the 1948 season, many of the writers couldn't understand why I was brought in to handle such a big job. They had watched some of my work evidently, as a manager at Brooklyn in the '30's and at Boston later on. They thought that I wasn't very serious, and that I never cared very much about winning games, and that I was too easy to get along with, and so forth.

But half the time I was too serious, maybe, with my work. When I don't win, I'm good and mad there at night. But if you think you're going to do better just by being serious all the time and never telling any stories or doing any kidding around—why, you're a little mistaken. Some people never could understand that.

At the time the Yankee job came up I was managing at Oakland in the Pacific Coast League. We had just won the pennant out there. Edna, who is Mrs. Stengel, enjoyed the Coast League very much, and she thought possibly I wasn't going back to the big leagues. And there was a question that I wouldn't too. There were half a dozen times before then that I was going to quit baseball altogether. I'd been a ballplayer and a manager for thirty-eight years. I'd worked at numerous places. I didn't care much whether I went back up.

Of course, I'm glad I did go with the Yankees. We started off by winning five straight pennants, which was a record, and five straight World Series, which naturally was also a record. By the end of my twelve years there we'd won ten pennants and seven world championships, which I guess is as much success as a manager ever had over that span.

But I'm just as proud of some of the jobs I held with clubs that were never in the first division. I was allowed to manage anywhere from three to six years for ball clubs that should actually, if they thought it was the manager's fault, have fired me in one year. Fifth place was as high as I ever finished at Brooklyn, and at Boston it was also fifth. So I must have satisfied the business manager, or I couldn't have held the positions that long, the way they change managers in baseball.

If you look it up, you find that the average manager holds his job less than three years. I have very great sympathy for men that didn't get the opportunity they should have had at managing because of lack of ability in the players, or maybe in the business office financially. Very seldom do people get to manage as long as I did.

Different men have been credited with getting me picked for the Yankee job. When I was discharged last year, I didn't see many taking credit for that. I'll give you the truth. What the owners of that ball club, Mr. Webb and Mr. Topping, really wanted was for me and a lot of others to get fired after the 1959 season, when we finished a bad third in the American League.

They became panicky and worried. They said, "This man has blown"—that's the manager. "Maybe the coaching has blown"—that's two. "Maybe the players have blown"—that's three. "Maybe the team spirit has blown"—that's four.

If they'd discharged me then, they'd have had a good grievance. And any fan would have said that something had to be done about that Yankee machine—"the old guy's age has got him."

But my contract had another year to run, and they didn't try to discharge me in '59. And the club hadn't blown, as was proved in 1960. The Yankees came back and took the pennant by eight games. They won their last fifteen games of the regular season, and they won three games against a red-hot club in the World Series. And we were all right up to the eighth inning of the last World Series game.

Later on in this story I'll tell you more about how I came to get hired—and fired. But I'm not mad at those two owners. You work at a place for years and years, and finally new men come in and old ones go out. The owners think the new ones are better, and they get rid of the others. The ownership has the right to do that.

Wherever I've managed, as long as you were paying my salary, I've tried to give a dollar and twenty-five cents in effort for every dollar you paid me. It was the same when I was a ballplayer. Some men play good without putting effort into it. Others have to go jump around. I used to have to work as hard as everything—wiggle my shoulders and my body and my arms—to do well.

I was an outfielder in the National League for almost thirteen years. I was very erratic. Some days I was amazing; some days I wasn't. I'd have a good year, and then not so good a year. I wasn't what you'd call a consistent player except in a number of big games. I was a star in World Series games and in important games with clubs that won pennants.

But I found out that if you're an erratic player like I was and you're trying hard, you're very seldom booed. People don't notice that you're doing bad as long as the effort is there.

One of the biggest mistakes I ever made was at Brooklyn in 1917. I'd been a holdout over the winter. The owner, Mr. Ebbets, wanted to cut my pay something like $1700, even though I'd hit .364 in the World Series the year before. I finally had to take about a $1300 cut.

I didn't like that. So when we came to Ebbets Field to start the season, I took one of the contracts they'd sent me, and took a pair of scissors, and started down to right field during practice. People would yell to me, "Did you get your money back, Casey? What kind of contract did you get?"

And I'd hold up the contract, and cut a piece off it with the scissors to make it shorter. "I didn't get such a big one," I'd say.

Well, in the Brooklyn office they didn't think that was so smart. They said, "He's getting too fresh, and he don't use enough tact."

And to tell you the truth, I didn't have a very good year that season. Now if you're being a comedian, the minute you don't do well, then they've got you. Because that could be a case that I wasn't trying. And I wasn't that kind of a player. I told you, I had to try hard every day.

The Brooklyn club dropped to seventh place that year from winning the pennant the year before. After the season Mr. Ebbets said it was terrible, and he told me, "We owe for this ball park, too, and you haven't helped me pay for it." And I said, "I must have given you a concrete pier for it when I took that pay cut." So I was too fresh for them, and it ended up I was traded right over to Pittsburgh the next year.

I was always too aggressive. I got started into that way of things when I was in sports at Central High School in Kansas City, Missouri. In basketball games somebody would grab my trousers and hold me, and I'd get rough. And when we started a student football team, that's when we got into most of our trouble. Because we'd sometimes play not a recognized school, but an independent team. And those games got to be too rough. You went over to Kansas City, Kansas, and you ended up smashing each other too much.

In professional baseball I made too much trouble at first. One time was when I was with Aurora, Illinois, in my second year. This was 1911. We were playing in Rockford, and there was this umpire whose name was Arundel. I used to kick a lot on balls and strikes—argue and argue and argue—and he kept telling me I shouldn't argue that long. So he called me out twice this day, and I was getting good and mad. And the next time he called me out he commenced laughing and rolling his shoulders. He went, "Ha, ha, ha, ha! You're a big shot! Ha, ha, ha!"

While he was laughing at me I was walking back to the bench, which was more than 100 feet away from home plate. Finally he turned around to get ready for the next hitter. I sneaked back on my toes still carrying my bat, and when he bent over the catcher I unloaded on him with the bat. I really got a good drive off him. I was put out, naturally, and the game was forfeited. I was lucky the league president didn't suspend me for the year or take all my money.

Another time I went too far in a ball game was in the 1923 World Series. I was playing for John McGraw's New York Giants against the Yankees. I wasn't supposed to be one of the stars, but I won the first game with a home run in the ninth inning.

From then on Babe Ruth and the boys gave me a good going-over. They promised me, "Watch out now when you come up there to bat. You're going down."

Well, two days later I hit another home run that won a game. As I was circling the bases I made like a bee or a fly had got on the end of my nose and was bothering me. I kept rubbing it with my thumb, and sticking my fingers in the direction of the Yankee bench.

I heard about that in a hurry from Commissioner Landis. Baseball had been put on a higher plane by Landis, and he didn't like that kind of an exhibition, with 60,000 or more people from all over the United States sitting in the stands and watching. He told me, "If you ever do that again, I'll promise you one thing: You won't receive a dollar of your World Series share." And

Retirement can be sweet. Stengel wound up a half century in baseball at the close of the 1960 season.

Photographs by JOHN BRYSON

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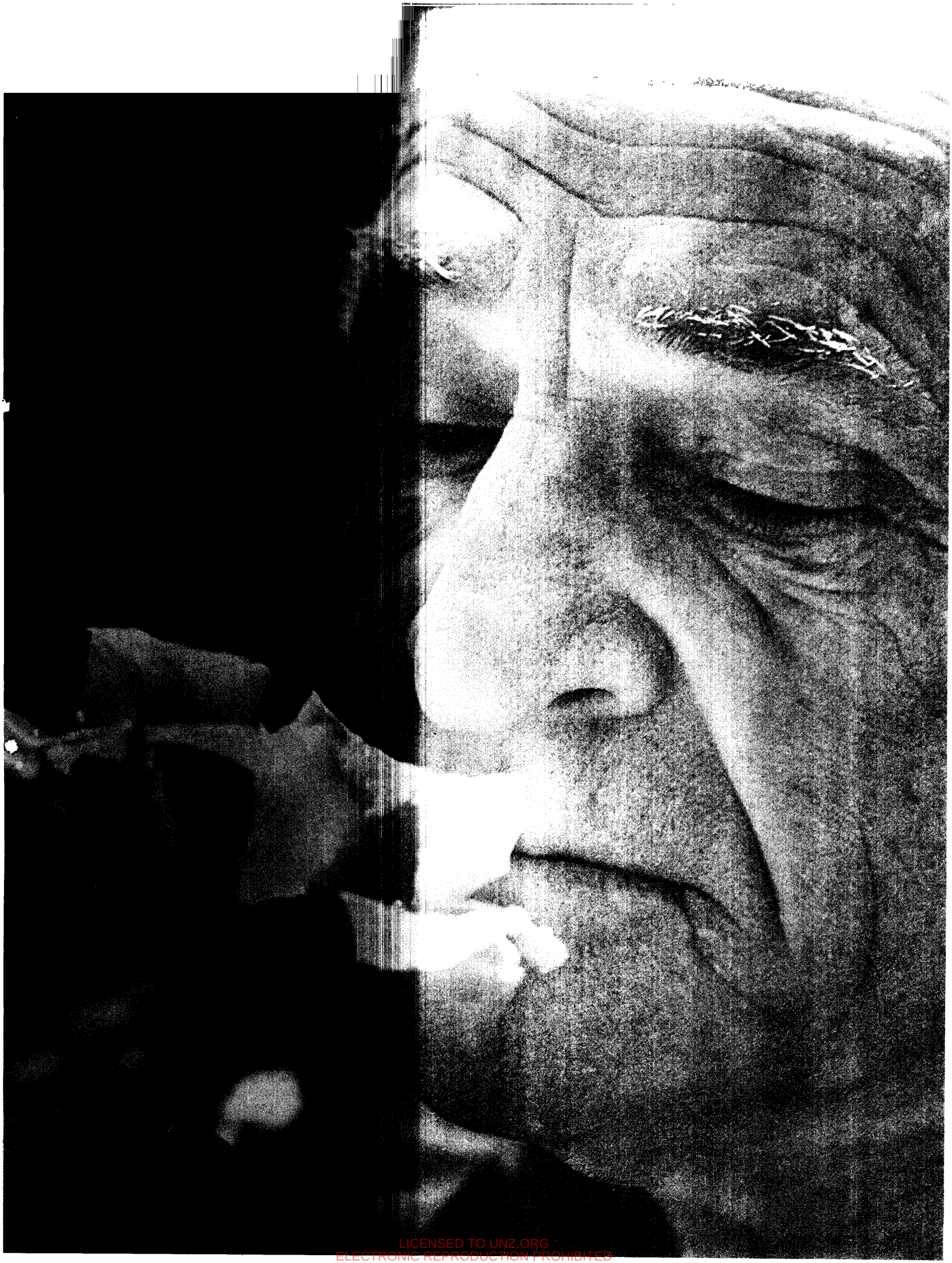

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Brooklyn, 1912–17 | *Pittsburgh, 1918–19* | ***Philadelphia Phillies,*** *1920–21* | ***N.Y. Giants, 1921–23***

Memories: Casey Stengel posing in replicas of the eight major-league uniforms he wore during his long and colorful career.

after that you can bet your life I always remembered I was in a ball park with outside people watching me.

I don't mean I never was in any trouble on a ball field again. Managing at Toledo a few years later, I got in a couple of fights, and the league suspended me a total of twenty-six days. I had to watch my team from the stands. And my owners said, "Look, now, what's the use of having you hired as a manager? We'd rather have you become the manager and stay the manager and let somebody else sit in the grandstand."

Out at Oakland just before I came to the Yankees we used to get in fights with the San Francisco club, because the rivalry there in the Coast League was so great. It was like Brooklyn and the Giants used to be in New York. A free-for-all would break out during a game, and our tough players would run on the field, and their tough players. It would look pretty good, so I'd run out to get into it too.

I was in my late fifties then. And every time you looked at a picture of the fight afterward, you'd see maybe fifteen or eighteen men standing up and fighting with each other, but you couldn't see me. There'd be a long arrow pointing down at the ground at the bottom of everything, and there'd be a line on it that said, "Stengel." So I found out that I was slipping.

Jimmy Dykes was managing the Hollywood team in the Coast League then, and he said to me, "Don't you think you're getting a little old to be doing all that fighting?" And I commenced thinking, "Well, he's probably right." After that I decided to become a bench manager and let the players do the fighting.

Everybody brings up fights, and asks me about fights, and wants to talk to me about fights. I have been in some trouble that way. But I came into baseball before they had a commissioner or anything, and the rule was that you took care of yourself or the field against the other team or your own.

When I started in the big leagues at Brooklyn in 1912, some people wouldn't let you take batting practice if they could help it. So I had some cards printed. And when I'd go over to the batting cage and a man would say, "Who are you?"—although I might have been with the club two months—I'd reach down in my pocket and hand him a card that said, "I am Charles Dillon (Dutch) (Casey) Stengel. Would you please allow me to go up and hit in batting practice?"

Dutch Stengel was what they called me as a boy. In baseball I got the nickname of Casey. It was partly because I came from Kansas City, and people would call me by the initials of my home town—"K.C.," which turned into Casey. I think another reason the name stuck was because of the poem *Casey at the Bat*, which De Wolf Hopper was reciting on the stage all over the country. In the poem Casey naturally made a big strike-out. I was built very strong when I was a young ballplayer, and I'd swing too hard and miss the ball, and they'd say, "Strike-out Casey."

When I came home after my first time in the big leagues in 1912, I was offered fifteen dollars to play in an exhibition game against Walter Johnson, the greatest pitcher in the American League. I'd hit .316 in seventeen games in the National League—they hadn't found my weaknesses yet—and I thought I was one of the best players in the country. And I said, "It isn't the fifteen dollars. I want to hit against Walter Johnson."

Johnson came from Coffeyville, Kansas. They were having a home-coming celebration for him, and this exhibition game was part of it. They rounded up two teams of professional players. Earl Hamilton, who was with the St. Louis Browns, pitched for our team.

Well, the first time up I swung at Johnson's pitches, and I struck out. The three times he threw the ball up there that I had swings on, I missed it. The next time I said, "I won't swing so hard at this man. I'll just meet the ball." So I didn't swing as hard. I still missed the three. I hadn't even fouled a baseball.

The third time up I said, "I'll bunt." I went to bunt, and I couldn't even touch the ball with the bat. So that was nine strikes and I hadn't fouled a ball.

Finally the fourth time up I hit a long foul off him down the left-field line. That's the only ball I touched. The next two strikes he threw past me.

Johnson had twenty strike-outs that day—Earl Hamilton had nineteen for our side—so I wasn't the only man that was missing the ball. But afterward people would say, "So you're that great man they were talking about in *Casey at the Bat*."

People who didn't get to know me until after I had the Casey nickname don't always believe this, but I was pretty shy and quiet as a youth. I remember that at the basketball games at high school you could bring your girl. And she would get to wear a white sweater—the Marilyn Monroe type, you know—and when you'd come in with her, everybody would go, "Woo-oo-oo-oo!" And that bothered me. I got so that I never wanted to take a girl to the basketball games. I used to say I had to leave early to get ready to play, because if she came down with me, then I'd have to take her home.

In high school I never would get up and make speeches, except once in the third year, when they

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Boston Braves, 1922–35

Brooklyn, 1934–36

Boston Braves, 1938–43

N.Y. Yankees, 1949–60

He played all three outfield positions with the first five teams shown (from left), and served as manager for the last three.

asked the players to talk to a small group in the study hall. But when we won the state championship with the baseball team and they asked me to talk in assembly, I couldn't get up. I got gagged.

The principal's name was Cammack. He called me into his office the next day. "Dutch," he said to me, "I'm so surprised. It hurt me a little that you couldn't get up and present that award to the school that you received for the state championship." But I told him I couldn't do it.

I never did enjoy school too much. The first one I went to was the Woodland grammar school. They called them ward schools in Kansas City at that time. My teacher was Mrs. Kennedy. I noticed later on in baseball that you always remembered what the tough managers told you. Like McGraw. He was strict. He would fine you. Well, the same thing goes when I think back on my schoolteachers. I remember Mrs. Kennedy would give us a couple of switches when we needed it.

In the Kansas City schools then, they had a rule that you had to be right-handed in penmanship even if you were naturally left-handed, which I was. And if I didn't do it correctly—if she caught me trying to switch over to using my left hand—Mrs. Kennedy would keep me after noon hour. She'd put me in a closet and close it up and say, "Well, you stay here for half an hour."

She broke me of it, and I write right-handed to this day. But I'll have to admit I'm not too good as a writer. I get mixed up on that writing. I don't know whether that helped to start me into Stengelese or not. It's a very shocking thing to me, this "Stengelese"—which is what they call the way I sometimes become careless in my speech.

I picked up in my penmanship after the first four years. But today I still go up on one side and down on the other, and my letters aren't even.

But then I know so many people right now—intellectual men, men that can dictate a letter amazing, and be outstanding people to stand up and give you a line of conversation and wonderful English. And yet when they sign their name you can't read it, if they don't have the name printed on top of the letter or underneath. And every time they sign their name in a restaurant, people come up and argue with them. And you can't blame the headwaiter, because the man is signing for the tab, and my goodness, you can't tell who it is. It looks like chicken feet.

Anyway, I don't blame Mrs. Kennedy for making me change over in my writing. She was just following the rules. And when I got into baseball I thought it was a great thing that she made me write right-handed. I became a good fielder from an awkward kid because I could use my right hand better. I stayed left-handed in throwing and hitting, but I had to use my right hand in catching the ball. And from my penmanship, I was more agile with my right hand than any person that had stayed left-handed in everything. I was almost ambidextrous.

That helped me more as a ballplayer than the writing ever would. And as a manager I never cared whether somebody else thought I was stupid, as long as I was doing the job. In sports the thoughts are a little different.

For instance, I don't like to have a catcher looking over at me all the time from home plate to get me to call the next pitch for him. So I found one on the Yankees, Yogi Berra, that I didn't have to do it with. The people when I went there wouldn't believe it, that Berra was going to get to call the signs. There were numerous people that said, "This guy can't think enough to call signs." Highly educated pitchers told me that. But Mr. Berra has got a sports mind. And he did a beautiful job for me for many years.

And that's the way with the manager. If he knows what to do in sports, he is very good. Take a man like Leo Durocher. And here's something about Durocher that he may not know himself. If I'd taken one of the opportunities to run another club that were offered to me after the Yankees discharged me last fall, there were two men I'd have tried to hire as assistant managers. One was Durocher—he hadn't been signed by the Dodgers then. The other was Ted Williams. Mr. Williams and I are friendly. He seems to have my methods of play. He knows everything about hitting. He might be a great manager.

Getting back to Durocher, I can see why he's been a pretty good manager. He isn't afraid to make a move. Lefty O'Doul, who used to manage against me in the Coast League—he isn't afraid to make a move. I don't think either of them could show you any degrees from the large universities. Of course, I've seen managers that had the degrees and were very good and brilliant at managing too. I'm just saying that in baseball it's a different thing.

A big thing in my managing that seemed to confuse a lot of educated people was my platoon system. When we were having that bad year in New York in 1959, one of my owners remarked—and it got back to me—that he couldn't understand why I did so much platooning. And here I'd been winning with it all those other years.

I've never really explained my platoon system, which I'm going to do before I finish with this story. But without telling too much about it right now, my platoon thinking started with the way McGraw handled me in my last years on the Giants. He had me in and out of the line-up, and

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he used me all around the outfield. He put me in when and where he thought I could do him the most good. And after I got into managing I platooned whenever I had the chance, long before I came to the Yankees.

Or maybe it goes back even further. I platooned myself as a boy in Kansas City. I'd look over a team and pick out the weakest spots so I could win a position. I became a third baseman left-handed in high school because of the inability of the third baseman and then a second baseman left-handed because of the inability of the second baseman. I think that's why I made the high-school team my first and second years.

The third year I became a pitcher. I started into professional baseball as a pitcher, and when I couldn't make that, I switched to being an outfielder.

Anyway, the platoon idea began to bother some of the people the last few years I was on the Yankees. Another thing the office worried about was whether some of the players were running around too late at night. The club is supposed to have had detectives following different players at times. I don't know whether they did or not. But I can tell you this, that wasn't what got the pennant back for the Yankees in 1960. It was the players' ability and the fact that their interest was to win the pennant.

There are men that don't have bad habits but have bad spirit. I'd rather have men with some ability and some fight and some spunk and men that like their teammates. Some of the players who got bad publicity at times were men I could never have won without over that number of years. These are pretty well-known ballplayers. You get big money when you play baseball if you are a Mantle. Mantle should get money. Mantle excites the public. Mantle has been booed in New York. I don't know why it is. It's silly for them to boo him. He still fights to win and wants to stay in New York City.

Billy Martin was a good winning ballplayer for me in Oakland, and he was when I had him in New York. I couldn't have done without Martin on some of the plays he made. Somebody else couldn't have made them.

Maybe there's better pitchers than Whitey Ford. I couldn't have gone without Ford. What would I have done in the last World Series if I hadn't had Mr. Ford sitting around? He pitched two games and never allowed them to get any runs, and if I'd been nimble enough to start him sooner, he'd have gone in and pitched the last game and maybe offset things.

Now every club has rules that there's a time to come in. There is no manager that ever lived that would say, "Stay out as long as you want to." And I know I've never said it would pay you to run around and stay out after hours.

Players violated the nights on Mr. Stengel once in a while. But the four that did, or five, or different men in different years—they had the spirit of that ball club, and were trying to win, trying to get to home plate.

If you're in a pennant race, you can take any kind of man except a man that is lazy. A lazy man is a terrible thing on a ball club. And he may be a man that never breaks a rule. He says, "I go to bed at eleven o'clock every night." But he's not awake when he's on the ball field.

In other words, he doesn't get interested in baseball. He says, "Oh, the same old thing over and over. I wish I was in another business." Well, there you have a bad man.

In my day a man who was very poor often wanted to become a ballplayer if he could. Because why? Because you started out in baseball with salaries from $75 to $150 a month. That was a very good salary in those days for a kid.

With me the idea at first was that I was using the baseball to go to dental college. My father told me that if I was going to play baseball all summer, I couldn't hang in a poolroom all winter and be a bum. So I had to put away enough money during my first years in baseball to go to dental college in the off season. And if I hadn't made the big leagues fairly soon I probably would have become a dentist.

Charles Dillon Stengel, banker. Casey is still active in business as vice president and director of a Glendale, Calif., bank.

I was the baby of my family. I've never paid too much attention to who my ancestors were, but a lady in Rock Island, Illinois, who is a cousin of mine sent me a copy of the whole family tree a while ago. I found out that my grandfather Stengel came over to this country from Germany with his family in 1851, at which time he was thirteen. They settled in Rock Island in 1855. Four years later he got married to Katherine Kniphals. He died of T.B. in 1865, when my father, Louis E. Stengel, was four.

My mother's name was Jennie Jordan. Her father was John B. Jordan, and her mother was the sister of Judge John F. Dillon, who was on the Iowa Supreme Court and then on the United States Circuit Court, and was also counsel for some of the big railroad companies. My mother lived in Davenport, Iowa, which is just across the Mississippi River from Rock Island. She was a year younger than my father. They were married in 1886 and went to live in Kansas City. When I was little I'd sometimes go on visits in the summer to see my relations in Rock Island and Davenport.

I remember when I was very small I was at the Jordans' in Davenport. My mother had me in long curls like a little girl then—I still have a picture of that at home. Anyway, I told my grandfather, "I'd like to get a haircut like you." So he gave me fifteen cents to do it. And when I came back, my mother and my grandmother and my aunt sure jumped on us. They went down to that barbershop and collected all those curls they could find.

I had an older sister and brother. My sister, Louise Stengel, was born late in 1886. She still lives in Kansas City. Then came my brother Grant, late in 1887. He is making his home in Prairie Village, Kansas. I was born on July 30, 1890. A lot of people say I'm older than that, and there's a few that think I'm younger, but that's the right date, and I have the birth certificate to show for it.

My father was built strong, something like myself, and he had large ears, which I do. He was an agent for the Joseph Stiebel Insurance Company in Kansas City. They also owned a street-sprinkling company, and they told him, "If you stay here, you can get out of this insurance business in three or four years, and we will give you the sprinkling business."

So he went into that. This was before the city did the street sprinkling. My father had this water wagon. It was a wooden water tank, only they put wheels on it and horses pulled it. You pushed a pedal with your foot and squirted water on the street. My dad would collect from where he sprinkled, and anybody that didn't sign up, he would naturally leave the street dry in front of their place. He sprinkled for the merchants on Grand Avenue and the other main streets, and he also had fifteen or twenty of the blocks where the wealthy homes were.

He used to play cards with some of the merchants, and when he'd win they'd say, "Well, how could anybody beat a man that can make money selling something as cheap as water?"

That sprinkling business only lasted about eight or ten years after my father got it. The city finally came in with modern apparatus and took over the job, and my father's business was what you'd call defunct. That was around 1915 or1916, and after that he was more or less retired. By then I'd got to where I could help my family out from my salary as a big-league ballplayer.

As a kid I often worked to bring in extra money. I could always get a job as a water boy, which was a good way to make yourself strong. Just think—I could make three dollars a week carrying buckets of water around to the men on a construction job. And I worked for a time filling and packing patent-medicine bottles, and during a couple of vacations I delivered for a florist.

But I also played ball whenever I could. Eventually the baseball commenced to take over. I stayed with it for fifty years, and had my good times and bad. There's a lot I've never told about before.

Next week Casey Stengel continues with his revelations about his unique career, including his own authentic—and inimitable—version of some famous comedy highlights.—The Editors

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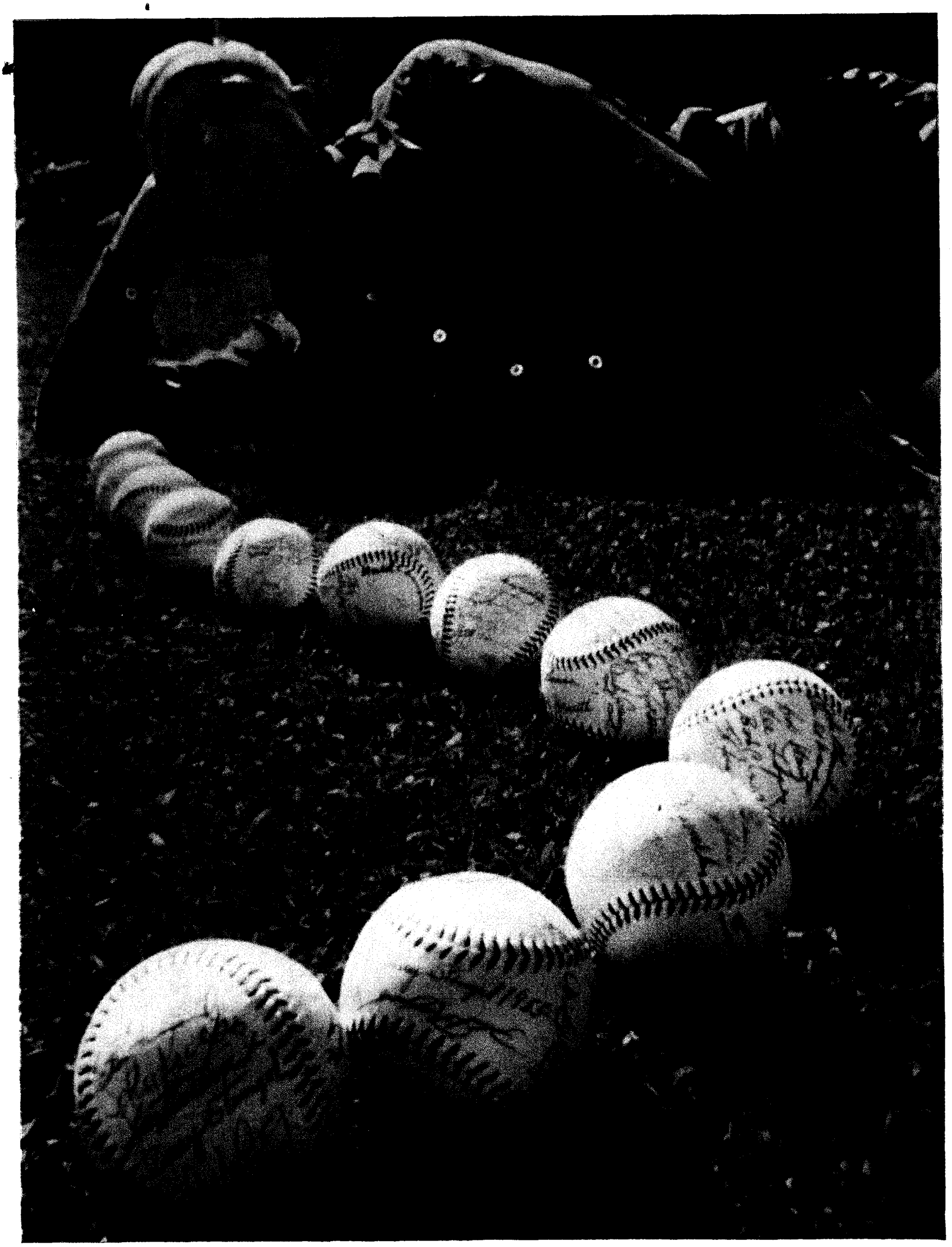

These baseballs are mementos of twelve years with the Yanks. Stengel piloted them to ten pennants and seven World Series.

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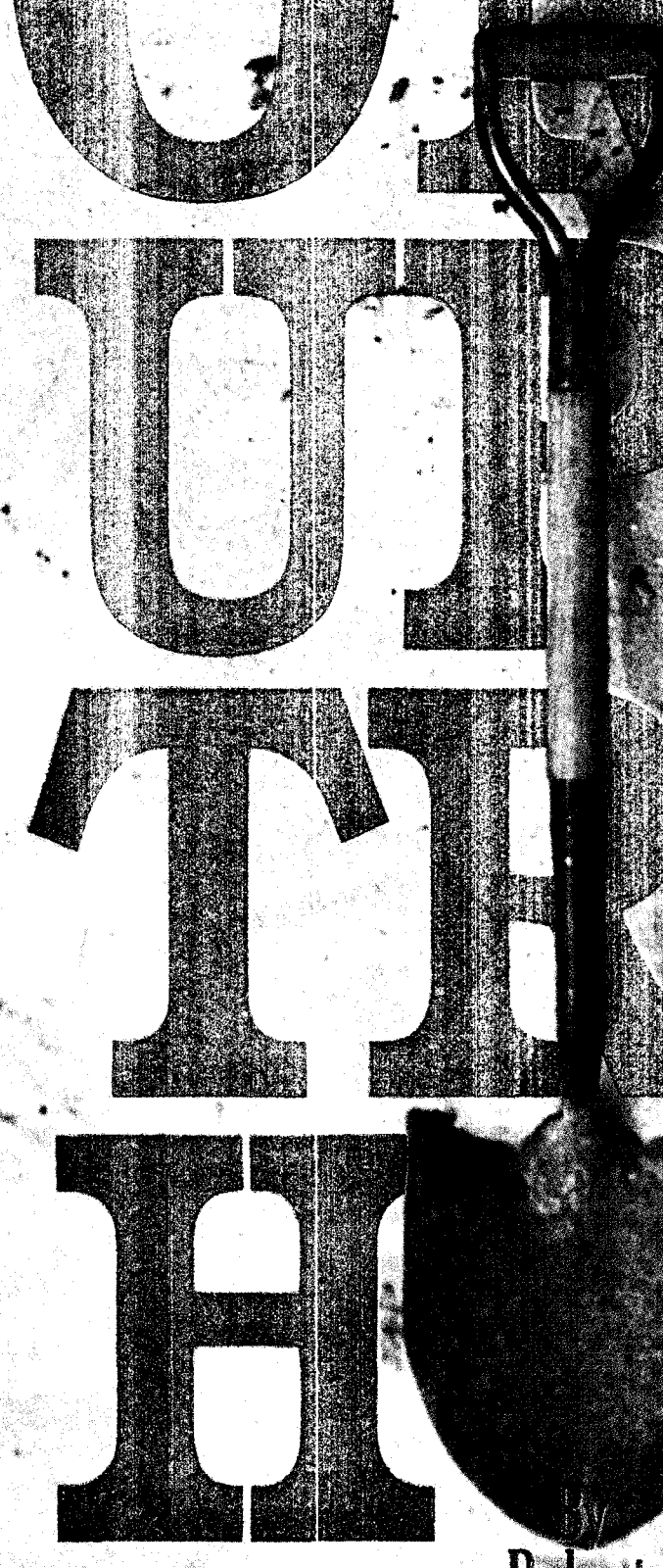
ONCE UPON A HUNT



Robert Edmond Alter

DESIGN BY HERB LUBALIN

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Every morning now as he came along the beach he saw the girl. Because he had a pattern, or schedule, he passed this same stretch of shore at a set time, and she was always there—sitting with her back to a knoll, watching the sea. She was young—perhaps twenty, perhaps twenty-four—and she was quietly pretty. He didn't notice much else, except that he liked her hair, soft and pale, liked the way it fluffed in back when the wind came. *The foam-born*, he thought idly and walked on. He was used to seeing people on the island. They rented boats from Jedidah Swain's wharf on the Massachusetts mainland and rowed across the narrow channel from the town. Frequently the visitors were women in the late summer or early fall of their lives. They would come alone and wander along the shore, watching the surf. Vern called them the desperate ones, those who had read *A Gift From the Sea* and were searching for a purpose. They gave him a sense of compassion, but he never spoke to them—they seemed to want it that way.

Sometimes it was a young boy and girl. They would walk hand in hand in the wet sand, quietly, and would watch their feet as though contemplating great problems for the future. They left him with a nostalgic feeling, and he'd smile after them rather wistfully and leave them alone because he remembered what it was like to be standing on the threshold of the beginning. It had been that way with him and Janice once—before the accident.

And often a family would arrive to have a picnic and to look for the treasure. These he classified as the true tourists. They were always friendly and would offer him a soft drink or a bottle of beer or even a sandwich, and he would talk to them for a while and tell them what little he knew of Nord's treasure. And if the conversation should swing around to personalities and vocations, he would tell them his name; and sometimes one of them would vaguely remember having read one of his books and would say, "I thought that was a pretty good story." But it meant nothing to Vern because he knew it had been trash, and he'd go away feeling slightly depressed, and that day the writing wouldn't go well at all. But this week there was only the girl on the beach. On the third morning she looked around suddenly and saw him coming. She smiled brightly and waved, and Vern smiled back, saying, "Hello there," and walked on with the image of very white teeth surrounded by pale red lips, and eyes that were like a child's on Christmas morning. *No*, he thought, *she can't even be twenty-four*. And that certainly left him feeling absurdly obsolete. That morning he returned to his cottage and went directly to his mirror. He needed a shave, but he was used to seeing that. *Am I becoming careless*, he wondered, *sloppy?* He always knocked around the island in a sweat shirt, old dungarees rolled at the cuffs and pulpy tennis shoes minus socks. *I'm not beat*, he said, *just indifferent*.

His hair had thinned hardly at all, and his crew cut seemed to remove four or five years from his actual age, which was thirty-five; and his face had just a few lines—around his eyes. Continued on Page 118

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People on the way Up

Genial Geniuses: The Schaefer Twins

Nineteen-year-olds Philip and Elmer Schaefer are towering intellects. In I.Q. the twins stand high in the upper 1 per cent of all persons ever tested. Enriching their scholastic brilliance are vital qualities—emotional balance, a responsible outlook and drive, the earmarks of leadership for the America of day after tomorrow. The twins' father is an attorney with the Federal National Mortgage Association in Chicago. Mrs. Schaefer is a lawyer, too, practicing at home in suburban Winnetka.

When their sons showed early signs of extraordinary talent—the boys taught themselves to read at three, and at six could add and subtract with machinelike speed—the Schaefers made no special fuss. As a result the twins are easygoing. "Fun to be with," says a young friend. "They don't seem smarter than anybody else." In school Phil and Elmer got top grades, joined clubs and went through high school and college in six years. They were graduated from Northwestern University in June—both Phi Beta Kappa—and next week begin advanced study at Harvard. Phil's field is economics; Elmer's is math.

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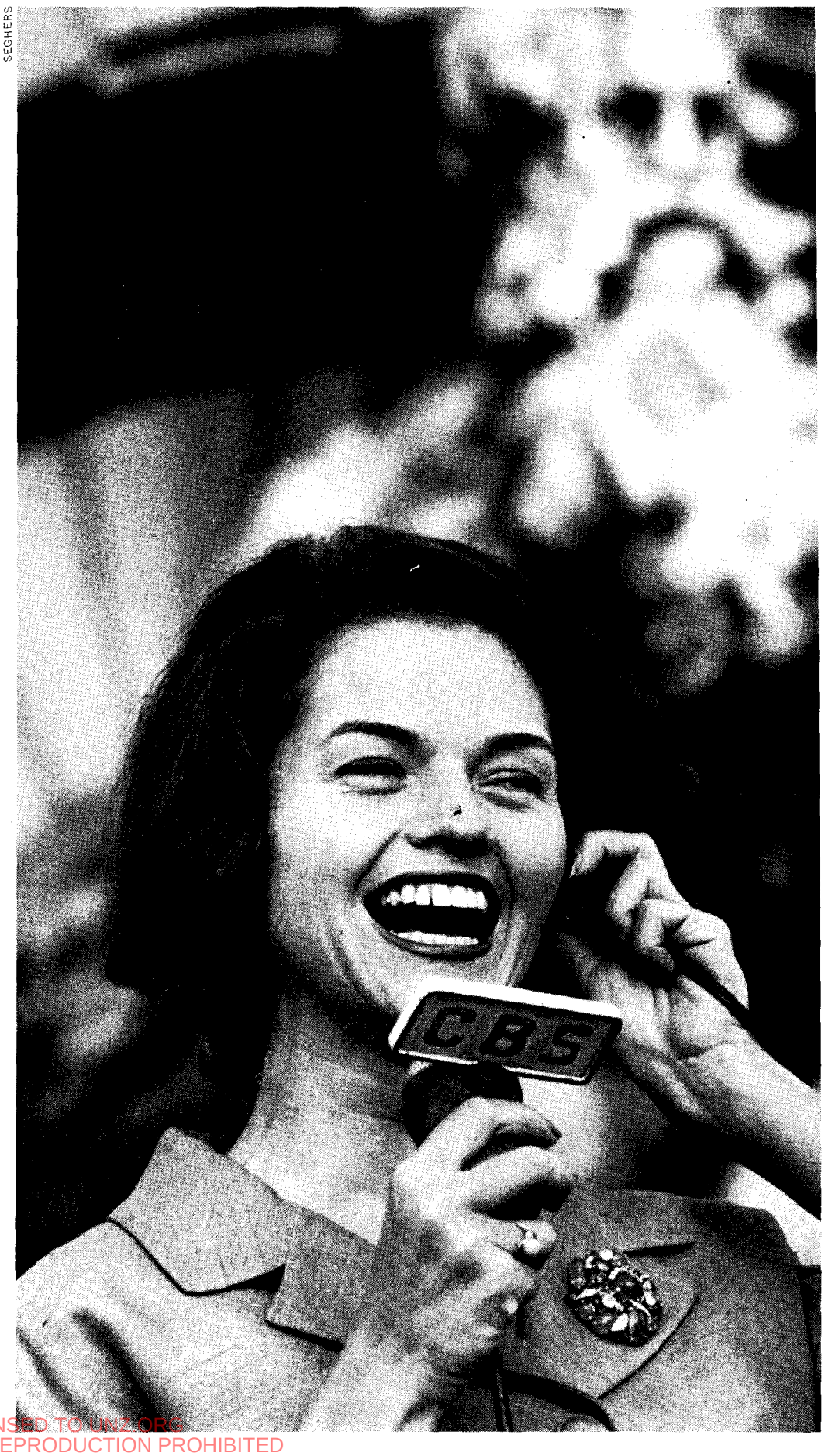
SHAY

Both may go on to law careers. The boys are identical twins, but distinguishable. Phil (left) has a quicker smile and gesticulates when he talks; Elmer stresses the key words of a sentence. Lean and sinewy, they are good swimmers and enjoy tennis. "Elmer's the only guy I can beat," says Phil. 'We'd kind of like to meet a couple of twin girls," says Elmer.

Nancy Hanschman, Chic Correspondent

As President Kennedy left the rostrum after his inaugural address last January, he spoke softly to the young brunette standing close by: "Thank you, Nancy." Thus he acknowledged congratulations from glamorous, onetime model Nancy Hanschman, who at thirty-one is CBS's comeliest news correspondent. Her beat is official Washington, and she is on a first-name basis with every bigwig on Capitol Hill. At dinner parties she is often paired with bachelor VIP's—she's unmarried. As she puts it, "My social life always seems to revolve around business." A talent for charming dignitaries earned Nancy her first job with CBS: Coaxing big wheels to appear on *Face the Nation.* Speaker Sam Rayburn once promised Nancy he'd do anything to help her—except marry her. Later, when Sam became restive during preparations for a TV interview, she reminded him of his "pledge." "O.K.," he said, "come on; I'll make you a famous woman." It was Nancy's first scoop. Now she has a radio show called *One Woman's Washington*, with scooplets aplenty.



SEGHERS

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People on the way Up

James Symington: Good-Will Troubadour

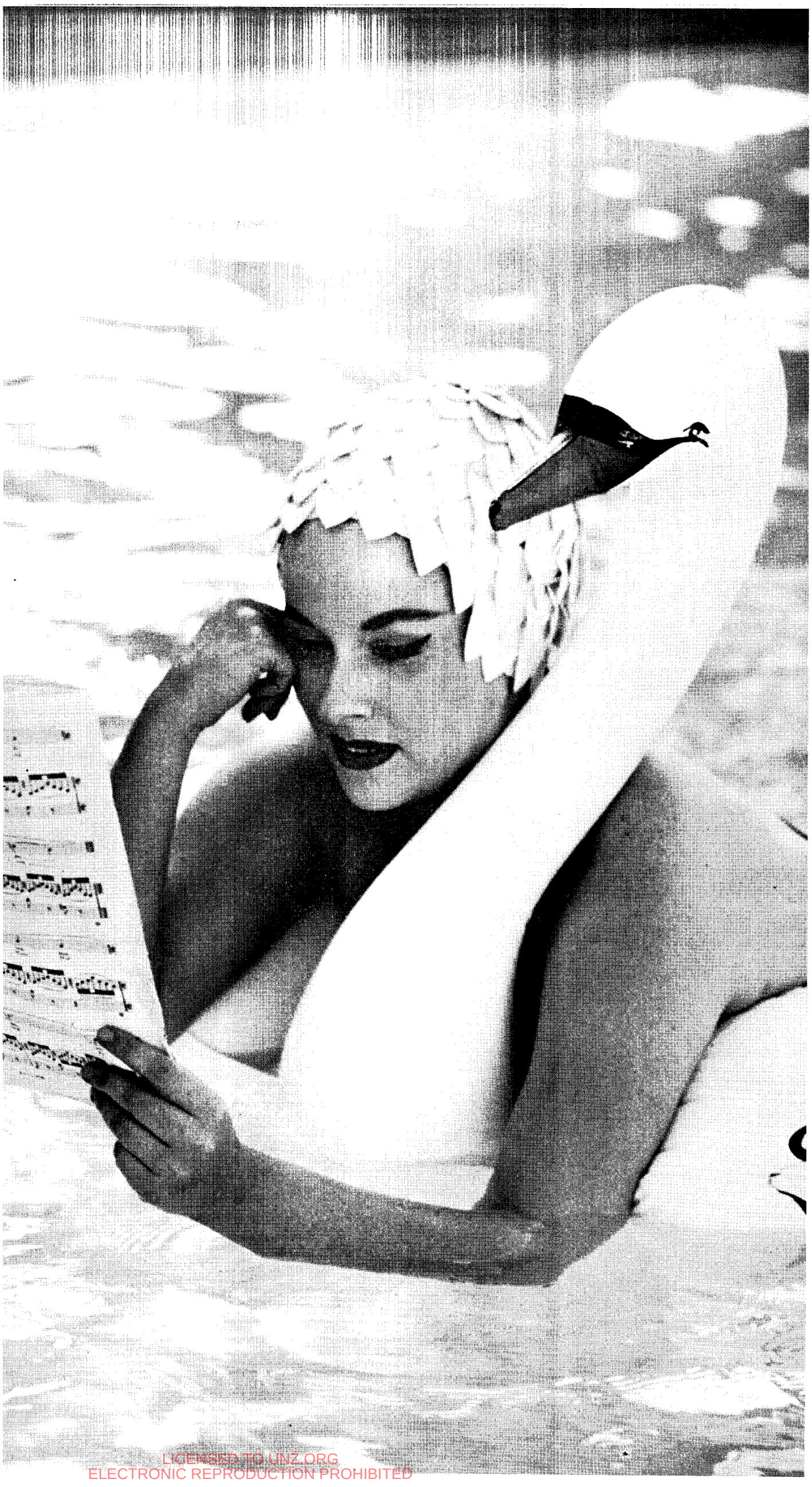
Traveling around the world to distribute United States surplus food to the needy, thirty-three-year-old Jim Symington twangs his guitar to break down barriers and win friends for the United States. Jim is second in command of the Government's Food-for-Peace Program; this year his agency will help feed 100,000,000 people. Much of the program's success is due to this rising career public servant. The guitar is Jim's trade-mark. While a law student at Columbia University, he worked as a folk singer in a Manhattan night spot. Twice he sang and strummed down the campaign trail for his famous father, Sen. Stuart Symington of Missouri. A Yale man and ex-Marine, he has practiced law in St. Louis. Married, with two children, he often commutes to his office on a bicycle, without guitar.

Mary Costa: Delectable Diva

Floating on a sea of promising notices, lovely opera singer Mary Costa, thirty-one, rehearses for a new role in her back-yard pool in Beverly Hills. For more reasons than one, she is a girl to watch. Having charmed West Coast audiences since 1959 in *La Traviata*, *Carmen* and *Cosí Fan Tutte*, she returns next week to sing a leading role in the world premiere of Norman Dello Joio's *Blood Moon*. After hearing her sing and sizing up her stunning figure, one usually caustic critic gurgled, "Why does one girl have to have everything?"

Born in Knoxville, Tennessee, Mary got her start singing hymns on a radio show. That job led to a part in a movie, *Marry Me Again*, by writer-director Frank Tashlin—now her husband—and to the singing and speaking part of Walt Disney's *Sleeping Beauty*. (Voice coaches rid Mary of her Southern accent.) Then she spent three years doing automobile commercials on TV. "Getting in and out of cars before 30,000,000 people cured my stage fright and paid for a singing career," she says.

That career is all-consuming. "Singing," says Mary, "is my life."



BRIDGES

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ONE MOMENT OF PANIC TURNED THE DRIVER INTO A HUNTED KILLER

HIT AND

Painting by John Falter

By JOHN D. MACDONALD

Twenty-eight days after the woman died, Walter Post, special investigator for the Traffic Division, squatted on his heels in a big parking lot and ran his fingertips lightly along the front-right fender of the car which had killed her. It was a blue and gray four-door sedan, three years old, in the lower price range.

The repair job had probably been done in haste and panic. But it had been competently done. The blue paint was an almost perfect match. Some of it had got on the chrome stripping and had been wiped off, but not perfectly. The chrome headlight ring was a replacement, with none of the minute pits and rust flecks of the ring on the left headlight. He reached up into the fender well and brushed his fingers along the area where the undercoating had been flattened when the fender had been hammered out.

He stood up and looked toward the big insurance-company office building, large windows and aluminum panels glinting in the morning sun, and wondered where Mr. Wade Addams was, which window was his. A vice president, high up, looking down upon the world.

It had been a long hunt. Walter Post had examined many automobiles. The killing had occurred on a rainy Tuesday morning in September at 9:30, in the 1200 block of Harding Avenue. It was an old street of big elms and frame houses. It ran north and south. Residents in the new suburban areas south of the city used Harding Avenue in preference to Wright Boulevard when they drove to the center of the city. Harding Avenue had been resurfaced a year ago. There were few traffic lights. The people who lived on Harding Avenue had complained about fast traffic before Mary Berris was killed.

Mr. and Mrs. Steve Berris and their two small children had lived at 1237 Harding Avenue. He was the assistant manager of a supermarket. On that rainy morning she had put on her plastic rain cape to hurry across the street, apparently to see a neighbor on some errand. It was evident she had not intended to be gone long, as her two small children were left untended. The only witness was a thirteen-year-old girl, walking from her home to the bus stop.

Through careful and repeated interrogations of that girl after she had quieted down, authorities were able to determine that the street had been momentarily empty of traffic, that the death car had been proceeding toward the center of town at a high rate of speed, that Mary Berris had started to cross from right to left in front of the car hurrying. Apparently, when she realized she had misjudged the speed and distance of the car, she had turned and tried to scamper back to the protection of the curb.

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Walter Post guessed that the driver, assuming the young woman would continue across, had swerved to the right to go behind her. When she had turned back, the driver had hit the brakes. There were wet leaves on the smooth asphalt. The car had skidded. Mary Berris was struck and thrown an estimated twenty feet through the air, landing close to the curb. The car had swayed out of its skid and then accelerated.

The child had not seen the driver of the car. She said it was a pale car, a gray or blue, not a big car and not shiny new. Almost too late she realized she should look at the license number. But by then it was so far away that she could only tell that it was not an out-of-state license and that it ended, in her words, "in two fat numbers. Not sharp numbers like ones and sevens and fours. Fat ones, like sixes and eights and nines."

Mary Berris lived for nearly seventy hours with serious brain injuries, ugly contusions and abrasions and a fractured hip. She lived long enough for significant bruises to form, indicating from their shape and placement that the vehicle had struck her a glancing blow on the right hip and thigh, the curve of the bumper striking her right leg just below the knee. The fragments of glass from the lens of the shattered sealed-beam headlamp indicated three possible makes of automobile. No shellac or enamel was recovered from her clothing. It was believed that, owing to the glancing impact, the vehicle had not been seriously damaged. She did not regain consciousness before death.

For the first two weeks of the investigation Walter Post had the assistance of sufficient manpower to cover all places where repairs could have been made. The newspapers co-operated. Everyone in the metropolitan area was urged to look for the death car. But, as in so many other instances, the car seemed to disappear without a trace. Walter Post was finally left alone to continue the investigation, in addition to his other duties.

And, this time, he devoted more time to it than he planned. It seemed more personal. This was not a case of one walking drunk lurching into the night path of a driving drunk. This was a case of a young, pretty housewife—very pretty, according to the picture of her he had seen—mortally injured on a rainy Tuesday by somebody who had been in a hurry, somebody too callous to stop and clever enough to hide. He had talked to the broken husband and seen the small, puzzled kids, and heard the child witness say, "It made a terrible noise. A kind of—thick noise. And then she just went flying in the air, all loose in the air. And the car tried to go away so fast the wheels were spinning."

Walter Post would awaken in the night and think about Mary Berris and feel a familiar anger. This was his work, and he knew the cost of it and realized his own emotional involvement made him better at what he did. But this was a very small comfort in the bitter mood of the wakeful night. And he knew there would be no joy in solving the case because he would find at the end of his search not some monster, some symbol of evil, but merely another victim, a trembling human animal.

His wife Carolyn endured this time of his involvement as she had those which had gone before, knowing the cause of his remoteness, his brutal schedule of self-assigned work hours. Until this time of compulsion was ended, she and the children would live with—and rarely see—a weary man who kept pushing himself to the limit of his energy, who returned and ate and slept and went out again.

Operating on the assumption that the killer was a resident of the suburban areas south of the city, he had driven the area until he was able to block off one large section where, if you wanted to drive down into the center of the city, Harding Avenue was the most efficient route to take. With the co-operation of the clerks at the State Bureau of Motor Vehicle Registration, he compiled a discouragingly long list of all medium and low-priced sedans from one to four years old registered in the name of persons living in his chosen area, where the license numbers ended in 99, 98, 89, 88, 96, 69, 86, 68 and 66. He hoped he would not have to expand it to include threes and fives, which could also have given that impression of "fatness," in spite of the child witness's belief that the numbers were not threes or fives.

With his list of addresses he continued the slow process of elimination. He could not eliminate the darker or brighter colors until he was certain the entire car had not been repainted. He worked with a feeling of weary urgency, suspecting the killer would feel more at ease once the death car was traded in. He lost weight. He accomplished his other duties in an acceptable manner.

At nine on this bright October tenth, a Friday, just twenty-eight days and a few hours after Mary Berris had died, he had checked the residence of a Mr. Wade Addams. It was a long and impressive house on a wide curve of Saylor Lane. A slim, dark woman of about forty answered the door. She wore slacks and a sweater. Her features were too strong for prettiness, and her manner and expression were pleasant and confident.

"Yes?"

He smiled and said, "I just want to take up a few moments of your time. Are you Mrs. Addams?"

"Yes, but really, if you're selling something, I just——"

He took out his notebook. "This is a survey financed by the automotive industry. People think we're trying to sell cars, but we're not. This is a survey about how cars are used."

She laughed. "I can tell you one thing. There aren't enough cars in this family. My husband drives to work. We have a son, eighteen, in his last year of high school, and a daughter, fourteen, who needs a lot of taxi service. The big car is in for repairs, and today my husband took the little car to work. So you can see how empty the garage is. If Gary's marks are good at midyear, Wade is going to get him a car of his own."

"Could I have the make and year and model and color of your two cars, Mrs. Addams?"

She gave him the information on the big car first. And then she told him the make of the smaller car and said, "It's three years old. A four-door sedan. Blue and gray."

"Who usually drives it, Mrs. Addams?"

"It's supposed to be mine, but my husband and Gary and I all drive it. So I'm always the one who has it when it runs out of gas. I *never* can remember to take a look at the gauge."

"What does your husband do, Mrs. Addams?"

"He's a vice president at Surety Insurance."

"How long has your boy been driving?"

"Since it was legal. Don't they all? A junior license when he was sixteen, and his senior license last July when he turned eighteen. It makes me nervous, but what can you do? Gary is really quite a reliable boy. I shudder to think of what will happen when Nancy can drive. She's a scatterbrain. All you can do is depend on those young reflexes, I guess."

He closed his notebook. "Thanks a lot, Mrs. Addams. Beautiful place you have here."

"Thank you." She smiled at him. "I guess the automobile people are in a tizzy, trying to decide whether to make big cars or little cars."

"It's a problem," he said. "Thanks for your co-operation."

He had planned to check two more registrations in that immediate area. But he had a hunch about the Addams's car. Obviously Mrs. Addams hadn't been driving. He had seen too many of the guilty ones react. They had been living in terror. When questioned, they broke quickly and completely. Any questions always brought on the unmistakable guilt reactions of the amateur criminal.

So he had driven back into the city, shown his credentials to the guard at the gate of the executive parking area of the Surety Insurance Company and inspected the blue-gray car with the license that ended in 89.

He walked slowly back to his own car and stood beside it, thinking, a tall man in his thirties, dark, big-boned, a man with a thoughtful, slow-moving manner. The damage to the Addams car could be coincidence. But he was certain he had located the car. The old man or the boy had done it. Probably the boy. The public schools hadn't opened until the fifteenth.

He thought of the big job and the fine home and the pleasant, attractive woman. It was going to blow up that family as if you stuck a bomb under it. It would be hell, but not one tenth, one hundredth the hell Steve Berris was undergoing.

He went over his facts and assumptions. The Addamses lived in the right area to use Harding Avenue as the fast route to town. The car had been damaged not long ago in precisely the way he had guessed it would be. It fitted the limited description given.

He went into the big building. The in-

RUN

formation center in the lobby sent him up to the twelfth-floor receptionist. He told her his name, said he did not have an appointment but did not care to state his business. She raised a skeptical eyebrow, phoned Addams's secretary and asked him to wait a few minutes. He sat in a deep chair amid an efficient hush. Sometimes, when a door opened, he could hear a chattering drone of tabulating equipment.

Twenty minutes later a man walked quickly into the reception room. He was in his middle forties, a trim balding man with heavy glasses, a nervous manner and a weathered golfing tan. Walter stood as he approached.

"Mr. Post? I'm Wade Addams. I can spare a few minutes."

"You might want to make it more than a few minutes, Mr. Addams."

"I don't follow you."

"When and how did you bash in the front-right fender of your car down there in the lot?"

Addams stared *(Continued on page 88)*

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How's Kennedy Doing?

The President's "Report Card" to Date . . . By STEWART ALSOP

How is Kennedy doing? How is our young President handling himself in what he himself has called the most dangerous period in American history?

Enough time has now gone by since John F. Kennedy took the oath of office to permit at least an interim and tentative answer to these questions. The answer seems, to this reporter, to fall into three distinct but overlapping phases, each clearly identified by a date. The first phase began last January twentieth, on that bright, cold day when Kennedy raised his right hand and swore to protect and defend the Constitution of the United States. The second phase began shortly before dawn on April nineteenth, when Kennedy first began really to feel the awful loneliness which his unique responsibility for ultimate decision imposes on a President. The third phase, in which we now are, began on the afternoon of Sunday, June fourth, at the Soviet Embassy in Vienna, when Kennedy first fully grasped both the true nature of his adversary and the reality of the danger of nuclear war.

A good way to examine the Kennedy performance as President is to have a look at John Kennedy at each of these three key moments in the short, exciting history of his Presidency and to try to understand something of what it must have been like to be President in those moments.

Let us first recall, then, a moment that already seems long ago, the moment when John Kennedy rose to take the oath and make his Inaugural Address, and the great crowd in the Capitol Plaza, sensing history in the making, stopped shuffling its feet against the cold, and was suddenly still. Consider the situation of the hatless young man who then spoke so eloquently.

He had done the impossible. At forty-three he was the youngest President ever elected, and the first Catholic. To do what he had done, he had taken a whole series of breath-taking risks. Often it had seemed that he might lose—in Wisconsin, in West Virginia, in the election itself. But always he had won in the end. Is it any wonder that many of his followers had come to believe in a Kennedy star, to believe that, when the chips were down, Jack Kennedy would always win in the end?

Rereading the Kennedy Inaugural Address now, it seems a strange mixture of foreboding and of hope. There are words of grim warning in it, as in all of Kennedy's early pronouncements. But the dominant note is the note of hope:

"To those nations who would make themselves our adversary, we offer not a pledge but a request: That both sides begin anew the quest for peace. . . . Let both sides seek to invoke the wonders of science, instead of its terrors. Together let us explore the stars, conquer the deserts, eradicate disease, tap the ocean depths." These hopeful words sound quaintly old-fashioned now, but they rang true then.

For in the first days and weeks after Kennedy's inauguration, there was hope in the air. Kennedy's honeymoon was not the traditional honeymoon with Congress. It was a honeymoon with the whole country, indeed the whole western world.

Here, people sensed, was something new in the White House—youth, vigor, self-confidence, purpose. Here was a President who seemed to know just what he wanted, who picked up the telephone himself to bypass the ponderous Washington bureaucracy, who strolled into his subordinates' offices to decide important issues with his feet on the desk. The President himself reiterated his warnings of trouble to come, but the underlying mood in the White House was one of hope, of confidence, even of gaiety. The mood quickly communicated itself outward, by an osmotic process, to the whole nation.

Throughout the nation, there was an air of expectancy. No one knew quite what to expect, but there was an instinctive feeling that somehow this amazing young man could extricate us from danger, could magically banish the nuclear sword of Damocles which hung over us. And in those early days there seemed to be certain signs—warm words in *Pravda*, the release of the RB-47 fliers—that it might be possible to reach some rational live-and-let-live accommodation with the other side.

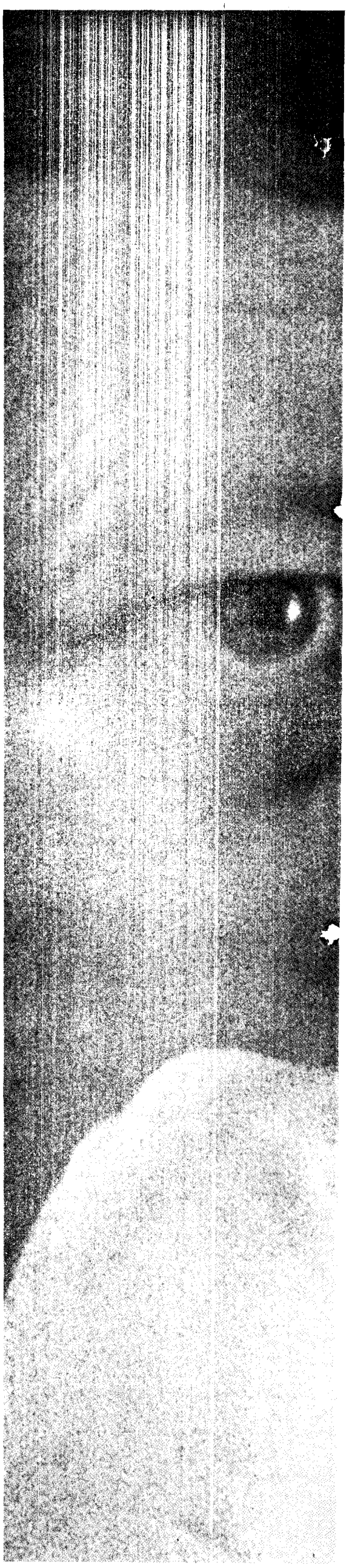
Those were the days when Jack Kennedy loved being President. "This is a wonderful job," he said with a smile, but despite the smile he meant it. And surely it was natural that he himself should come to believe in the Kennedy star and to have the feeling that, when the chips were down, Jack Kennedy would win in the end.

Months later, in July, in an oddly careful and constrained speech to the nation on the Berlin crisis, Kennedy said that he would "like to close with a personal word." Then he said publicly what he was by that time saying often in private: "When I ran for the Presidency of the United States I knew that this country faced serious challenges. But I could not realize, nor could any man realize who does not bear the burdens of this office, how heavy and constant would be those burdens."

It is almost certainly possible to identify precisely the moment when Kennedy began to realize how heavy—how terribly heavy—the burdens of the Presidency are. The day was April nineteenth, and the time was between 3:30 and 4:30 in the morning.

Late the previous evening the President had been called away from an official White House dinner to an emergency meeting in his oval office in the West Wing. The purpose of the meeting was to decide a fateful question—whether to commit American military power to prevent the collapse of the American-sponsored invasion of Cuba. The meeting dragged on until after three in the morning, when Kennedy ruled against ordering American forces into action. The sad little gathering then broke up.

The President was left alone with a few of his White House aides, all old companions of the long campaign trail. They exchanged a few casual words, one of them recalls, and then the



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President fell silent, turned away and walked out of his office into the cool April air. For an hour, in white tie and tail coat, he wandered deep in thought over the White House lawn, a lonely figure in the moonless predawn softness of the lovely Washington spring.

That lonely hour must have been a bad one for the young President, worse perhaps than his brushes with death in the Pacific and later in a New York hospital. For what was happening on the Cuban beaches while Kennedy walked alone in the darkness represented something for which his whole life story had left Jack Kennedy totally unprepared—total failure.

Kennedy's first reaction to his first failure was a chilly anger. He briefly but seriously considered firing out of hand both Allen Dulles, chief of the Central Intelligence Agency, and Gen. Lyman Lemnitzer, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, on the grounds that they had given him bad advice. But whatever his faults, Kennedy is not a petty man, and he quickly realized that he must avoid even the appearance of pettiness. So he took all responsibility for the Cuban disaster on himself—where, given the nature of our system, it belonged. But the scars of the Cuban failure were deep, on Kennedy and those around him, and they have not yet healed.

"April is the cruelest month," wrote the poet, T. S. Eliot. And so it was for Jack Kennedy. April was not only the month of the Cuban disaster. It was also the month when Yuri Gagarin demonstrated for all the world to see the great Soviet lead in the space and missile races. Above all, April was the month when Soviet intentions became unmistakably clear.

Kennedy had hoped that Nikita Khrushchev would give him six months to get his house in order and that, after that, serious negotiation looking to a halt in the arms race and a mutual accommodation might be possible. By April it was clear instead that Khrushchev had determined on a great global thrust against the Western positions, wherever he smelled, or thought he smelled, weakness—in Southeast Asia, in South America and, above all, in Berlin.

"If only there weren't any Cuba," said a Kennedy man plaintively at a party a few weeks after the event. "If only," said another, "there weren't any abroad."

If only, indeed. Louis Harris, the professional pollster and political analyst, reports regularly to the President on the public state of mind. The Harris reports ought to cause the President's face to be permanently wreathed in smiles—if only there weren't any abroad. For Harris reports an "image break-through," to use the argot of his trade. As the election returns clearly indicated, candidate Kennedy was by no means everybody's dish of tea. But now there has been one of those mysterious sea changes which sometimes occur in American politics.

Since he became President, in fact, Kennedy seems to have developed—with a big assist from wife Jackie and daughter Caroline—that mysterious political magic which Dwight Eisenhower and Franklin Roosevelt had. This is the magic which makes it impossible for its possessor to do wrong in the eyes of the majority of the voters, even when he *has* done wrong, demonstrably and by his own admission.

Thus Harris confirms the astonishing findings of the first Gallup Poll after the Cuban disaster—that Cuba mysteriously made the President more, not less, popular with the voters. One of the astute politicians *Continued on Page 101*

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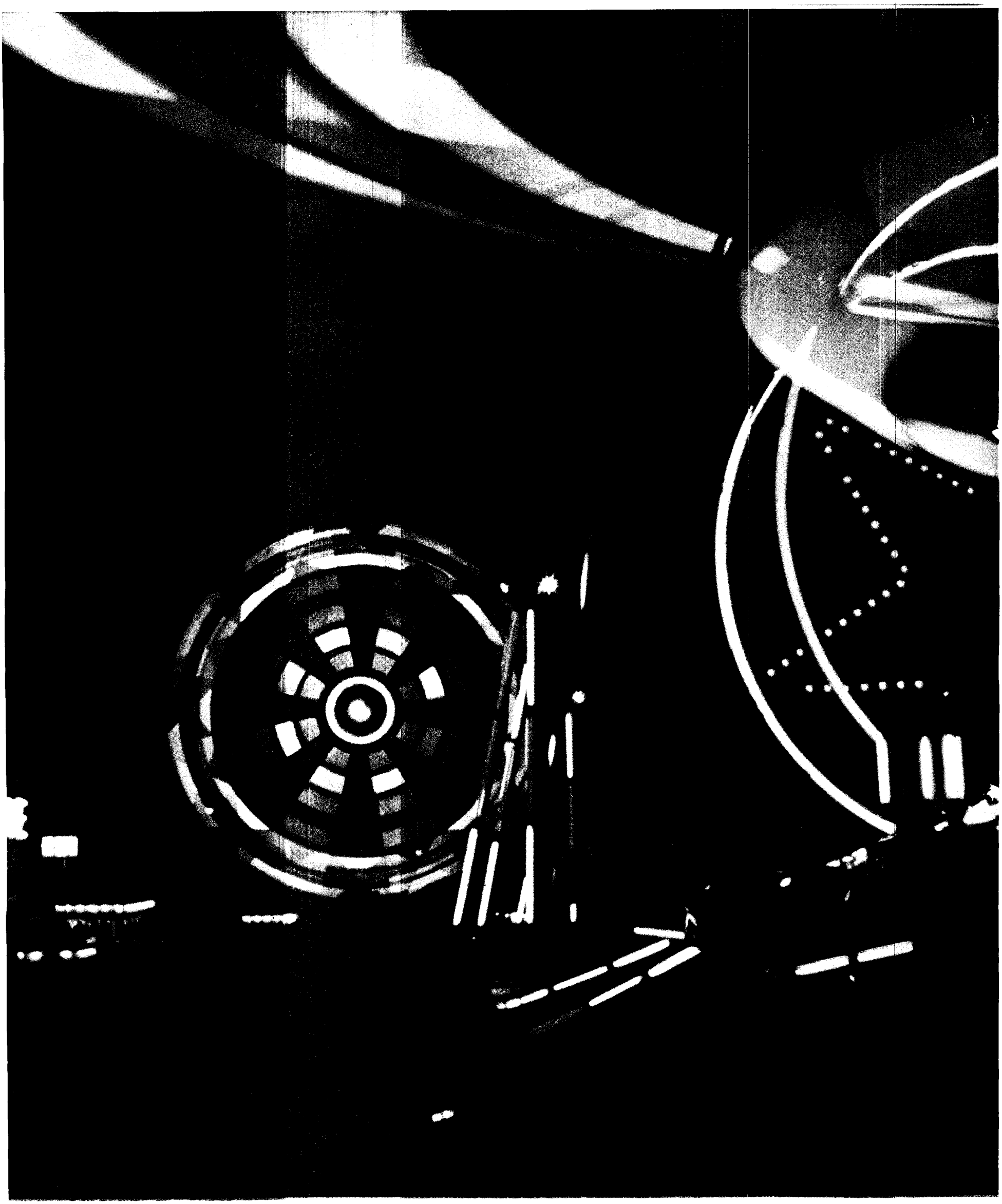

THE Face OF AMERICA

THRILL MILL

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In this startling weave of light and motion, photographer Ernst Haas presents a symbol of restless modern young America. He found his theme one evening at a carnival camped outside Portland, Oregon, during the annual Rose Festival. The spinning of the dipsy-doodle, the whirring of the Ferris wheel and the swirl of the skyride merged in his mind. With film for a canvas and light for a brush, one-time artist Haas laid image upon image to summon an impressionistic spectacle no human eye could perceive. There is some journalistic justification for his choice. Across the U.S. more and more thrill parks are springing up to meet youth's craving for dazzle and speed in bizarre dimensions.

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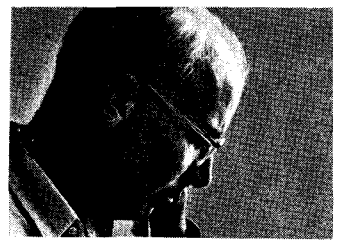
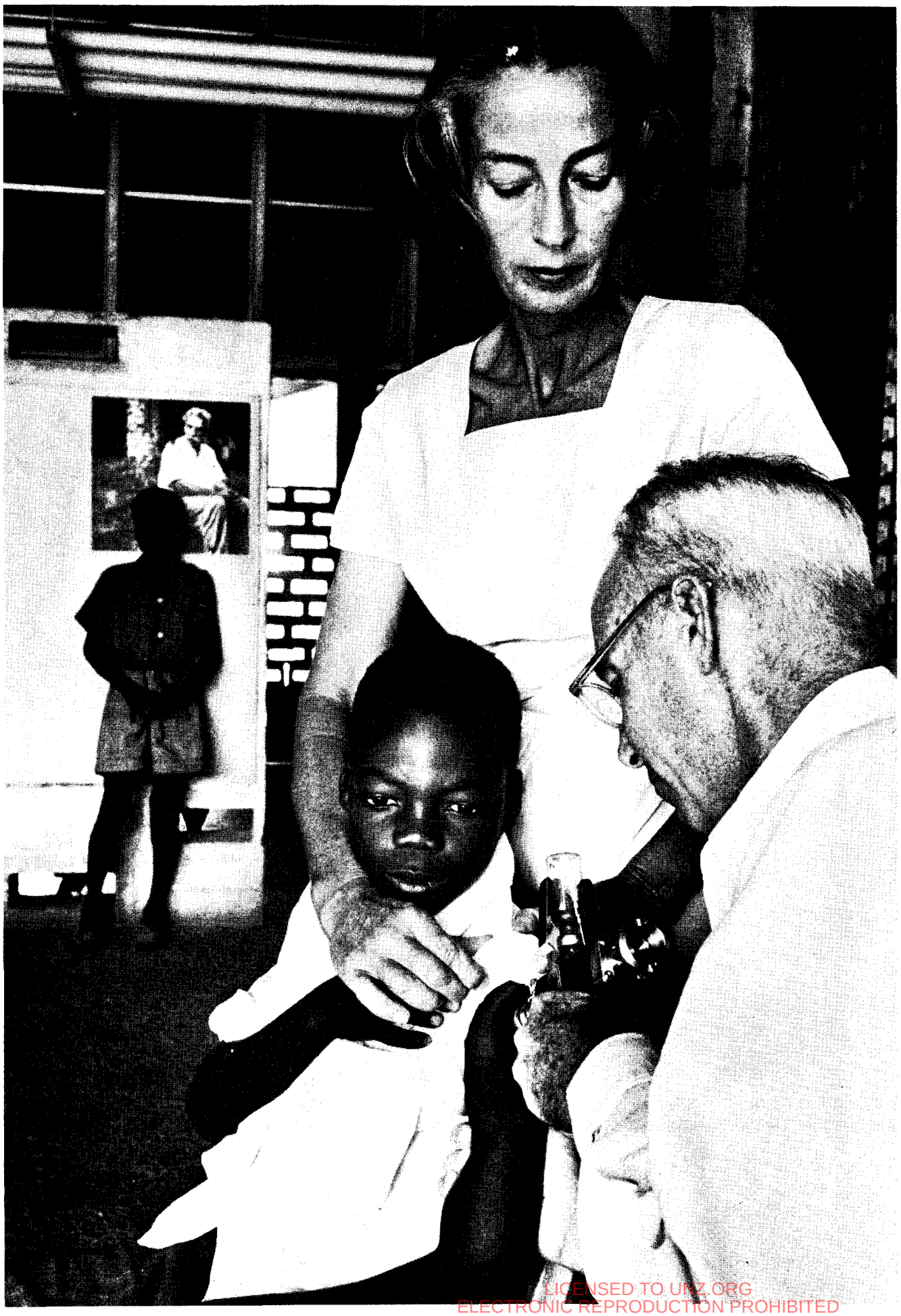
By Joe Alex Morris

DOCTORS VS. WITCHCRAFT

Deep in Haiti's voodoo-ridden back country lies a modern hospital, the surprising work of a refugee from upper-class life in the U.S.



Dr. Larry Mellon and his wife, Gwen, vaccinating a child at their Albert Schweitzer Hospital.



A hot morning sun was hammering the mud-and-thatch huts of the Haitian village of Deschapelles when I first saw the ebony-skinned young man with a small bundle held lightly in one hand. He had been walking all night through the sere hills that ring the Artibonite Valley. Sometimes he had heard the boom of voodoo drums in the darkness; sometimes he had passed jungle huts where families slept with wooden shutters locked to keep out the evil spirits of the night.

Now, in the daylight, he came upon a modern building of gray stone and gleaming glass that seemed misplaced in this primitive countryside. Seemingly out of place, too, were the white-coated doctor, Robert McGovern of Hempstead, Long Island, and the slim woman, Mrs. Gwen Mellon of New York, to whom the young man held out his bundle—a tiny brown baby.

"*Mama mouri*," he said softly in the Creole patois of the country. "The mother is dead. The baby is sick."

Mrs. Mellon asked questions in Creole while Doctor McGovern examined the infant. A numbered bracelet was snapped on the baby's wrist; she was handed over to a nurse and, thanks to a kind of miracle of human fellowship, the most modern scientific resources were enlisted in the struggle to save her life.

The "miracle" is the Albert Schweitzer Hospital, built in the back country of Haiti by William Larimer Mellon Jr., a grand-nephew of Andrew W. Mellon, onetime Secretary of the Treasury, and known in his day as one of the world's richest men. Larry Mellon and his wife have given to their Haitian hospital almost all their material wealth, as well as their energies, their time and their devotion.

The medical-missionary work of Dr. Albert Schweitzer at his famous jungle hospital at Lambaréné in Gabon, Africa, has inspired men and women to establish clinics and hospitals in many underdeveloped parts of the world. But the Mellon establishment is unique, if only because the hospital building is as up-to-date and fully equipped as any you would find in most cities of the United States.

The hospital cost $2,000,000; staff housing and other facilities at Deschapelles bring total costs to an estimated $3,500,000. When the doors were opened in 1956, the hospital was designed to serve the commune of Verrettes with an estimated 70,000 population. To finance it, the Mellons set up the Grant Foundation—Mrs. Mellon's maiden name was Grant. But the scope and volume of their work have outgrown their resources. Last year 10,095 new outpatients were treated, bringing the over-all total to more than 45,000. To meet the cost of operation today, the foundation must

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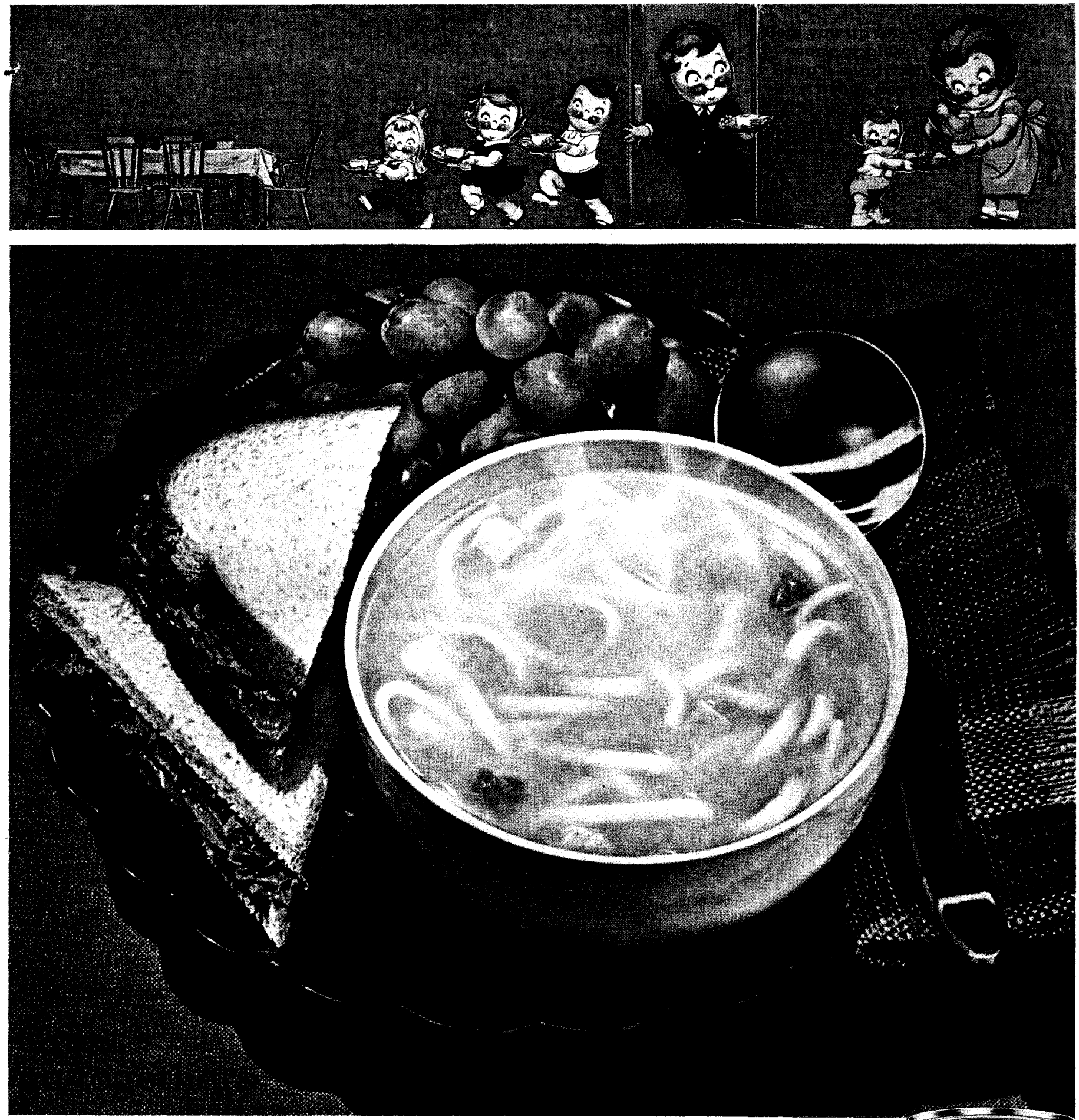

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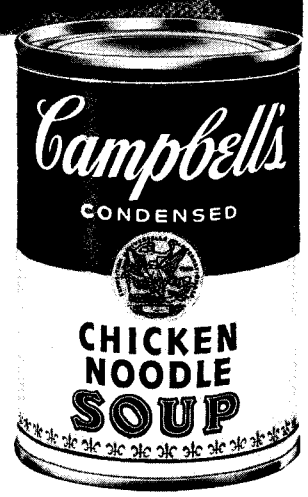

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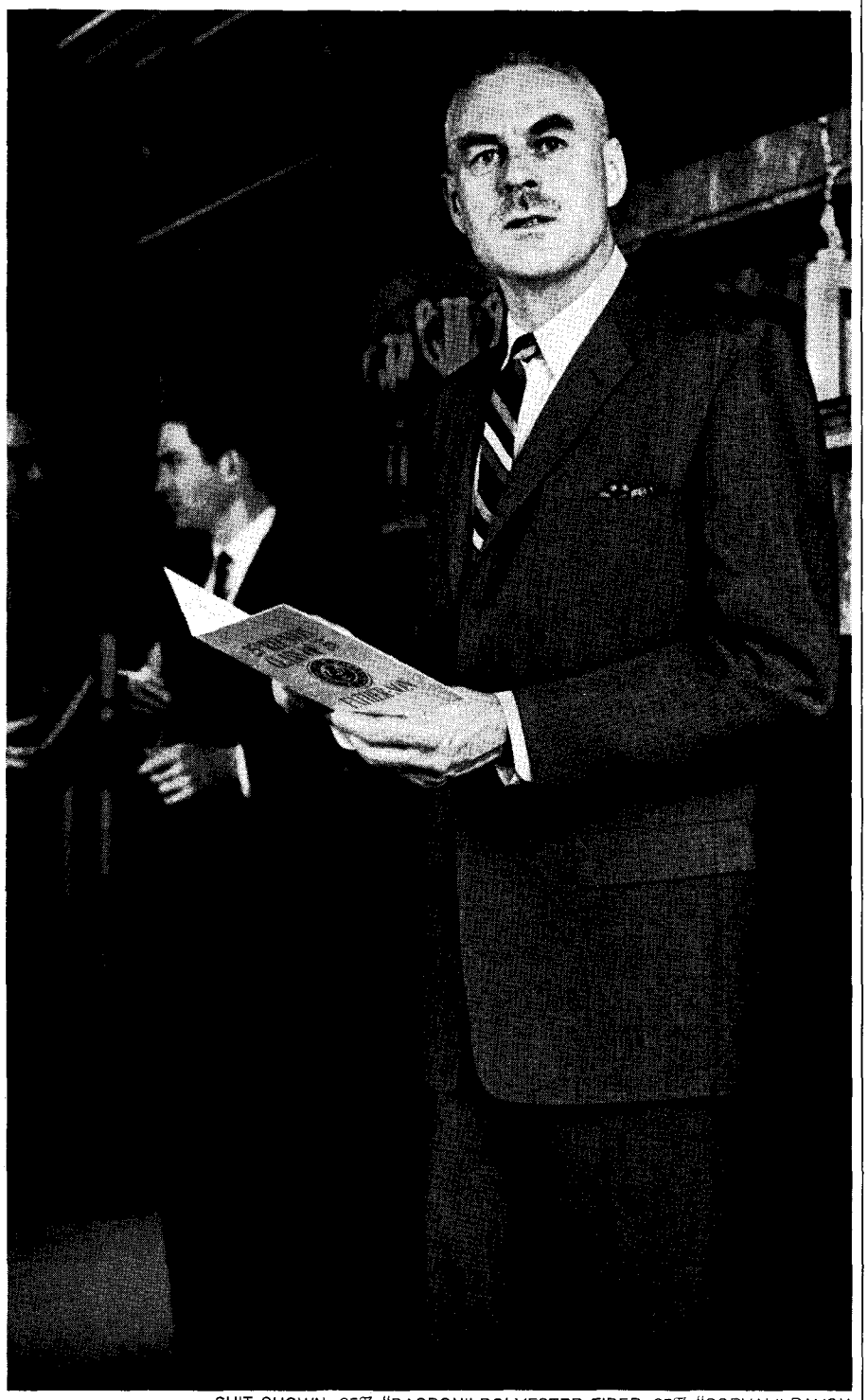

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Doctor Mellon, with attendants, touring the airy wards. A Presbyterian church in Beaver, Pa., supplies sheets to the hospital.

depend on gifts from the United States and elsewhere.

Most of the patients who occupy the hospital's 101 beds, and the 800 or 1000 more who are treated and given medicine at the clinic each week, come from the families of poor, illiterate farmers. Most are chronic sufferers from malnutrition, malaria, parasites or tuberculosis. To reach the hospital, some walk through the hills for as long as two days. Others ride donkeys or drag themselves on crutches or are carried on litters.

Almost all the patients believe in voodoo and witchcraft. Some arrive with a rope tightly bound around their chests or limbs as a cure for pain, and a few lose an arm or a leg because the witch doctor pulled the rope too tight. Many patients think an injection will cure anything and beg the doctors to use the magic needle.

There are a few who try to evade the hospital rules that all patients must be residents of the commune, and that all who can must pay something. Some well-to-do residents of the capital of Port-au-Prince, for example, have driven their automobiles to Deschapelles, changed into ragged clothes and walked a short distance to the hospital seeking admittance as local farmers. The vast majority, however, are honest, poverty-stricken folk who want to pay at least part of their way. Even so, the hospital collects only about $100 a day in fees, one-tenth of the cost of operation.

On the three clinic days a week, Gwen Mellon goes on duty before seven A.M. as an interpreter and medical technician, staying until late in the afternoon. She is a familiar figure at the hospital on other days, too, and in the surrounding villages, where country people often press gifts on her—eggs, artichokes or even a goat.

Larry Mellon has "had everything" since his birth in Pittsburgh in 1910, yet he has spent most of his adult life in search of something that would satisfy his combination of business ability, aesthetic sensitivity and intellectual curiosity. He is a devout man, but there is nothing of the crusader about him. His mild, spectacled eyes regard the world with patient hope.

You might expect to see his face behind the counter of a bank—his first job was in the family bank—but you would not guess he had once been a cowboy in Arizona. You might take him for a cellist in a string quartet—he plays six musical instruments—but you would not type him as the descendant of American capitalists.

Although Mellon is administrator of the hospital, he has instead of a private office a small desk in a corner of the room occupied by his chief accountant. Almost the only time he can call his own is the hour before dinner, when he retires to his study to play the flute, the cello or a battered horn.

He has a remarkable talent for languages, and he likes to read ancient Latin and Hebrew classics in the original. As a child, he learned French from his Swiss governess and picked up Spanish as a teen-ager at Choate School, where his best friend was a Cuban. Later he was assigned to sit beside a new student from Brazil. The idea was that Larry would help the new boy with his English; instead, Larry learned Portuguese. As a young man he hired a tutor to teach him Russian, and later when he was living in Arizona he invited a Syrian family to live on his ranch so he could learn to speak Arabic. He learned to read Hebrew at that time, and when he was stationed

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Photographs by Robert Phillips

On the steps outside a clinic filled to overflowing, a mother begs Dr. Robert McGovern to cure her sick child.

in Spain during the war he studied the difficult Basque language. Such versatility should have prepared him to live almost anywhere in the world, but in the back country of Haiti he had to learn still another dialect—Creole, which is an odd corruption of French.

Mellon's boyhood in Pittsburgh pointed him in no particular direction. His father, William Sr., was chairman of the board of the Gulf Oil Corporation, but Larry showed little interest in the big business of the Mellon clan. He attended Princeton University for a year, then threw away his school books, married a girl named Grace Rowley, and started a career in the family bank—just in time for the great stock-market collapse of 1929.

"I enjoyed working in the bank," he said recently, "but business was all downhill."

After several years he became a salesman in the family oil company and found no joy in the work. By that time he had a son, Bill, but his marriage was not a success. In 1935, having had enough of the business world, he bought a ranch near Oak Creek Canyon in Arizona. His wife never joined him there, however, and they were later divorced.

The ranching business was downhill too in 1935, and Mellon faced his first real challenge. He became a dawn-to-dusk working cowboy. He built fence. He rode herd. He learned to use an ax and a blacksmith's hammer, and as beef prices went up in the later 1930's, he prospered.

Once his father went into partnership with him to buy additional cattle. The next year Larry returned a profit of $25,000 to his father, who facetiously complained that he had wanted a tax deduction instead.

Larry's son Bill spent summers on the ranch. Sometimes Larry would drive to California to see Bill, who was living there with his mother. The boy was usually embarrassed because his father drove an old truck and wore the dusty clothes of a ranch hand.

"He never realized I was embarrassed," Bill said years later, "because he always did what he wanted to do, not what somebody else thought was proper."

When the United States entered World War II, Mellon joined the Office of Strategic Services and served in Spain and Switzerland. He got back to Arizona in the summer of 1945 to resume ranching, and in 1946 he married Mrs. Gwen Grant Rawson, a divorcée with two sons and a daughter. She was an excellent horsewoman and a lover of the outdoors; their life on the ranch was wonderful, but Mellon became restless again. Perhaps the challenge was gone. In any event, when he read in 1947 about Doctor Schweitzer's work in Africa, he wondered why a noted theologian, philosopher and musician should isolate himself in a jungle hospital. He read of Schweitzer's philosophy, of his reverence for all life, of his concept of ethics, demanding the highest development of the individual's resources.

One day Mellon was talking about Schweitzer to a friend, who remarked, "You've really got it bad, Larry."

"I've got what?" Mellon asked.

"Oh, this Schweitzer thing—you're going to do the same."

"No," Mellon replied. "I'm happy on the ranch."

But from that day on, Mellon knew that he was going to emulate Schweitzer. He was not a doctor, not even a college

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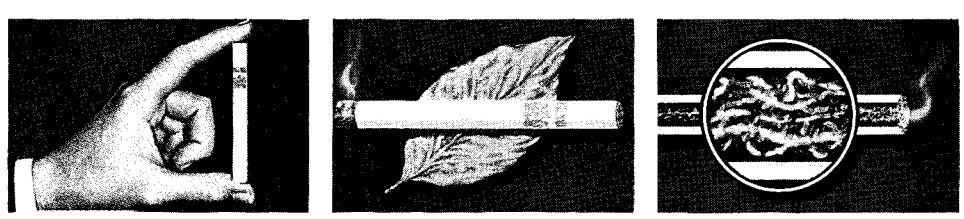

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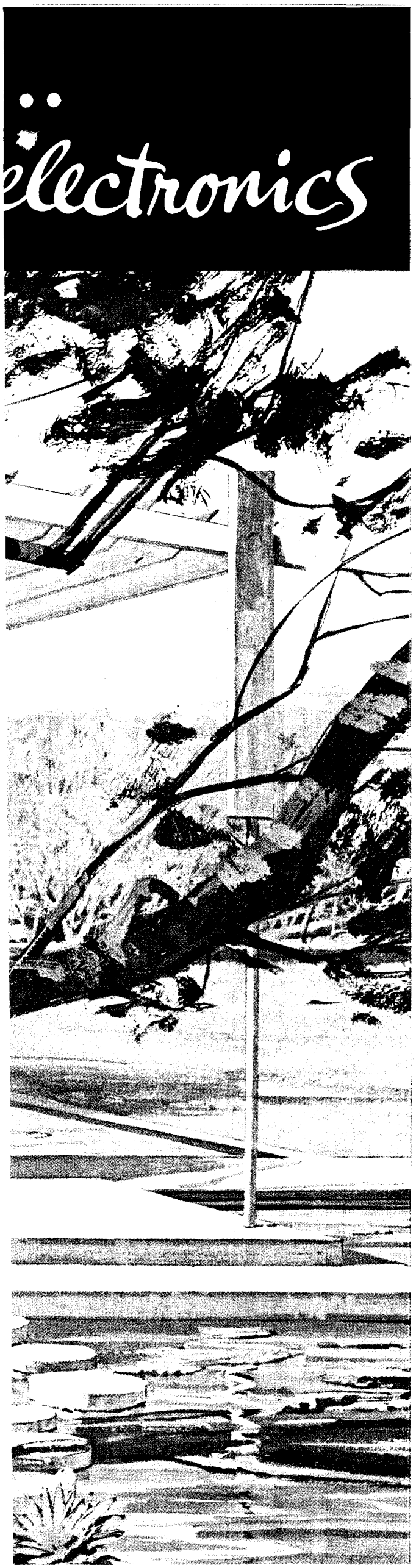

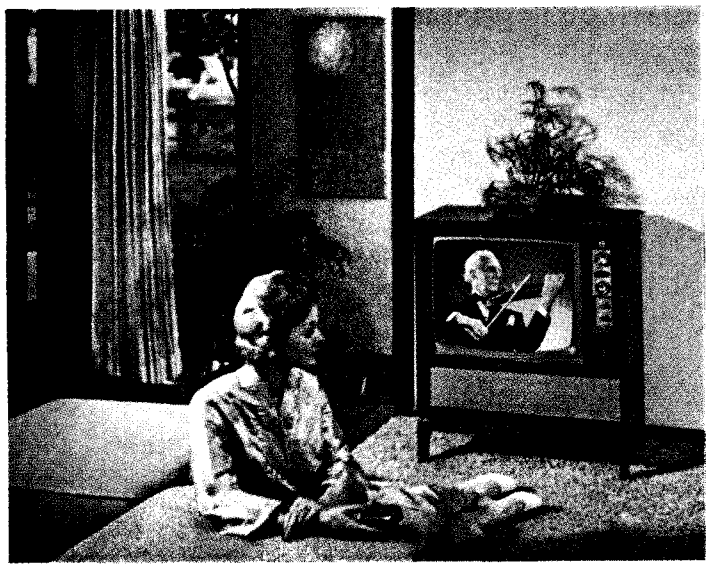

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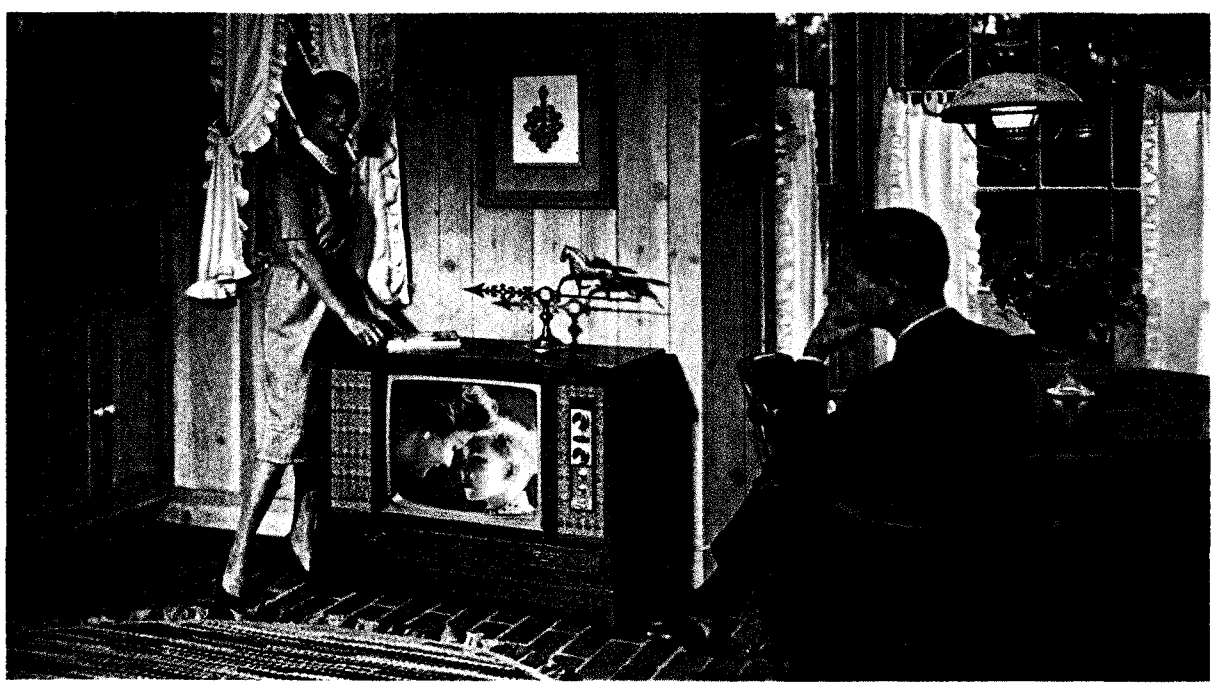

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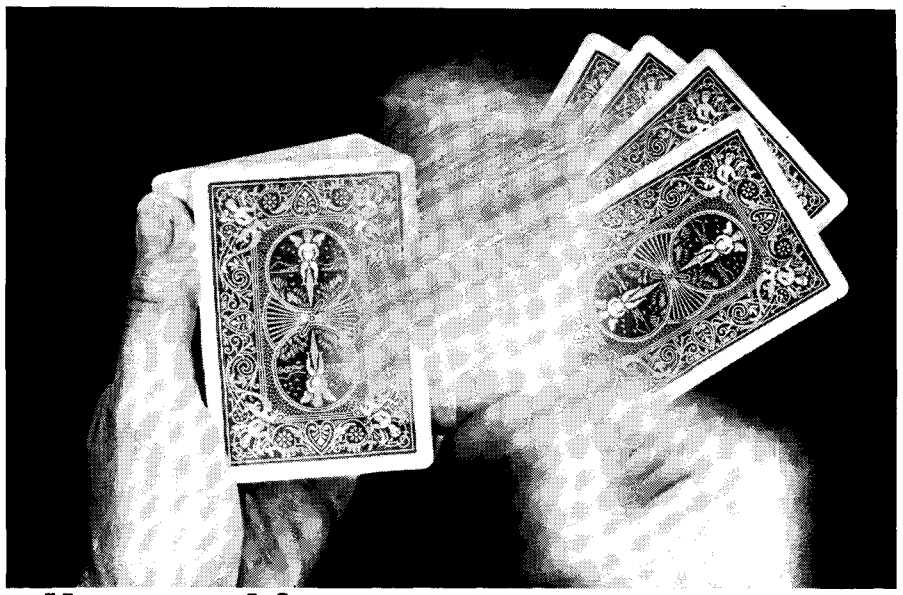

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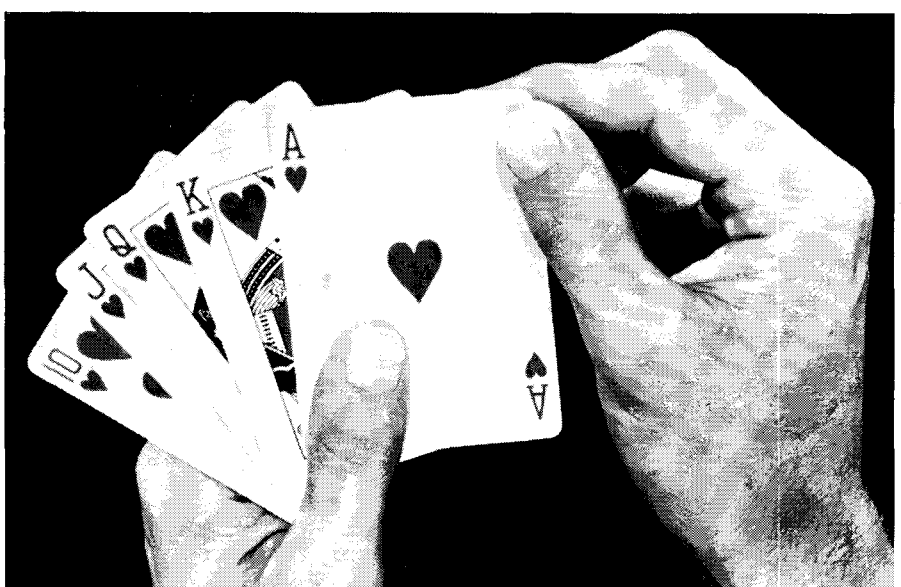

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RIDER BACK
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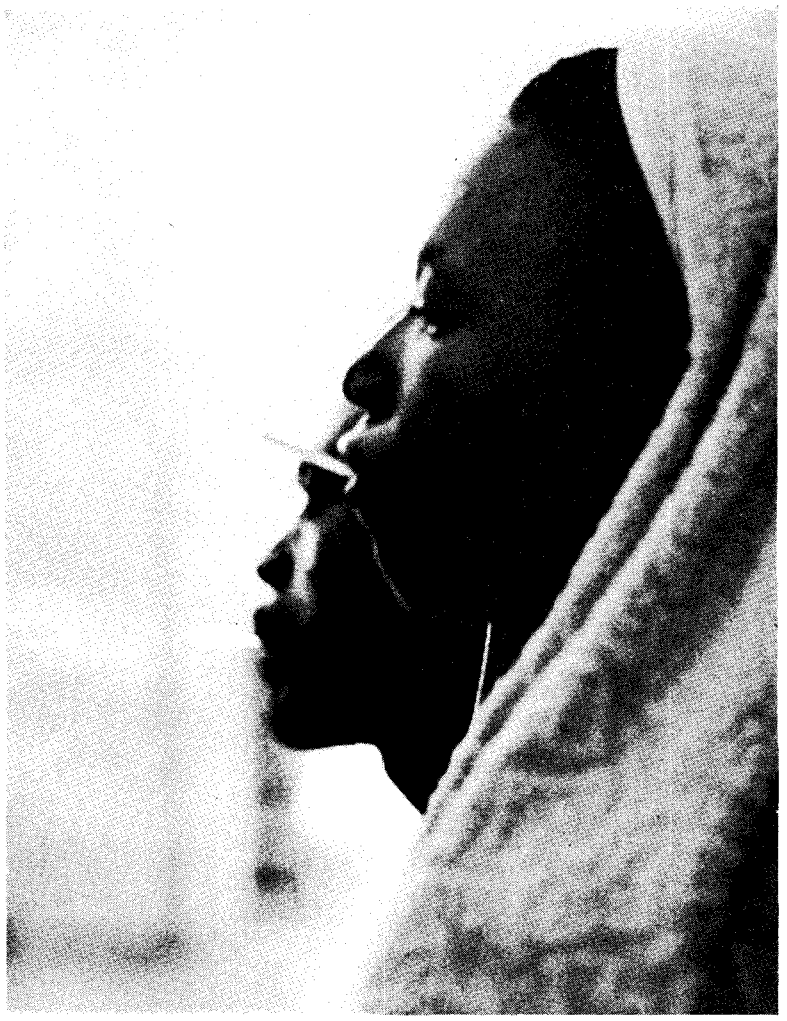

Temperature taking. Most patients see voodoo doctors before coming to the hospital. Malaria and tuberculosis are common.

graduate, and he had a family to consider. But Gwen encouraged him. If he wanted to sell their ranch and build a hospital on the moon, she was with him.

In 1948 they made a scouting trip to South America, visited the headwaters of the Amazon River in Peru and saw primitive peoples in need of medical help. Returning to the United States, Mellon ignored the discouraging advice of educators and enrolled at Tulane University to complete his education and become a doctor. He was thirty-eight years old, and the training for his medical degree would take seven years. Meanwhile, Mrs. Mellon started training as a medical technician.

In 1949 the Mellons met Dr. Emory Ross, a minister of the Christian Church (Disciples of Christ), a former missionary in Africa, and a friend of Doctor Schweitzer. Doctor Ross, after an exchange of letters, invited Mellon to a reception at his New York apartment for Doctor Schweitzer, who was visiting America. Mellon found so many guests trying to shake the hand of the famous visitor that he retired to the kitchen to help Mrs. Ross and several other ladies who were preparing refreshments. He spent the rest of the afternoon washing teacups, but the next day he had a long talk with Doctor Schweitzer.

In 1951 Mellon and his wife went to Africa on a malaria survey and visited Lambaréné. The next summer they went to Haiti to write a thesis on tropical ulcers—and promptly decided to build their hospital in the Artibonite Valley, where a newly completed irrigation dam gave promise of alleviating poverty in the region. In this area there was not a single doctor in private practice and only two government clinics.

Before leaving Haiti, Mellon worked out with the then President Paul E. Magloire an agreement which was approved by the parliament a year later. It granted Mellon a rent-free site and fifteen residential buildings on a former banana plantation, free water rights, free importation of equipment and supplies for the hospital, and a 100-acre farm on which to raise cattle, vegetables and chickens. In return, Mellon agreed to build, equip, staff and operate the hospital. Magloire was later ousted by a revolution, but the government—including the current president, Dr. François Duvalier, and minister of health, Dr. Carlo Boulos—is a strong supporter of the Mellons.

In 1953, while Mellon was continuing his studies at Tulane, his wife supervised the building of the hospital. In 1954 the hospital was dedicated, and two years later it opened its doors.

There had been some concern that the people, adhering to voodoo, might be slow to accept the hospital's services, but the dawn disclosed crowds already gathered. The staff had to work until nightfall to see that no one was neglected.

Mellon hopes that the entire staff will be Haitian eventually, but at present the ten doctors, twenty-six nurses and two laboratory technicians come from Haiti, the United States, Canada and a half-dozen other countries. They represent a variety of religious faiths. The nursing staff, for example, includes nuns from the Order of the Immaculate Conception as well as some Mennonite girls from Midwestern America.

Some staff members left flourishing private practice or well-paid jobs to become part of Mellon's effort in Haiti. Miss Walborg L. Peterson, better known as Miss Pete, was executive assistant to

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In the clinic. The patients are from impoverished farm families. The clinic treats as many as 1000 of them during a week.

the director of the Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary before she decided to accept the challenge of directing the nursing staff and training twenty-seven local girls as aides to the nurses. The staff medical director, Dr. Dorrien Venn, was a surgeon in Johannesburg, South Africa, who had been associated with the Schweitzer hospital at Lambaréné. Dr. Lucien Rousseau was a successful Port-au-Prince gynecologist. Dr. James Orr joined the staff because his busy practice at Germantown, New York, allowed him no time to be with his wife and four children.

From the beginning, the hospital was prepared for almost any medical emergency, but the doctors were not always prepared for the superstitions and fancies of the people. Most of the patients consult their voodoo doctors before visiting the hospital, but there appears to be no rivalry; occasionally the witch doctors themselves come for treatment. A remarkable number of women attending the clinic assert that they are pregnant, but when asked how long they have been pregnant they reply: "Oh, for two years" or "for three years."

One of the serious problems is tetanus in newborn babies due to unsterile delivery. The hospital trains midwives to avoid this danger and provides expectant mothers with a kit and complete instructions on safe delivery. Yet there are misunderstandings. Sometimes a proud father will appear carrying an hour-old infant on a piece of sterilized brown paper that was given him to assure cleanliness in delivery, but which he decided could be better used to bring the baby to the hospital to show that he had done his job well. Or an expectant mother will walk to a spot near the hospital, bear her child in the bush, and then carry it to the hospital to have the umbilical cord severed in the proper manner.

Such incidents emphasized the need for a community program of adult education, sanitation and preventive medicine. For this purpose, the Rev. Lloyd Shirer joined the Mellons and in 1959 started a community-development program that covers eight villages on a meager budget of $30,000. Shirer, with a background of educational work on the African Gold Coast (now Ghana), is assisted by two highly qualified Haitians, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bernard, and a staff of eighteen young Haitians and Americans. In addition, dozens of Haitian volunteers work in the community centers, teaching reading and writing, sewing, homemaking, child care, carpentry, ceramics and sanitation.

The development program is instructing the people in the digging of safe wells, building of showers and latrines and construction of rammed-earth houses, which are superior to wattle or mud huts. Shirer's staff has a station wagon and a motion-picture truck to show educational films, particularly on health subjects. They have made two excellent short movies of their own, one on prevention of tetanus in babies and the other about the raising of pigs. Dr. Tom Keefe of Hartford, Connecticut, a Cornell University graduate, recently joined the staff as

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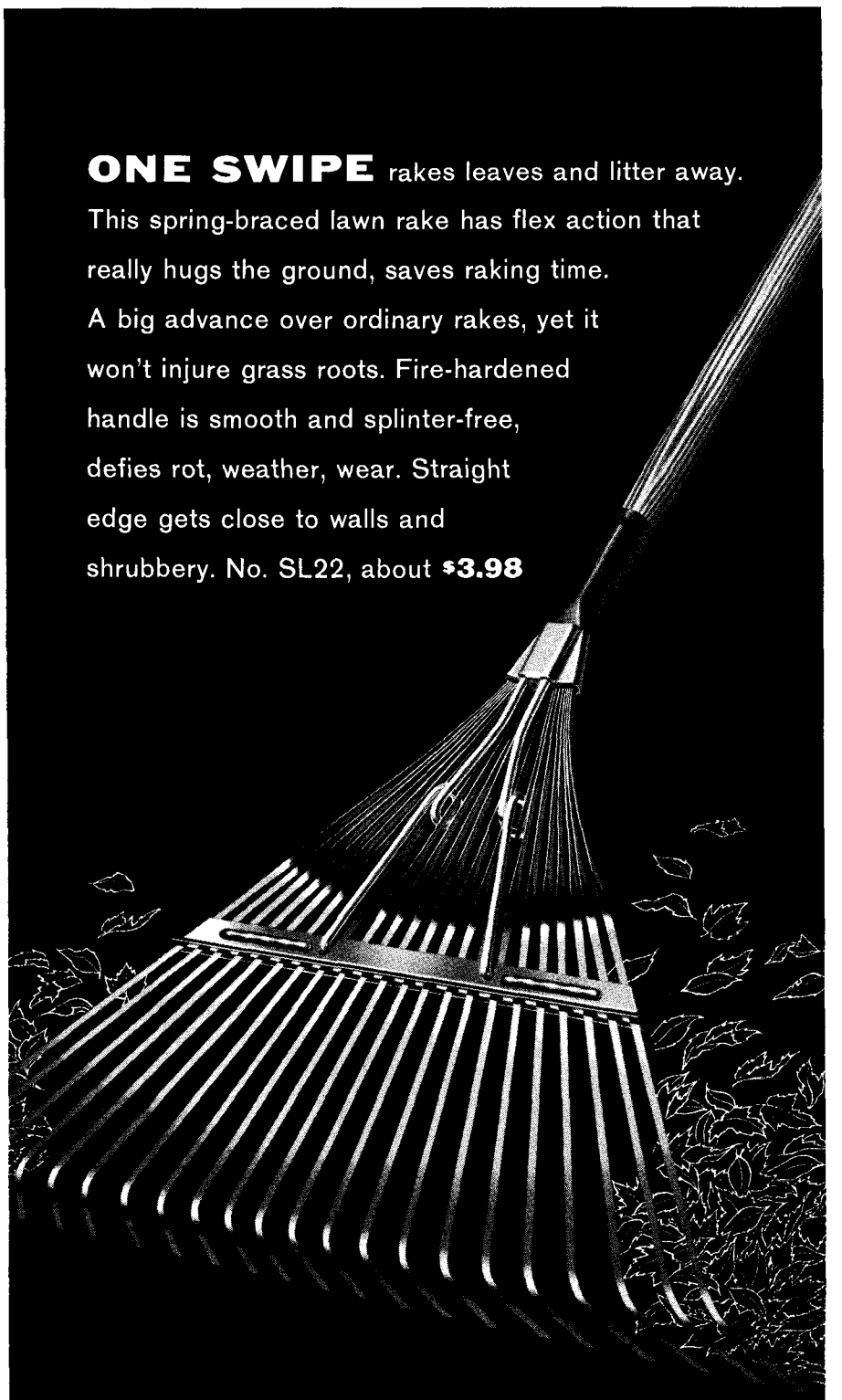

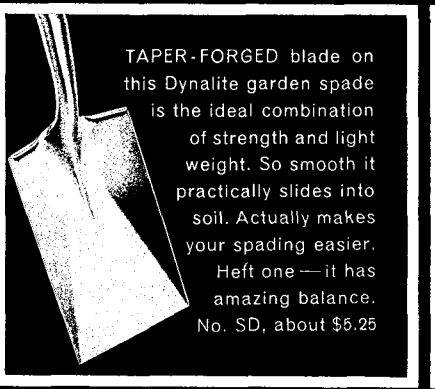

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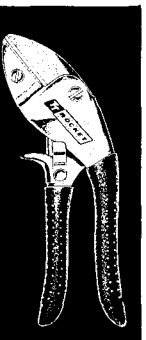

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Deeply exhausted near the end of a day that began at 4:15 A.M., Gwen Mellon comforts a child who waits his turn for treatment.

veterinarian, and with his help three farmers are raising pigs in a controlled experiment, using modern animal-husbandry methods. Shirer hopes that the results will encourage many small farmers to profit by example. In the past they have raised only thin, razorback hogs.

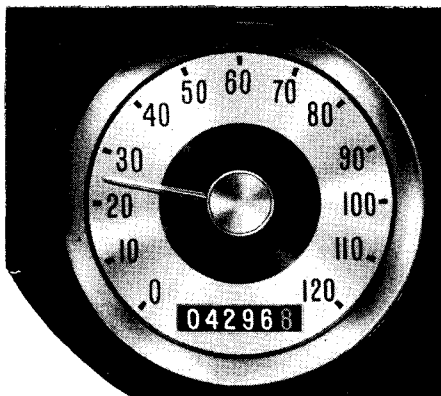
Last year Mellon observed that the villagers of nearby Désarmes had to carry water half a mile from a creek contaminated by parasites that sapped the villagers' strength and made them vulnerable to many ailments. After tramping through the hills above the village until he found a flowing spring, he offered to provide pipe for a water line to the market place, if the people would dig the ditch.

"The response," he says, "was remarkable. Not only did they dig the ditch but, to help pay for the pipeline, they raised $100. Soon they will have pure water to drink, and they are going to build shower baths too. We expect other villages to follow this example."

The trouble is that as operations expand the costs mount. Originally Mellon set up the Grant Foundation in such a way that it would provide about $200,000 each year for operating expenses. This gift left him without a cent. "The only real property I have left in the world," he said recently, "is a trunk in somebody's basement in New York. It contains a full-dress suit."

In 1960 the hospital costs in cash and in donated food, drugs and materials mounted to around $550,000, including a considerable expenditure for such capital improvements as new residences for the nursing staff. This spending was possible only because gifts, mostly checks for ten or fifteen dollars, arrived almost daily at Post Office Box 4, Saint Marc, Haiti, from well-wishers in the United States and other countries.

In addition, the hospital receives generous help from CARE. The Medical and Surgical Relief Committee in New York forwards each month about $15,000 worth of drugs contributed by pharmaceutical companies. Various corporations in the United States have given equipment and building materials, and an Ohio pottery regularly contributes chinaware for the hospital and staff. The First Presbyterian Church of Beaver, Pennsylvania, keeps the hospital supplied with sheets. The Christian Women's Fellowship of the Disciples of Christ Church sends handmade bandages. Many individuals have



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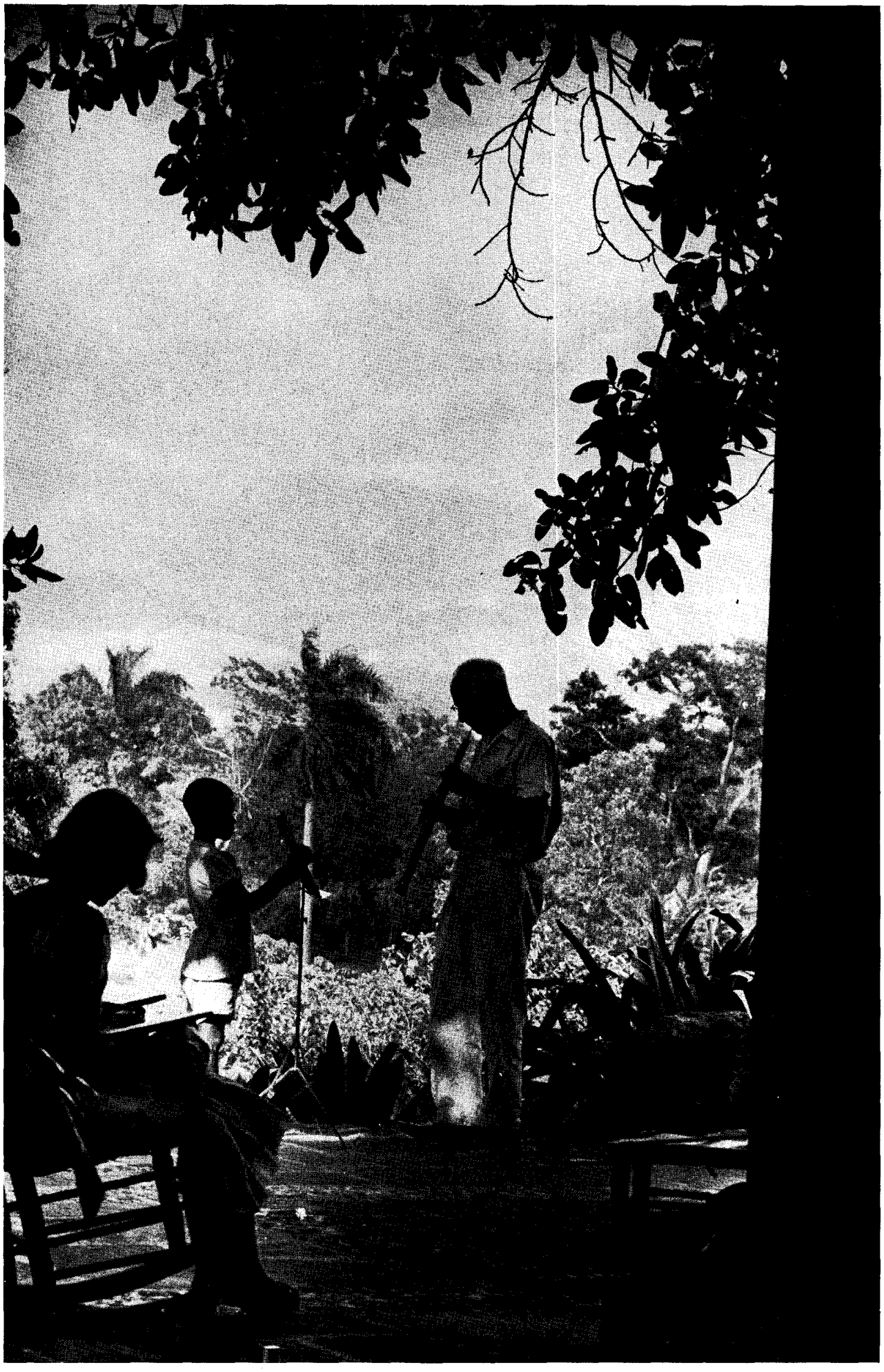

The Mellons relaxing together before supper, the only time that is their own. When they met, both had been divorced, both were looking for meaning beyond their immediate existence. They found it by creating their jungle hospital. For five years, the project has claimed nearly all their money and time, but both are given joyfully, without regret.

organized benefits for the hospital; one was a fancy church dinner in New York, catered by Sardi's. The hospital has received gifts of all kinds of materials, from pins to paintbrushes to plumbing fixtures. Mrs. Mellon says they can make good use of "almost anything."

The need for "almost anything" is obvious to anyone who goes, as I did, on a jeep journey through the countryside with one of the hospital's staff members, the Rev. Joseph Bois. Born the son of a voodoo priest, Bois is now the minister of a Baptist church at Gonaïves and is raising money to build another church at Deschapelles. On weekdays his job is to transport children discharged from the hospital back to their parents, with a packet of food and medicine and instructions for their care.

This is no easy task, because finding any one hut is rather like looking for a needle in a haystack. But the pastor has a system. "I know the market day in each village," he says. "Everybody comes to the market. So I deliver the children on their village market day."

On this particular day smiling Haitian auxiliary nurses tenderly placed two infants in a basket in Pastor Bois's jeep and then boosted in four small children. The pastor climbed behind the wheel and we were off.

It was a long and tiring day of jolting over rutted roads or sometimes no roads at all, of many stops and many inquiries in the market places, until finally we had safely discharged all our passengers except a five-year-old girl named Jeanne. Her curly hair had a reddish tinge as a result of malnutrition. She was tired, and there were tears in her eyes when she thought that we had gone past her village. But the pastor told her gently that we were on the right road, and soon we did draw up at the edge of the market place nearest her home.

Bois asked a shopkeeper if he knew Jeanne's family. Yes, he knew the name but he hadn't seen them around. A toothless woman came to peer into the jeep. Ah! she had seen that child around, but she didn't know the parents. Soon a score of persons was crowding around the jeep, shouting suggestions. After a while the pastor lifted the little girl from the jeep and held her on his shoulder so that more people could see her. Jeanne's frightened eyes darted over the crowded, noisy market place, seeking a familiar face. Bois waited.

Then at last, pushing impatiently through the crowd, came an elderly woman in a starched white dress and an ancient black straw hat.

"I'm her grandmother," she said, reaching her arms to the child.

For a moment, Jeanne seemed to hesitate. For three weeks she had been in the big, quiet hospital. She had gained weight. The pain had gone away. Then she had bounced over the hills in the jeep, bewildered and a little frightened. Now she was back in the strong smells and the clamor of the market that no longer seemed familiar. Tears rolled down her brown cheeks. Then she looked again at her grandmother, and her arms went out and she clung to the old woman's neck, secure and well again.

Jeanne was smiling as we drove away—an unforgettable kind of smile that said something about the miracle of human fellowship. It must have been such a smile, I thought, that Larry Mellon was searching for when he decided to build a hospital in the Valley of the Artibonite.

THE END

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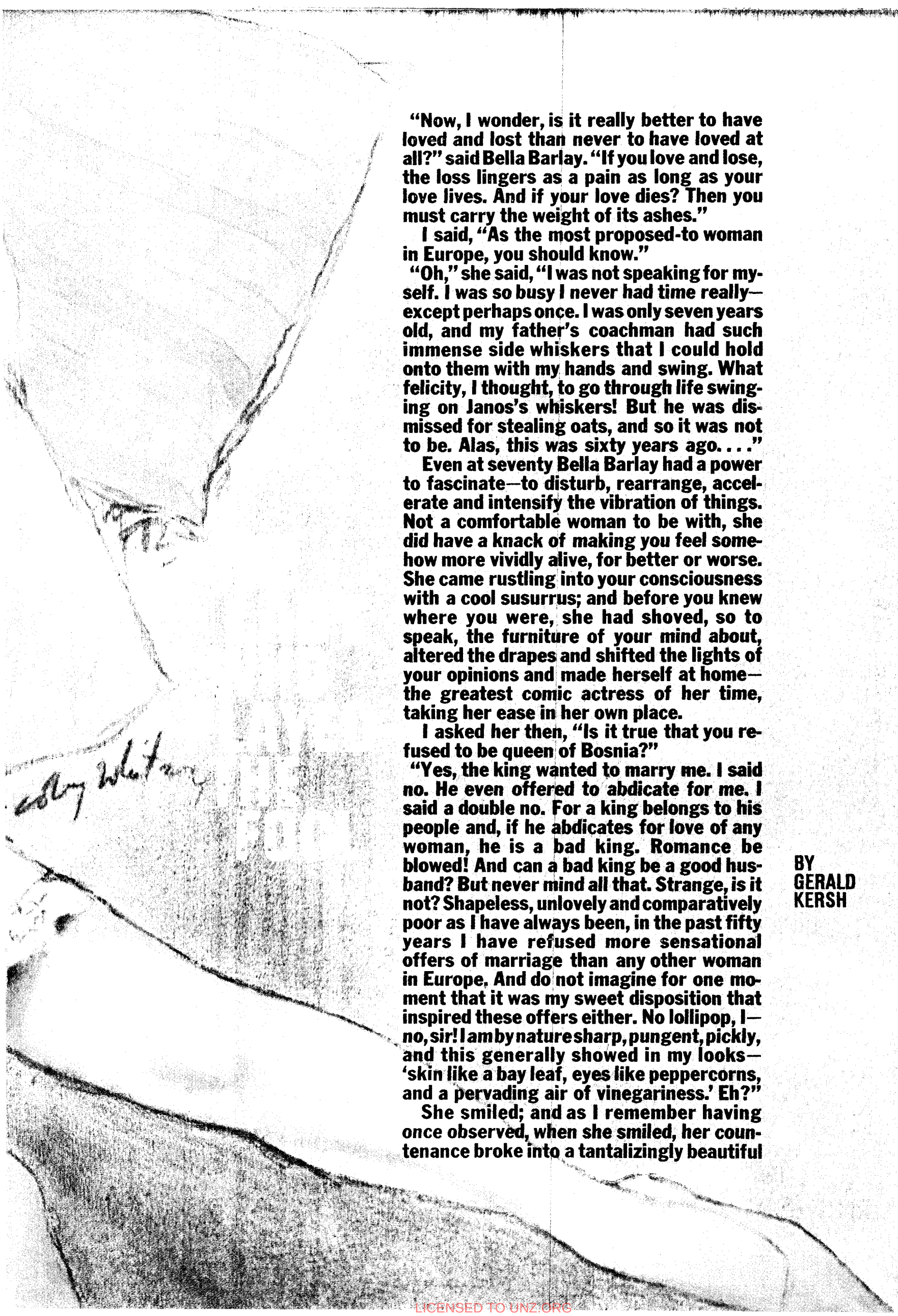

"Now, I wonder, is it really better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all?" said Bella Barlay. "If you love and lose, the loss lingers as a pain as long as your love lives. And if your love dies? Then you must carry the weight of its ashes."

I said, "As the most proposed-to woman in Europe, you should know."

"Oh," she said, "I was not speaking for myself. I was so busy I never had time really—except perhaps once. I was only seven years old, and my father's coachman had such immense side whiskers that I could hold onto them with my hands and swing. What felicity, I thought, to go through life swinging on Janos's whiskers! But he was dismissed for stealing oats, and so it was not to be. Alas, this was sixty years ago. . . ."

Even at seventy Bella Barlay had a power to fascinate—to disturb, rearrange, accelerate and intensify the vibration of things. Not a comfortable woman to be with, she did have a knack of making you feel somehow more vividly alive, for better or worse. She came rustling into your consciousness with a cool susurrus; and before you knew where you were, she had shoved, so to speak, the furniture of your mind about, altered the drapes and shifted the lights of your opinions and made herself at home—the greatest comic actress of her time, taking her ease in her own place.

I asked her then, "Is it true that you refused to be queen of Bosnia?"

"Yes, the king wanted to marry me. I said no. He even offered to abdicate for me. I said a double no. For a king belongs to his people and, if he abdicates for love of any woman, he is a bad king. Romance be blowed! And can a bad king be a good husband? But never mind all that. Strange, is it not? Shapeless, unlovely and comparatively poor as I have always been, in the past fifty years I have refused more sensational offers of marriage than any other woman in Europe. And do not imagine for one moment that it was my sweet disposition that inspired these offers either. No lollipop, I—no, sir! I am by nature sharp, pungent, pickly, and this generally showed in my looks—'skin like a bay leaf, eyes like peppercorns, and a pervading air of vinegariness.' Eh?"

She smiled; and as I remember having once observed, when she smiled, her countenance broke into a tantalizingly beautiful

BY GERALD KERSH

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mosaic pattern. It made an abstract composition that got at your heart while your baffled intelligence grumbled admiration under protest.

"Now, just for that," she went on, "I will spare you the trouble of trying to worm something out of me. I will tell you one of my true personal love stories. Yet, now that I come to think of it, I am not quite sure whether this is rather a hate story. One thing is certain—my love was conceived in a deep and deadly aversion to a dramatic contralto of forty years ago, Karen Skroeling. The hero—alas!—seems to have faded somewhat in my memory.

"So the years make beggars of the proud! But as I prefer to recall him, he was a gorgeous composite embodying all the better features of Wallace Reid, Francis X. Bushman, Maurice Costello and Rudolph Valentino, standing about six feet four, with the poise of one of Ouida's guardsmen and the bold assurance of Miss E. M. Hull's Sheik, but with an air of mysterious melancholy that reminded a girl of the Count of Monte Cristo.

"And yet there was about him a certain naughty piquancy à la Maurice Chevalier, and he had dimples like an angel coupled with the darkly male appeal of Marlon Brando. Do you happen to fancy men with long, tapering hands? All right, he had long, tapering hands, exquisitely but unostentatiously manicured, steely in their grip, velvety in their caress. Yes, yes, for pity's sake—let the enchantment of retrospect mist his real image."

"Was he human?" I asked.

"All too human. His name was Harry Simms," she said. "A common name, you will say. Ah, but pronounce it with tenderness, and it has the mystery and magic of the sea. It is all a matter of association—Admiral Sir Francis Drake is one thing; Admiral Sir Donald Duck would be quite another. Music is where you hear it."

"He was a sailor?" I said.

"No. Be patient, and I will tell you all about it in my own way. . . ." And so, always keeping her back to the window and looking somewhat like a frond of bracken as she curled up in her scalloped green-and-gold tea gown in the shade of a big black chair, she slipped into her narrative.

"His very name—Harry Simms—by association is melodious to me while the very mention of Karen Skroeling," said Bella Barlay, "sets my teeth on edge. She was everything that I was not—tall, blond, beautiful, brutal and stupid, this peach-fed squealer from Scandinavia. Peremptory, metallic, expressionless, blindly crushing, senselessly confident, she seemed an embodiment of everything abhorrent—and all the worse in a woman.

"Why this last observation? Don't ask me; ask yourself, why is a drunken woman somehow drunker than a drunken man, or a grandmother in a bikini more pitiful than a grandfather in Hawaiian beach trunks? Just so. the manner of this great blond Wagnerian singer, whose attributes were offensive enough in a scar-faced Prussian with jack boots and mustache and iron-wire suède-brush haircut under a *Pickelhaube* helmet, became inexpressibly disgusting in a pretty woman. She was a blatant desecration of all that might have been beautiful in herself—for given some kindness of spirit, some little goodness of heart, she could have been very lovely indeed. It is an awful blasphemy to let one's vanity make beauty something hateful, as she did.

"Then why did I not simply turn away from Karen Skroeling and have nothing to do with her? For the reason that I was in a ship with her, on the Atlantic. The First War being over, the impresario Jean de Luxe found me some engagements in the United States.

"I was war weary—neurasthenic, sick, burned out. There is a loneliness—may you never know such a loneliness! And there came one dark night in Budapest when everything swam away, and I heard the call boy's knock on my dressing-room door, but my mind was a blank. I had forgotten everything! But I went on and I performed my piece—all in a dream—and I found myself back in my dressing room wondering at some tooth-marks in my hand. They were my own! This made me cry and cry, laughing at the same time. So Jean de Luxe, my kind old teacher and friend, said to me he was going to pack me off, and I would spend seven days at sea doing nothin, absolutely nothing.

"'But you will not travel as the vivacious and killingly droll Bella Barlay,' he said. 'You will travel as a dormouse, but first class. I have taken the liberty of getting your ticket in the name of your great-aunt Irma Casimira, the Countess de Melony-Ziffany. She won't mind.'

> ***There are too many amateurs connected with TV—and among them are a lot of repairmen.***
>
> Frances Rodman

"'But why, of all people, Auntie Irma?' I asked.

"'Simply because, as the Countess Irma, nothing will be required of you but the following: You will eat everything that is put before you and, when asked if it pleased you, shrug disparagingly and call for more. You will on no account say anything in any way amusing or original—and either fail to understand what is said to you or, sometimes, so misunderstand it that nobody will want to talk to you twice. Spend that week in a sort of gluttonous trance. This is the part I have assigned to you, and you will play it until you dock in New York. And remember, one witticism, one jab of repartee, and you will have let me down.'

"'Yes, Uncle Jean,' I said, 'but Auntie Irma is eighty.'

"'Well? And you look ninety,' he grumbled, always his gruffest when his heart was most deeply stirred. 'Although you are only twenty-seven, you could play the witch of Endor without make-up. But after a few days of peace in a fine ship, sweetheart, you will look twenty. Age is a state of mind, child. Rest and restore your spirit.'

"'You know, Uncle Jean, that Auntie Irma offers to sing Bach after a glass or two of wine,' I said, trying to laugh.

"'Yes,' said he, 'and she is therefore invited to do so—once, never again. So may you. Sing Bach—once. You don't need to pretend to sing like your Auntie Irma; you do. Go and pack. I expect brilliant reports of you from America.' And so, committed to play the silly, timorous, unworldly, incoherent, unpredictable country gentlewoman, I came aboard the SS *Martha Washington*, billed in the passenger list as 'Countess Irma C. de Melony-Ziffany and Maid,' the latter being my understudy and dresser, a pretty girl named Sari. Thus I found myself in the suite adjacent to that of *Mademoiselle* Karen Skroeling, also with a maid.

"Sight unseen, I began to dislike Karen Skroeling because of what I heard pass between her and her maid. For we had barely left the dock and were beginning to unpack when my ears were assailed by a voice like a gong, in French, plangent with a Scandinavian accent, shouting, 'Dumb toad! Burst old frog! You have crushed the green brocade!' A silence, then, 'No back answers!' And, to my shock, the sound of two vicious slaps.

"Sari said to me, 'Bella! That woman is beating her servant!'

"I said, 'Not so much of the "Bella"—remember that I am "your highness." Oh, Sari, Sari, how do you expect to get on in the theater if you forget your role? Now, when I clap my hands, cry for mercy and sob. One . . . two . . . three.' I clapped my hands violently, yelling in German with a Hungarian accent, 'Oh, swine! You did not rinse the Alençon-lace collars in milk. Take that!' And while Sari begged for pity and wept aloud, I had to whisper, 'More subdued, you goose, or you will overplay! Slower, more heartbrokenly. So, that's better.' In the other suite there was the silence of listeners. 'Fine,' I whispered. 'Those who are persecuted are sisters. Make friends; get news.' Sari winked, still pretending to sob, while with the gestures of a conductor I brought her down, pianissimo, pianissimo, to a stifled weeping.

"You understand, I was committed to play my part, but there was nothing in the contract that forbade me to have a little personal fun within the confines of the script. Then I went on deck, and a superb woman in furs, whose voice I recognized, said, 'So! Europe recedes!' and made a dramatic gesture which everyone standing by could scarcely fail to admire, especially the men.

"Just like Aunt Irma, I stammered, 'Oh, I hope not. I took my tickets on the strict understanding that only the boat was to move. Oh dear me!'

"She said, 'You are from—vhere?' like a sergeant.

"'Not since I was a child,' I said, 'when my grandmother used to drink the waters at Vair; they taste of rusty nails and sulphur and, pardon me, also of boiled cardboard and glue.'

"Thereupon, with all the arrogance of Lucifer, she announced that all of us must know who she was, of course. 'No,' I said; and when she simultaneously grunted and snorted the syllables, 'Karen Skroeling!' I retorted, 'It is only the motion of the ship. You will sleep it off,' letting my voice fade just like Aunt Irma's, and went below, where Sari was waiting for me. She had already made contact with the maid next door and reported, with tears in her eyes, that the poor woman used to be an operatic contralto, nearly great, but she got married and had a child, after which, poor thing, her voice disappeared, so she became servant to Skroeling, who insulted and hit her.

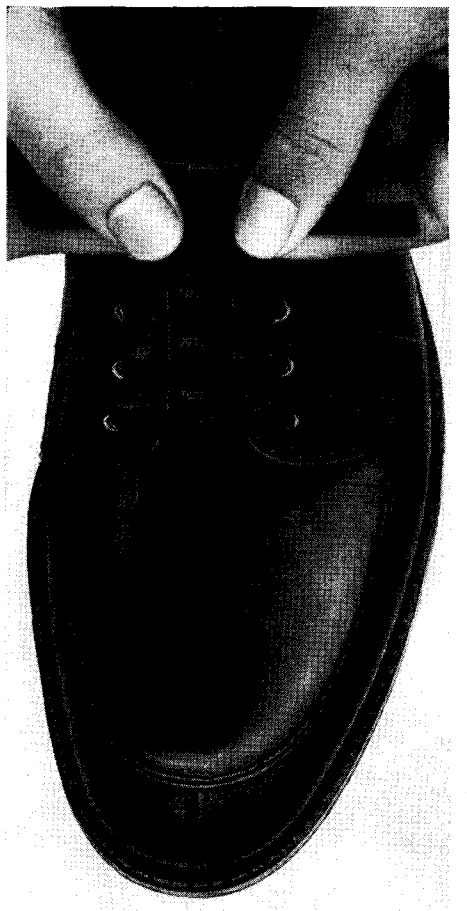
"I said, 'Oho! I want the dining-room steward, because wherever Skroeling sits, there will I sit. And let the same be done to me and more also if Karen Skroeling does not sweat blood for this!'

"'But, Bella—I mean, your highness—you promised Jean de Luxe that you would be as stupid as your aunt. I do not think this is possible, but you gave your word that you would not be clever.'

"I said, 'Child, just you wait and see.' So I had myself listed at a high-ranking officer's table among such specially

ALL SET FOR SCHOOL

... so handsome, too!



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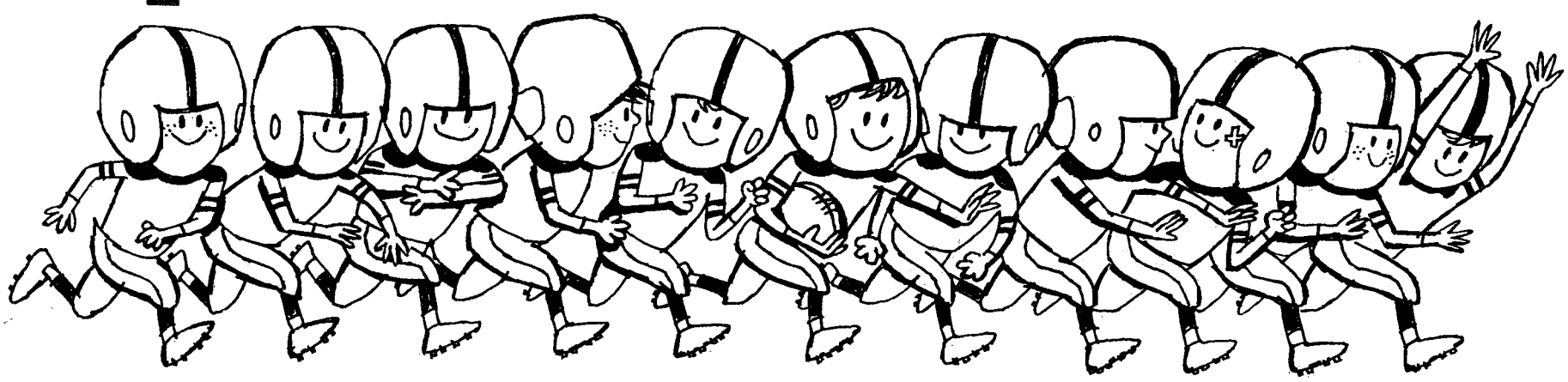
October 5-14 **NARGUS-POST**

the All-American brands spectacular



a food shopping adventure for the whole family

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Win a fabulous Foodarama in the Kelvinator $50,000 contest

For 10 full days you and your family can go on a great shopping adventure while the Annual All-American Brands "Spectacular" promotion sponsored by The Saturday Evening Post and NARGUS is in full swing at your family community food store.

Look for the stores displaying the "All-American Brands" sign where you will find an exciting variety of your favorite brands. Special values and fun packed features are in store for you.

Be sure to enter the $50,000 Kelvinator Contest. You can win a famous Foodarama refrigerator plus $25 worth of free food every week for a year! Nothing extra to buy . . . plan now to visit your community food store during this exciting promotion and don't forget to fill out your entry blank.

Look For These Famous Brands At Your Food Store Displaying This "All-American" Sign

American Home Foods	Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Meat Ball Stew
Anheuser Busch, Inc.	Budweiser Beer
Bissell, Inc.	Bissell Rug Shampoo
California Packing Corp.	Del Monte Catsup
Campbell Soup Company	Campbell's Soups
General Mills, Inc.	Betty Crocker Cake Mixes Bisquick Gold Medal Flour
H. J. Heinz Company	Heinz Ketchup
Kraft Foods Div. National Dairy Products Corp.	Kraft Spaghetti Dinner
Lever Brothers Company	Contest
Libby McNeill & Libby	Libby's Tomato Juice
National Biscuit Company	Nabisco Premium Saltine Crackers
Ocean Spray Cranberries, Inc.	Ocean Spray Cranberry Sauce
The Pillsbury Company	Pillsbury Packaged Potatoes
The Quaker Oats Company	Aunt Jemima Pancake Mix Quaker & Mother's Oats Ready-to-eat Cereals
The Seven-Up Company	Seven-Up
A. E. Staley Mfg. Company	Sta-Flo-Spray Starch and Sta-Puf Rinse
Standard Brands, Inc.	Blue Bonnet Margarine
Sunshine Biscuits, Inc.	Krispy Saltine Crackers
Swift & Company	Swift's Premium Products
Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company	A growing source of tin plate for America's Canning Industry

The Saturday Evening POST

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favored guests as Mr. and Mrs. Bowie-Hype and their son Henry of Texas, *Mademoiselle* Skroeling and the Honorable Harry Simms—all set for a great comedienne's part, if you like, which I must play blind, impromptu, ad lib! I was in honor bound to be the helpless, harmless idiot and still to use myself as a kind of scourge for the destruction of Skroeling.

"I dressed with the utmost discretion, it is scarcely necessary to tell you, without jewels—but here I was making a virtue of necessity, since all the family heirlooms had long since been sold—severe black and a little very old lace; a suspicion of lipstick, nothing fancy. In short, I was as inconspicuous as an aunt.

"But Karen Skroeling! She was so glazed and bedizened—she had a tiara, she had a complete set of diamonds such as is generally locked away in a vault—that she was an explosion of the spectrum. And of every gem she was wearing she had a different tale to tell, each more lurid than the last. Always she managed to convey, in an odiously false way, that she didn't like jewelry, but her public insisted on showering it upon her. Thus, with a sickening pretense at humility, she became the martyr to humanity.

"Humanity gave her jewels, which she deplored; but if humanity desired to hang bracelets and earrings upon her, what could she do? Let alone, all she desired was a little smorgasbord, some Wagner, a mattress to sleep on, preferably in a suite where she could keep about her a few trinkets she treasured—a grand piano, a bit of tapestry and a couple of devotees of pure art to look after her wardrobe and bring her a pot of chocolate in the morning. Otherwise, humanity!

"I do not believe that Mr. Bowie-Hype from Texas was much fooled by her. He was a stomach-shaped man with a hearty face, white hair and a space between his waistcoat and the top of his trousers—either a billionaire or a trillionaire. At first Karen Skroeling seemed to be aiming herself at him. His wife, who loved art, was to a great extent impressed.

"Watching closely, however, I noticed that she was talking to the Honorable Harry Simms, the most beautiful man I had ever seen! To describe beauty, I think, is either to deal in foolish figures of speech or to desecrate it with clichés. Human beauty is not in a shape or a form or a manner. Is beauty entirely in the eye of the beholder? I think it must be so, because I swear that if you had taken this man's superb proportions and thrown them all away and altered his face with a club and replaced his brown hair with hay, he would still have carried with him an elusive quality of charm. All the women sensed it instantly. Yet the men liked him too. Seeing this man so well liked, Karen Skroeling, of course, made up her mind that he should fall in love with her.

"And it made me unreasoningly sad and angry to observe that he went out of his way to be rather particularly attentive to her, the Brünnhilde. Her eyes were blue and empty as blown robins' eggs, and her large white teeth took her no effort to display because her upper lip was too short. Mysterious

chance had given her that mythical profile which looks so good on coins—

the pure, the classical Hellenic. You flip such a face, heads or tails; you get change for it; you put it in the bank; or exchange it for beer and sausages—but in flesh and blood it never turns out well.

"The rest of her, too, seemed to have been cast, so that if you hit her with a hammer—and my fingers tingle at the thought—you would not have been surprised to hear her emit a flat clang. Calipers and micrometers would have proved her physically perfect, but one and a half times life size. Her voice was particularly disagreeable—she hated to let go of a consonant or a sibilant, attacking her *T*'s like a woodpecker; and as for words that took breath, well, I heard her say, 'I do not eat chocolate, but I like cherries; each to his own taste,' and she made this statement sound exactly like the shunting of an overheated locomotive on a rainy November night in Groningen.

"It is true that Harry Simms was charming to us all at the table, but I was unconscionably jealous—and frustrated—having nothing in my hands but the low cards of my simulated stupidity. Still, a mouse in a cable may darken the lights of Broadway, as the saying goes. I did my best. And my best is pretty good.

"So when she began to boast of her coming conquest of America, saying, 'The world is all before me—I am only twenty-two!' I cried enthusiastically, 'But that is wonderful! They will insure your pelvis for fifty million dollars!'

"'Eh?'

"'My uncle Ferenc was at St. Louis to visit the fair,' I explained, 'and he

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A TREE DELIVERED TO YOUR HOME ON CHRISTMAS EVE DECORATED WITH
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A 1962 FORD THUNDERBIRD

2nd Prize
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PLUS SECOND PRIZE BONUS
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A $2,500 CHRISTMAS MONEY TREE
PLUS THIRD PRIZE BONUS
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2. To qualify for the sensational **bonus prizes,** simply attach to your entry blank the box top from any Super Plenamins product, or a piece of paper on which you have hand-printed these words: *"Rexall Super Plenamins — multi-vitamins with minerals!"*

1st Bonus Prize — a 1962 Ford Thunderbird
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Rexall's Money-Tree Contest ends November 30, 1961, and is subject to entry blank rules. Residents of states and localities where this type of promotion is prohibited, and employees of Rexall Drug Company, Rexall Stores and their families are not eligible to enter.

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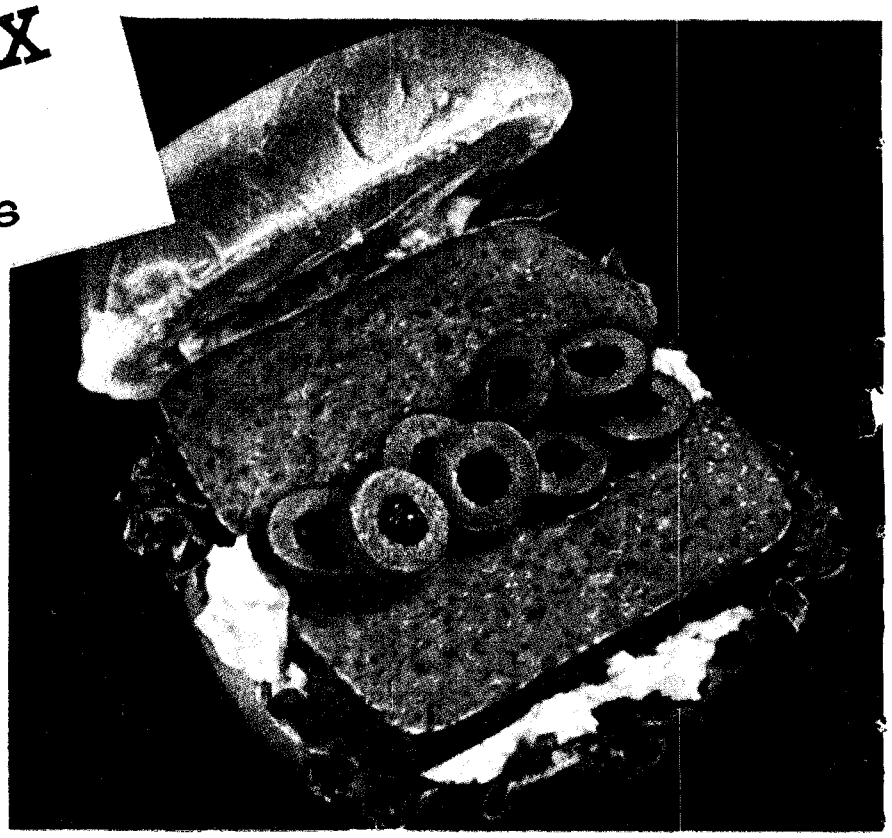
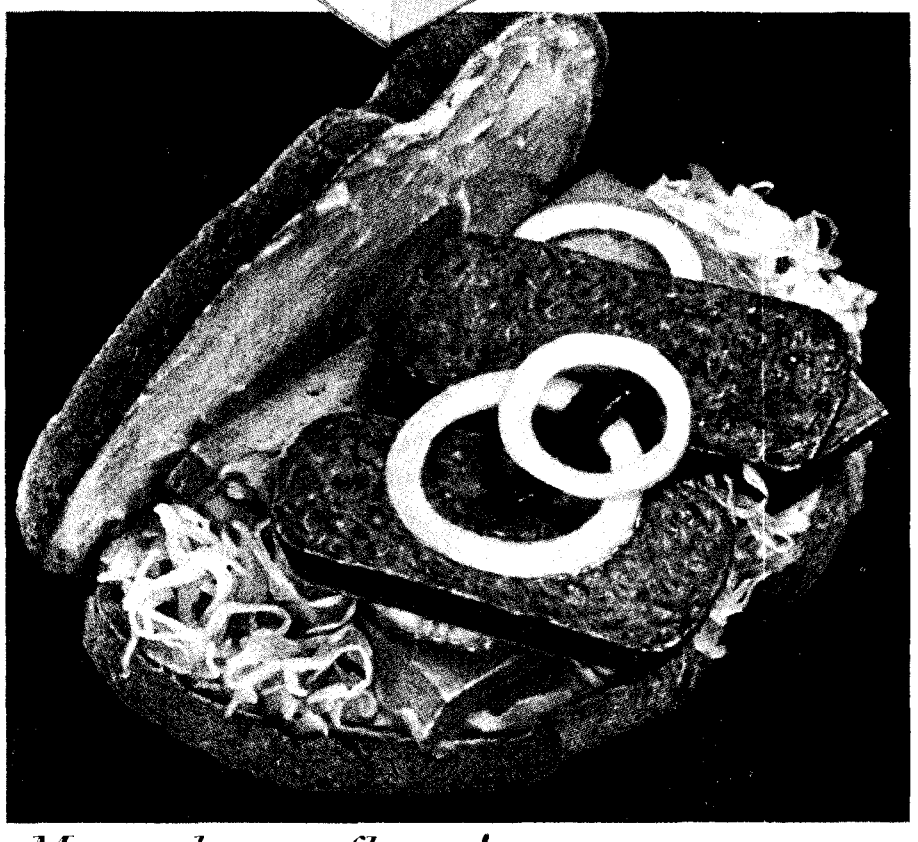
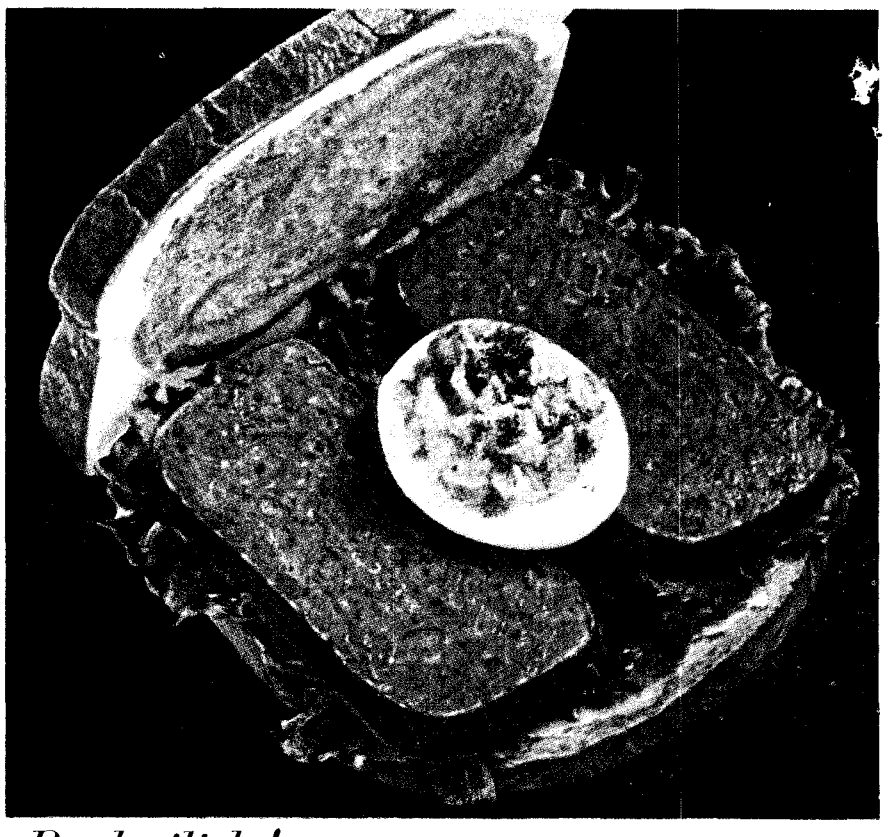
5 New Joy-to with Wilson's



See the surprise? Tasting it is even better! The savor meat is Wilson's Bif, made of pure chopped beef. For the tang surprise, add sliced olives and cream cheese. Easy as can be



Mor and more flavor! See how your hearty eater goes for Wilson's Mor, the only pork luncheon meat with hickory-smoked flavor. Great combined with cheddar cheese. The surprise? It's the zesty sauerkraut and onion rings you add.



Be devilish! Your lunch box eater will love Wilson's Bif It's pure chopped beef, rich in flavor. And what a surprise whe he tastes the delicious deviled egg you tucked in the middle!

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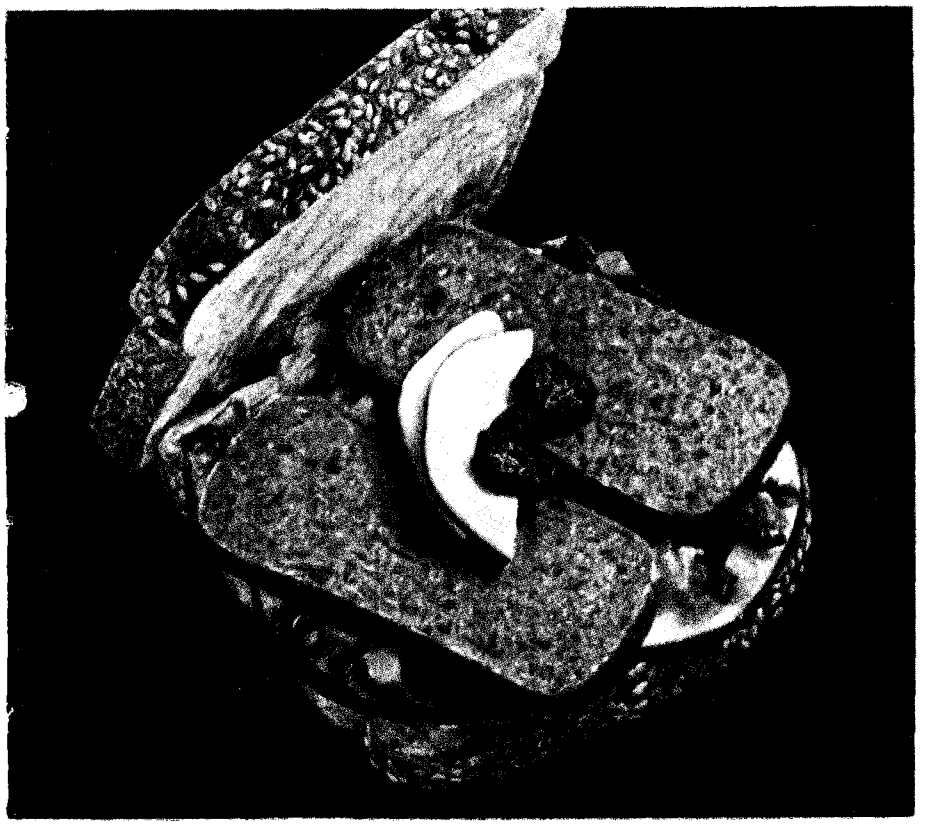
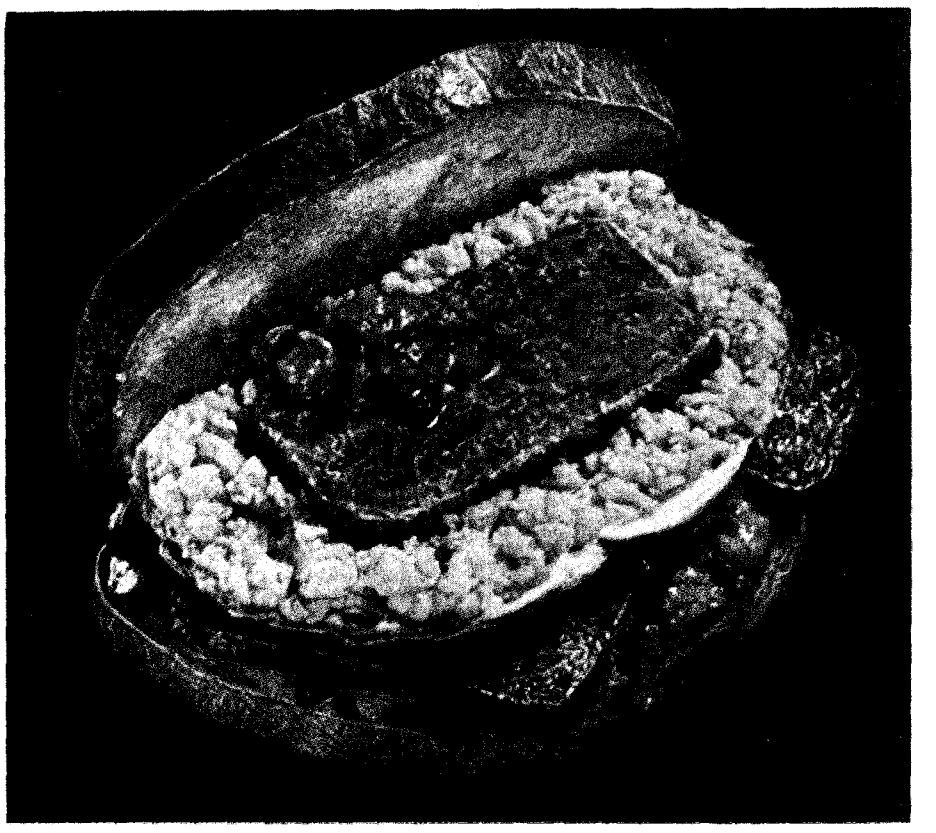
Eat Sandwiches Bif, Mor and Corned Beef



Mor fun for a young 'un! Stoke up your school child as you surprise him. You give him lots of complete protein in Wilson's Mor. It's delicious meat he'll love. Add fun to this one with apple slices, chopped celery, dates or raisins.



Stack up surprises! Not one but 2 kinds of bread: rye and French. On top is flavorful, lean Wilson's Corned Beef and cheese. Below: Corned Beef and some mustard pickles.

Take home a supply for your family's lunch box surprises! Remember, these sandwich meats are always ready to serve when you need them. Great lunch box variety! For convenience, quality meat, fine flavor and protein nourishment—these Wilson Meats are a best buy for your lunch box sandwiches!

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WILSON'S CANNED MEATS

ENJOY ALL 21 VARIETIES

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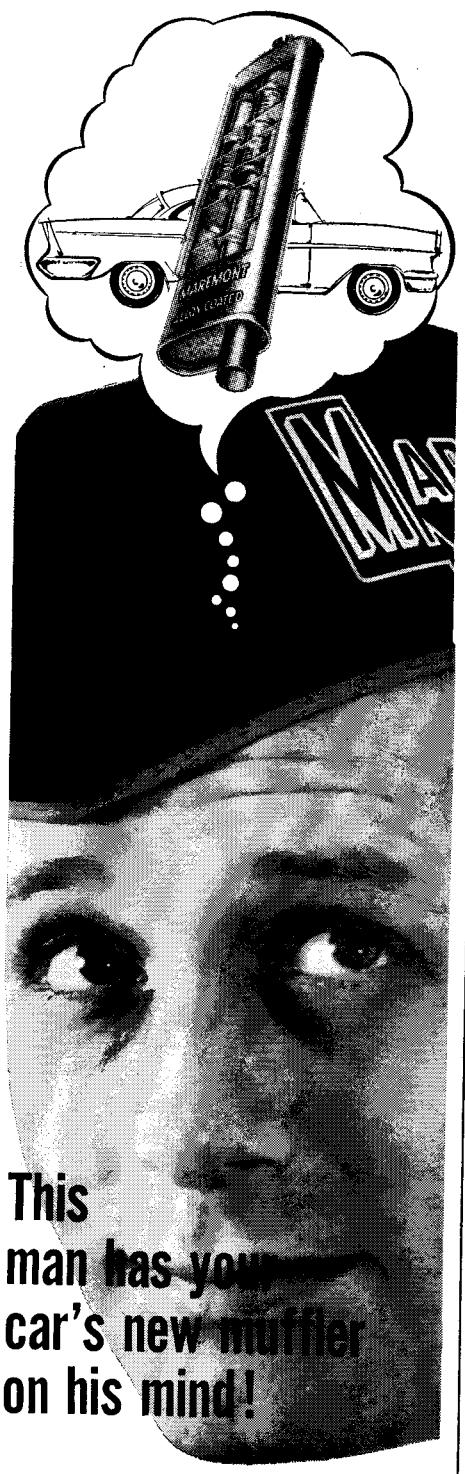

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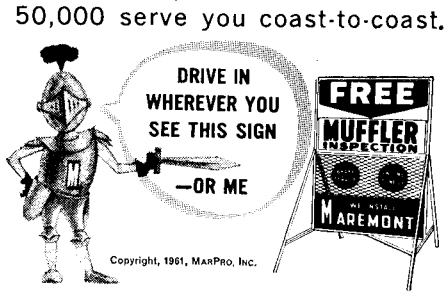

MAREMONT, Chicago 1
Canada: 207 Weston Road, Toronto

brought home a picture post card of a lady named Hilda. They insured her against dislocating her hips in an artistic performance called hootchy cootchy—for fifty million dollars! And *her* calves measured no more than eighteen inches. Twenty-two is marvelous!" The company was smiling, but I was deadly serious.

"'I refer, madam, to my age,' said Karen Skroeling. 'I am not a dancer—I am a singer.'

"'Yes,' I said, 'this, too, I know, for I heard you gargling a little earlier this evening. Never before did I realize that a gargle could be made melodious. And then, when you sang, "Mi-mi-mi-mi-mi," I thought of Glorious Yolanda.'

"'And who's she, countess?' the Texas magnate asked, quite enjoying himself.

"'Some Hungarian soubrette?' asked Karen Skroeling.

"'No,' I said, 'but the good working people of Budapest used to call her the Voice of Repose and other nice names. Everybody loved Glorious Yolanda.'

"Karen Skroeling said, 'I, too, sing for the people'—rattling her jewels—'I love the people with a great love. This Yolanda, she was a soprano or a contralto? Which?'

"'Both,' I said, considering the matter carefully. 'Both at once.'

"'Perhaps,' said the Honorable Harry Simms, 'the countess means a yodeler?'

"I said, 'Oh, no. Always, at high noon, some gentleman pulled strings, and she made her musical note, and the working people put down their shovels, saying, "Heaven bless Glorious Yolanda!" Then they ate bread and sausages and were grateful. . . . Have I said something wrong?' For all the people at table were laughing—except Karen Skroeling. She scrutinized my face with a look of the purest hate, looking—in vain, I assure you—for some trace of intelligent expression. But I was a piece of wood. Her earrings trembled with baffled rage.

"Mr. Bowie-Hype called for champagne and made me take a glass. I said, 'Only a sip, sir, for if I drink more than one glass of wine, I also sing.'

"'Oho, so!' said Karen Skroeling. 'This is a treat we have in store.'

"'Yes,' I said, 'but not tonight; some other evening, yes. I will sing for you kind gentlefolk. I will sing Bach.' Then, seemingly desirous of paying some compliment to Mrs. Bowie-Hype, I said, 'I have heard of Texas. Perhaps, in passing, I will come and visit you.'

"'Proud to have you, countess!' said that friendly lady. 'Come and stay as long as you like.'

"I opened my little evening purse and took out a tiny leather address book, and looked at it long and anxiously. 'Alas, I cannot do that,' I said at last. 'I can stay with you no longer than two years and four months because then I must go to Budapest for my nephew's coming of age.'

"Now, I ask you, was I saying anything clever? No, I was keeping my word to the letter and being stupid as clay. But everyone began to laugh again, and Mr. Bowie-Hype swore that his house was mine. Thanking him, I said, 'I am told that Texas is a big place. They tell me that the cattle grow so huge there that it takes fifteen acres to feed a single cow.' More laughter.

"'Apart from oil, I'm a sheepman myself,' said he.

"I said, 'Ah! You have many?'

"'Well,' said he, 'I don't exactly know right now, countess, but I guess about three hundred thousand, more or less.'

"I gasped. 'But where do you put them all? Where do they sleep? To whom do they come when they are in trouble?'

"He looked puzzled. 'Put them all? Where do they sleep? Well, on the ground. Trouble? What trouble?'

"'My father,' I said with tears in my eyes, 'he had only five thousand—but they all had their little houses.'

"'Five thousand is a sizable flock for Europe,' said he, 'but I never heard of putting sheep in little houses before. I guess you mean pens.'

"'Oh!' I cried, my hand to my lips. 'Sheep! I thought you meant sheepmen, or as you say, shepherds. I am so sorry.'

"While he looked at me with curious eyes, I hastened to add, 'But we have no more sheep now. My beloved father was a very unwise man. He sold all, all and bought—what? Paper. So I must go to America to see businessmen and sign things. Stocks, shares—ten thousand of this, twenty thousand of that—what do I know? Utilities. What is a utility? And General Motors—I knew a Greek General Zotos, but. . . . Edison? Poor me!' I swear to you, no woman ever played a more difficult part.

"To appear happy when you are miserable is hard, but to be convincingly miserable when something stimulating is working in your veins, as it was in mine, is a job for genius. I really looked silly and unhappy, lamenting my lost sheep. What is more, merely a day at sea, with rest and good food, brought back a certain vivacity, which is natural to me when I am in good health. It was hard, but I kept my word.

"Three or four days out, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Bowie-Hype began to follow me about the sun deck. He was shy and dared not approach me directly—only when my girl Sari was present did he venture to offer me magazines, sweets and stuff. The Honorable Harry Simms also was attentive, but although my heart went out to him, I feigned a certain vague coldness. Karen Skroeling was never far from his side; she had heard that he was related to a duke, traveling for pleasure. And her loathing for me was something almost palpable.

"She was determined to sing, therefore, and to make me sing, too, in order to crush me in public, once and for all. Hence she managed to arrange a ship's concert for the first-class passengers, so devised that she was to go on after me. She proposed to sing something out of Wagner. I—poor sparrow—was to twitter a piece by Bach, without accompaniment.

"Before the concert, Mr. Bowie-Hype treated me to champagne cocktails and said, 'Countess, I've seen a little of the world and I tell you, that big blonde surely intends to eat you up alive. Don't sing.'

"I answered, 'Sir, I have undertaken to do so. But you have a good heart, so I will tell you that I am a hard morsel to swallow.'

"'So help me,' said he, 'innocent as you seem, I believe you!'

"'You will laugh at me,' I said.

"'No, no!'

"The concert, then, took place. A lady sang *Speak to Me, Thora*, and a mill owner from Lancashire made a noise with his feet called a clog dance. There were monologues. A girl played a violin, and someone did conjuring tricks. A buxom lady sang, in a voice like boiling porridge, something about, 'If you love me, why don't you leave me alone?' Then it was my turn.

"Harry Simms was the master of ceremonies. He announced me very gravely. I said, 'It is a theme of Bach. It is translated into the modern. It is very moving.' Then, clasping my hands over my chest, I burst into certain magnificent bars of music—Bach wrote them, but some clever man transposed them. Thus a great choral piece of music came out as a popular song titled, *Yes, We Have No Bananas*.

"But I sang it as a thing to wring the heart. '*Yes*, we have no bananas,' and, 'Yes, we *have* no bananas.' It became a sort of song of famine. 'We have no bananas today,' became a wish for tomorrow. It was a reproach, a dirge. Sung in my little raucous voice, with the appropriate gestures, it was calculated to make a cat laugh. The audience laughed—as audiences had laughed at my rendering of that song all over Europe—but I stood, deadpan and aghast on that little platform, wringing my handkerchief, heartbroken. I said, with a sob, 'To you people, this is amusing?' and burst into tears.

"Then I ran away because I could control myself no longer; I had to laugh or explode. Behind me I left a silent and uneasy audience. Karen Skroeling's act was irretrievably ruined. I had stolen it; I had upstaged her. Sentiment, passion—whatever she offered now in the way of singing, the night was mine. Up on the sun deck I gave way to a more or less silent convulsion of mirth. And then a hand touched my heaving shoulder, and a gentle, manly voice said, 'My dear countess, don't cry. They really thought you were joking.'

"It was the Honorable Harry Simms. I turned with a start, and he exclaimed, 'By the Lord Harry, you're laughing!'

"Yes, I was laughing—the touch of his hand may have helped, but all of a sudden I was young again, with all the dead weight gone from my heart. I smiled at him. He caught his breath and said, 'Countess, Countess Irma, you are beautiful!'

"Then he kissed me. Disbelieve me, if you like, but this was the first time I had ever been kissed full on the lips by any man. Then he said with a strange sadness, 'I love you.'

"I shed some real tears then and answered, 'You are the most beautiful man I have ever seen. But I am not what you think I am. I am not the Countess Irma Casimira de Melony-Ziffany.' Then

COMING NEXT WEEK
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WILLIAM SAROYAN

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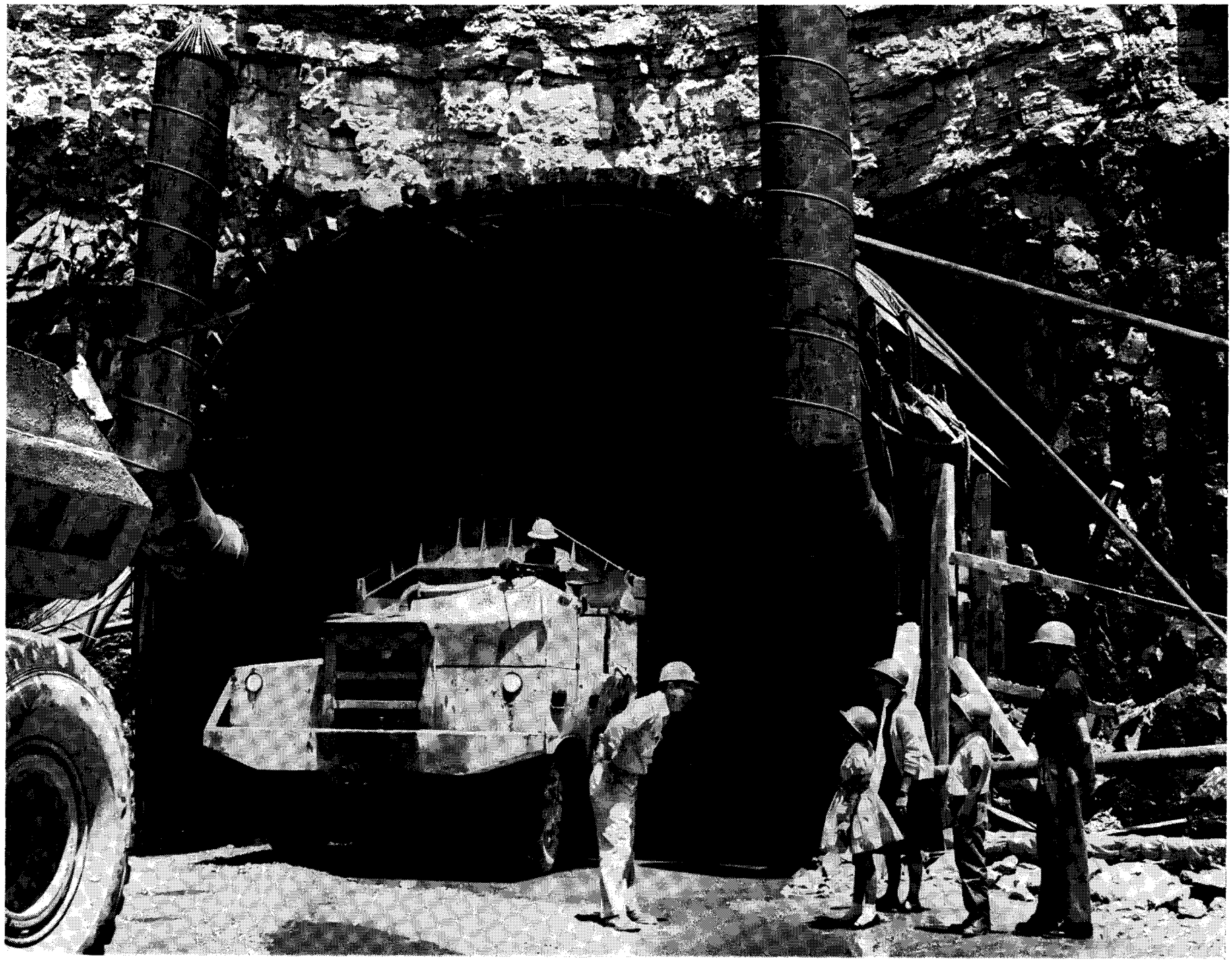


TAUM SAUK—where power company engineers are making water run uphill

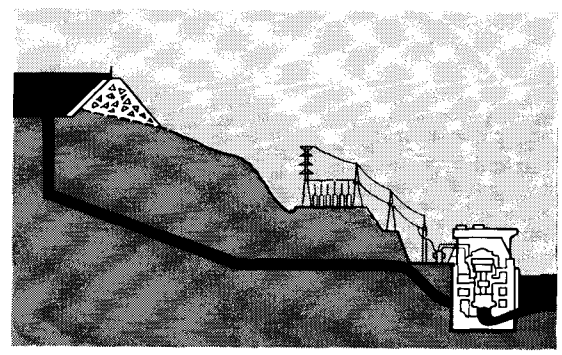
Taum Sauk is in the Ozark Mountains about 90 miles from St. Louis, Missouri.

Here, engineers of an investor-owned electric light and power company are developing a way to meet peak demands for electricity at low cost—using a minimum of water.

On days when homes, stores and factories call for extra amounts of power, water will flow down 800 feet through this 26-foot-diameter tunnel from a huge mountaintop reservoir, causing giant generators at the base of the mountain to spin.

Late at night, when homes and businesses aren't using so much power, there is a surplus of economical electric capacity. This will be used to pump the same water back uphill, from another man-made lake in the valley. Next day, when the need is high again, the water will flow down once more to make electricity that cooks meals, heats homes and keeps the wheels of industry turning.

This is just one example of how the investor-owned electric light and power companies find ways to bring America ever-increasing, dependable electric service and keep the cost low. They can supply all the additional electricity the nation will need in the future for its people, its businesses, and its defense.



Upper and lower reservoirs are shown in this diagram of the Taum Sauk pump storage electric plant. Black line is where the water comes downhill and makes power and is then pumped uphill again. The investor-owned Union Electric Co. is putting $50 million into the project, which starts operation in 1963. All across the nation, investor-owned companies carry on a great research and development program to make sure America will always have abundant electric power.

Company names on request through this magazine

Investor-Owned Electric Light and Power Companies | *Keep America Powerful*

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something seemed to clutch at my heart; for the first time in my life I had broken my word!

"He asked, 'Who are you, then?'

"Completely disorganized, but instinctively improvising, lying blindly, I replied, 'My name is Sari Kovacs. I am the countess's maid.'

"'And the girl who carries your shawl and things?'

"'Yes,' I said, 'she is the countess. It was her whim.'

"He smiled in the moonlight and said, 'Perhaps I am not what you think I am either. For, as it happens, I am not the Honorable Harry Simms. I am his social secretary. At the last minute he could not come. I traveled in his place. His name stayed on the passenger list. I let myself be called by it. My name is Cecil Bray.'

"A silence. Then something prompted me to say, 'If we were married, we might get a good job in America as a "couple." Later—who knows? If we saved up, we could open a boardinghouse by the seaside.' A cloud had passed over the moon and, all in a moment, the air was full of disenchantment.

"Then he said, 'As a matter of fact, Miss Kovacs, I was lying to you. My name is not Cecil Bray. I really am the Honorable Harry Simms. But my family kicked me out. I always was bad, from a child. I went from bad to worse and I get my living now by cheating at cards.'

"I said, 'Oh dear me! The truth of the matter is that I also was lying. The pretty girl Sari Kovacs really is my maid. I am a famous actress in disguise.'

"Then he said, 'And I was not telling you the exact truth. To be frank, I have broken practically every law of God and man, but one thing I will not stoop to, and that is cheating at cards. Do not breathe a word to a soul, but I am an international jewel thief.'

"'In that case,' I said, laughing, 'if you give Karen Skroeling a good going over, you ought to be able to get enough to retire.'

"He shrugged. 'I have already looked at her stuff,' he said, 'and it is mere paste. The only genuine bit of jewelry she wears is a scarf pin worth about fifteen dollars.'

"'And is this also an untruth?' I asked.

"'It is.'

"'You are not even a jewel thief?'

"'I once stole my sister's pearl brooch to buy an air rifle. I take it that you are not an actress either?'

"I said, more truly than he knew, 'You must forgive me; I am just recovering from an attack of temporary insanity.' So we went below, I to my suite.

"Little Sari said, 'Bella! What is the matter, darling?'

"I said, 'I have had a disturbing evening. What is the matter with you? Why do you look so radiant?'

"She said, 'Henry.'

"'You mean the Bowie-Hype boy who follows me about?'

"'Forgive me, Bella—it is I whom he has been following about, not you. This evening he asked me to marry him.'

"'It must be nice to be in love,' I said. I stayed in my cabin until we docked two days later; then I came out, elegant. Seeing newspaper cameramen, Karen Skroeling struck a pose, but it was I for whom they were waiting, at the instigation of Jean de Luxe's New York agent. Two men were waiting also for the Honorable Harry Simms. They led him away by the elbows. He looked over his shoulder at me and smiled a little broken smile. I asked an officer what they wanted him for. He replied, 'Forgery.'"

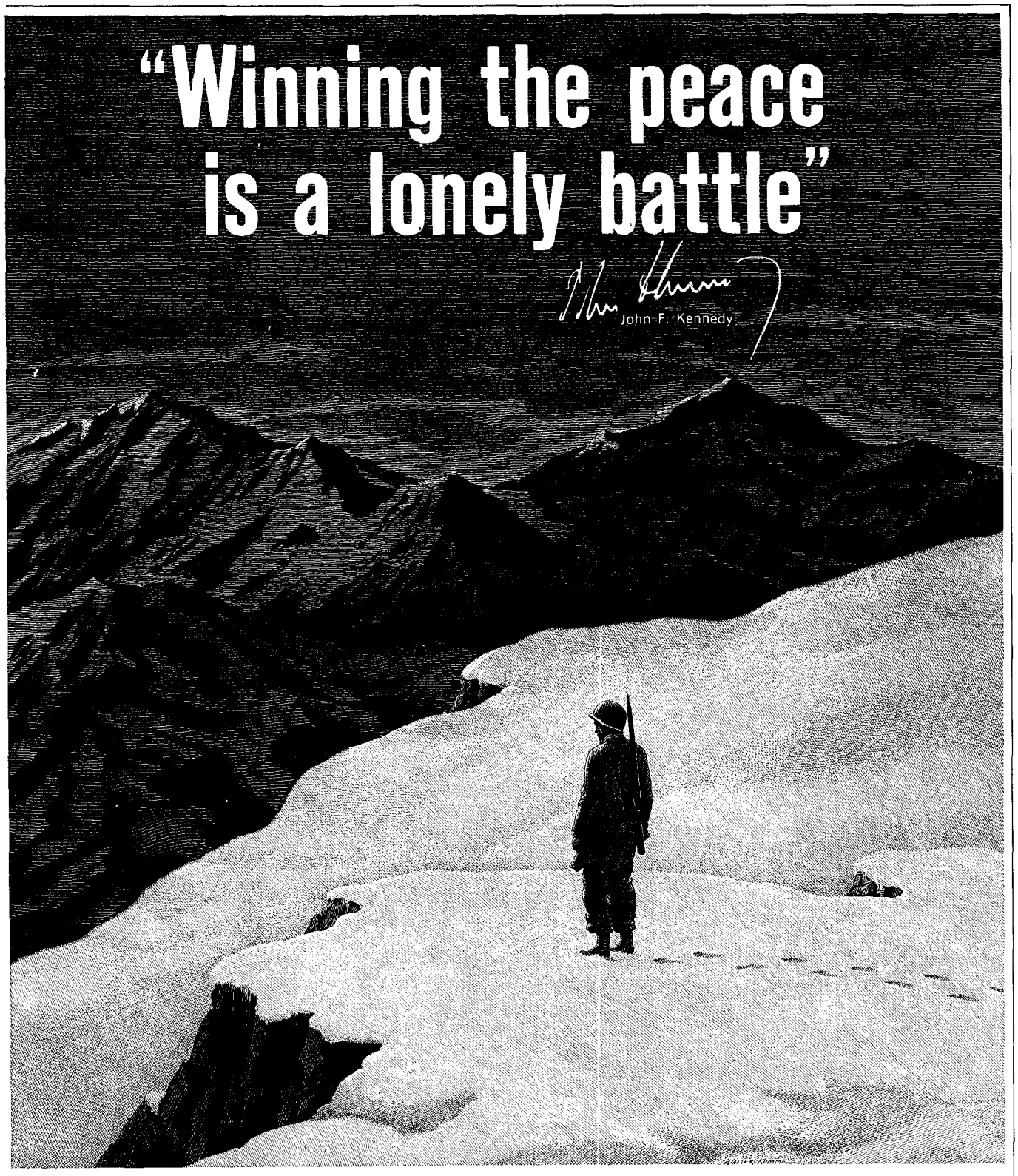
Bella Barlay sighed, and said, "Here the story terminates. Karen Skroeling was a failure. I was only a moderate success. Sari married young Henry, and their grandchildren inform me that they remained devoted to each other as long as they lived. There is a law of nature—no true story can be wholly sad; someone, somewhere must live happily ever after. I took Skroeling's maid, the hushed singer, into my service, and she was like an elder sister to me until she married a comfortable florist ten years later. And there you have it all."

I asked, "What became of Harry Simms?"

"I never knew. All this was forty years ago," said Bella Barlay.

I said, "Somehow the basic situation in your story has a certain ring of familiarity. Is it possible that I once came across it in a play?"

With a little shrug, she replied, "Why not? These stories leak out. Writers borrow them—and good luck to them! I do not know how it is, but somehow everything that happens to me makes either legend or history, but always good theater. And without truth, all drama is dust and ashes." Then she added, with a touch of disdain, "But no doubt, for your sophisticated generation, my poor love story is somewhat too innocent. So be it. Yet for one instant I was closer to heaven on a kiss than you are ever likely to get in all your sputniks." Then, with an indescribably ambiguous wink, she bade me good day. THE END



Time: 4 A.M. Place: Somewhere in Alaska. A soldier begins his lonely guard duty on one of America's most vital frontiers. His companions are the night. Snow. Bitter cold. His duty: helping to preserve the uneasy peace that the world is so hungry to maintain.

This man . . . this boy (for he is only 21) is one of 2½ million men and women in our Armed Forces today . . . who are fighting to keep the peace in every corner of the world. Half of these service people are under 25. Half are away from home for the first time. Ever present is their mortal enemy—Loneliness.

Ever present, too . . . is a vital force to help the serviceman fight that loneliness. The USO. Now—as in time of actual combat—offering a time out of battle . . . a measure of home. To maintain its services in 27 countries all over the world the USO needs your help. Give today. Help the USO to help the men who are fighting in the name of Peace. Remember President Kennedy's words: "Winning the peace is a lonely battle."

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*It was borrowed from a house in Chicago. The sink has been in continual use since its installation in 1953.

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By JOHN M. GRAY

JAPAN'S YOUNG MODERNS

Has Westernization made Japanese youngsters a cheap copy of our own teen-agers? Or have they preserved their traditional Oriental values?

Until recently I boarded with a Tokyo family that ate potato salad for breakfast, just because the two teen-agers preferred it to rice. Squatted at the low table, the children and I ate first while mother and grandmother knelt at the alert, trying to anticipate our wishes.

If Yu-chan, the husky son, happened to use a word I couldn't understand, he'd casually say, "Mother, go get the dictionary, please." His mother would scurry off to fetch it. When the youngsters left for school, the whole household bowed politely during the grand exit.

Students throughout Japan are the family's hope and the nation's pride. Everyone seems to defer to them. And yet, instead of being spoiled rotten, they are surprisingly thoughtful, pleasant and hard-working. This was true not only of Yu-chan and his sister but of other Japanese youngsters I met, including the students in my English classes—last summer I completed a year as a Fulbright exchange teacher in Tokyo.

Not all young Japanese are paragons, of course, but neither are they all the wild-eyed radicals whose rioting makes international headlines. Many tongue-clucking older Japanese take a pessimistic view of the nation's young. Some fear that youthful impatience may transform the present adequate system into utter chaos. I am optimistic. Unquestionably Japan is growing younger, more modern, more youth-centered. But most young Japanese seem to be making progress toward a form of life that will blend the best of East and West—a share of material bounty combined with a firm allegiance to the traditional Japanese love of beauty, contemplation and honest hard labor.

I'm aware that some of the things Japanese youngsters admire about America are not exactly what we might select for them. Rock 'n' roll is epidemic, and Elvis Presley outsells any Japanese star. American westerns dominate the television screens that glare out of the best rooms of half the nation's households. (Four of the top seven shows are American, with dubbed-in Japanese dialogue. And the lovely raven hair of Tokyo girls is often dyed a sad, dead brown.

The youngsters are intellectually sophisticated, but they have no idea of how to act on a date. At International Christian University the American students

WOLFE

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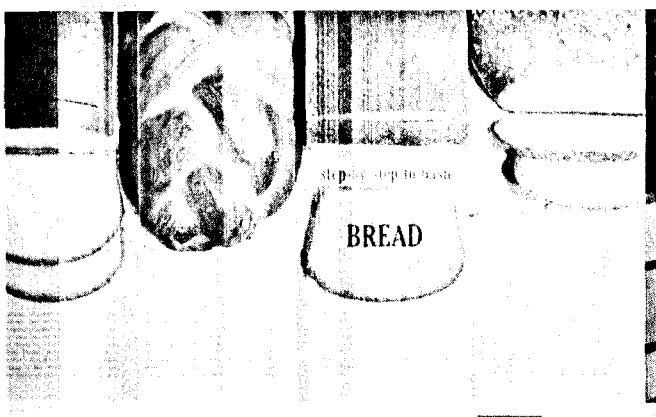
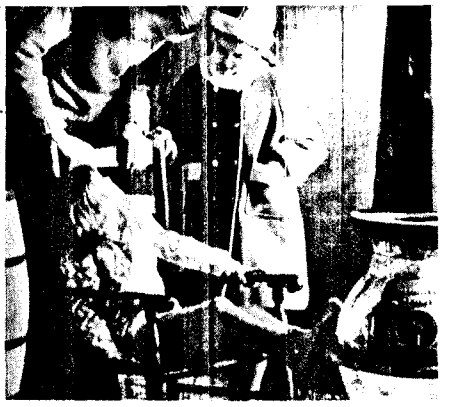
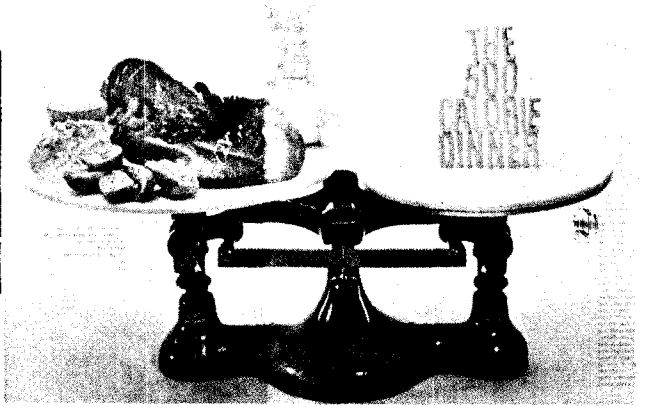
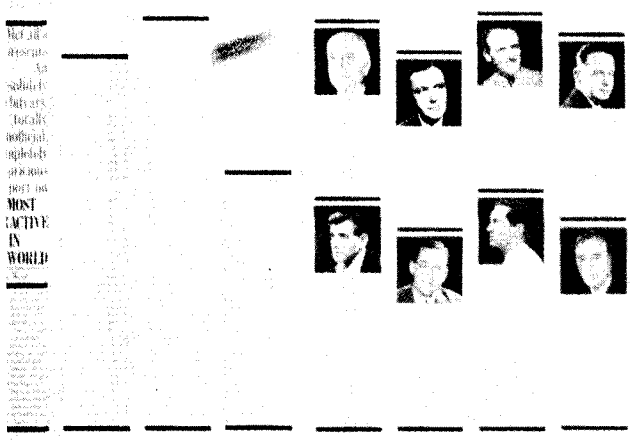




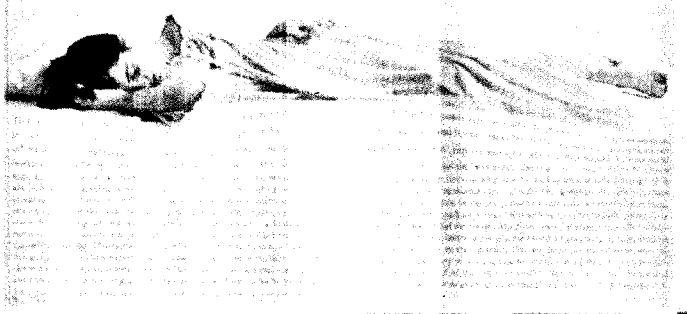
pants. Regal Knitwear. Opposite, right: Coat of cotton suede cloth, double-breasted, lined and trimmed in fake sheathing. Guanes with matching hat, Coat Craft.

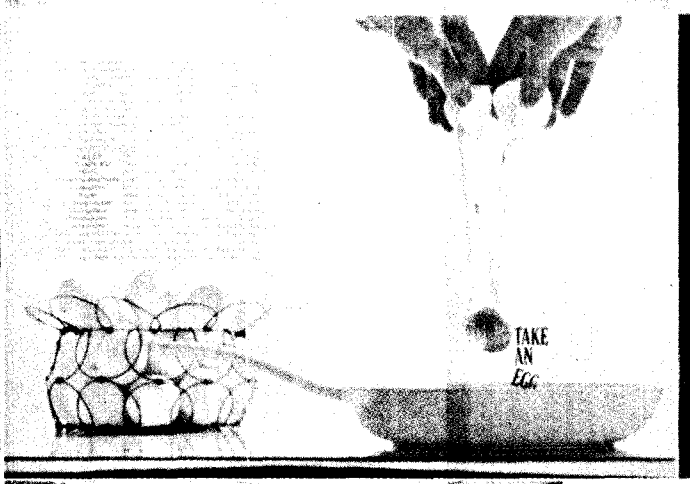
Marvelously sporty, and wonderfully warm—the new parka jacket. Above: A signal example, hip-length coat cut like a ski jacket, with attached hood, in a striking orange-and-green pattern on cream. The whole, including hood, is lined in bright-orange pile and worn over gold stretch pants. John Wertz for Weather Wisky.





the forty-winks reducing plan

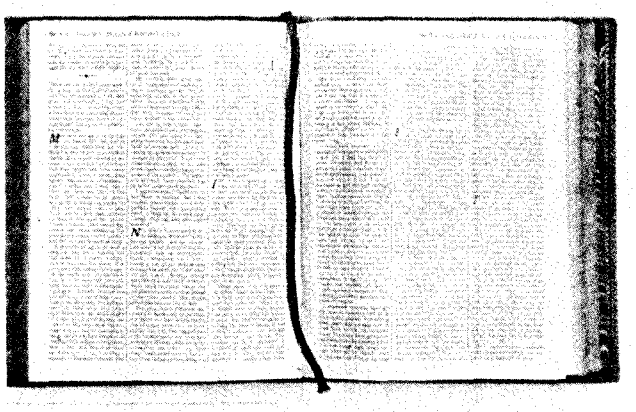


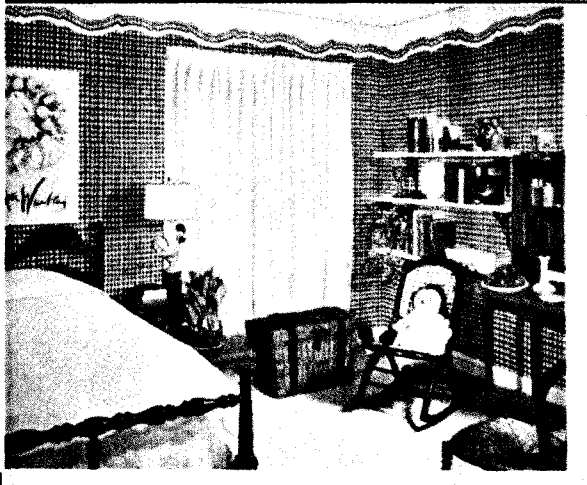


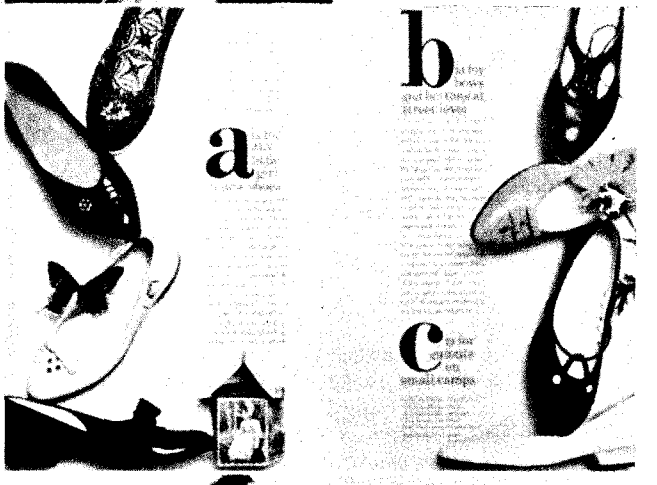
ROBER FROS

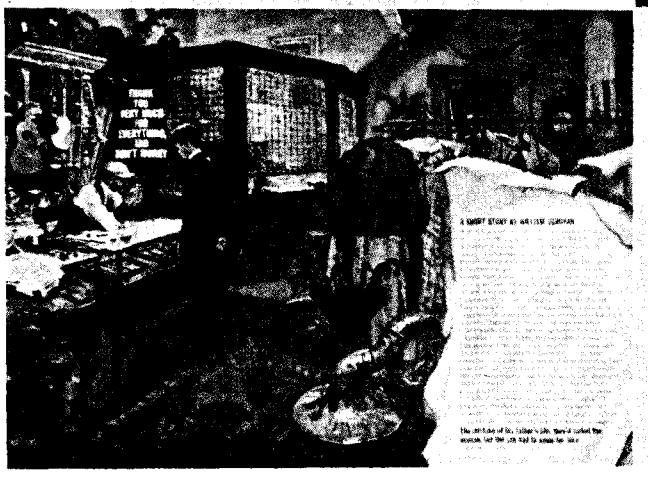
Robert Frost is a poet. For many years, he says
he was one of the few people who knew this.
all America knows it, and half the rest of the
Mind you, he doesn't often refer to himself as
he finds that unappetizing, like a girl who ke
nouncing her own beauty. Such a judgmen
others to make. But Frost is fully aware of
is and who he is. Sometimes he owns up to bei
poet, half farmer, half teacher. If you point
that makes three halves, he will give you a fun
Poets make their own mathematics. At eigh
Robert Frost is one of the towering figures of o
with a mind like a redwood tree, sixty feet to
branch and who knows where the top is; poet,
opher, farmer, teacher, humorist, classicist,
neighbor to all mankind in the literal sense
dweller, for he lives close by the inmost mea
man. His poems are published in twenty-t
guages, including Japanese and Estonian;
American editions alone, they have sold a
copies, an unprecedented mark for poetry to
He is four-time winner of the Pulitzer Prize fo
a feat never achieved by any other

his power and his glory.









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Flowers for the WHITE HOUSE

The editorial excellence of pages like these i

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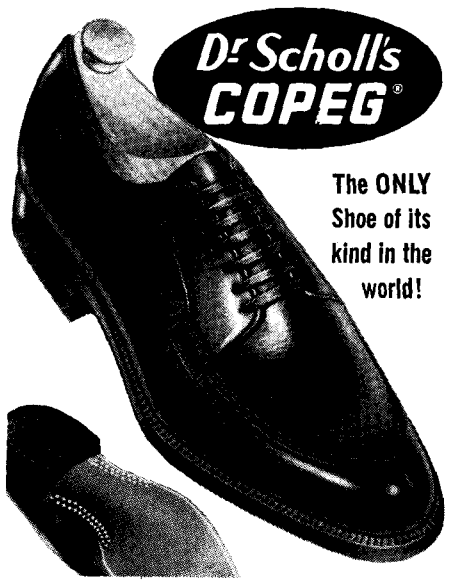

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find their supposedly "westernized" Japanese friends quite different. In general, American girls can't stand Japanese boys—or rather they can't stand the system which assumes that the girl will kowtow to her "master." American boys, on the other hand, are happy that the art of bolstering the male ego is still universal among Japanese girls.

Equally universal is the neglect of chivalry, as Mary Sturr, an American college student in Japan, learned last year. Mary taught English one evening a week, and among her pupils were two *Zengakuren* boys who arranged dates of a sort with her every chance they got—strictly for the free English lessons. Their knowledge of Communist theory was overwhelming, and they would only laugh at her rebuttal. Claiming to be equally anti-Russian and anti-American, they argued endlessly to "prove" America's weakness. (But it's America they long to visit.) With resolute illogic, they outtalked her every time.

Despite such things, Japan's essence has not been contaminated. Beneath all the modernization, there is always the Japanese touch; the indestructible Japanese character is still very much alive in today's youth.

Take that most western of things, the college dance. The teachers at Ochanomizu Women's University look on with silent dismay as their girls plan regular dances and *invite boys!* The teachers hardly appreciate the mildness of these dances, held once a month on Saturday from five to eight. Girls and boys arrive separately. There is no drinking. (While 45 per cent of the male students do drink with members of their own sex, often heavily, only 5 per cent of the girls do, according to a government survey.) Some do leave the dance in pairs, usually for a coffee shop. Far into the night—eleven P.M. being very far by Tokyo standards—they cuddle in dimly lighted comfort and sometimes even kiss.

Such coffee-shop rendezvous are the closest thing to privacy in Tokyo. It's no wonder then that the weekend trip is considered the most enjoyable form of dating. College students and office workers flee the city after work on Saturday, usually in separate groups of men and girls, but with an agreement to meet at the resort. For one glorious Sunday they ski, climb mountains, take hot-spring baths, swim, hike or just stroll around. Young husbands join these weekend festivities—without their wives. Many of them get a more or less innocent kick out of flirting with the girls—maids, waitresses, hostesses, geisha. For those not content with innocence, prostitution still flourishes despite its new illegality.

Whatever the activity, weekend outings are expensive, hence infrequent, and they are enjoyed with an intensity that leaves the merrymakers limp by Monday. Yet even on Monday the work goes on vigorously. Whatever faults Japanese youth may have, shying from hard work is not one of them. Even construction gangs labor around the clock in high spirits. With a cheery disregard for the sleeping neighborhood, the subway diggers sing, shout and bang their way through the midnight shift. Fortunately most Japanese can sleep through anything, but occasionally a student cramming for an exam will protest against the noise by committing suicide. One such protest was so bizarre that even the Japanese, to whom suicide is old hat, took notice; a student rushed into a subway-construction area and placed his head under a huge descending pile driver. More prosaic methods rate only a line or two of news; there were 721 suicides last year among teen-agers alone.

Shocking, isn't it? But the Japanese are shocked to hear that girls have been known to drop out of good American high schools because of pregnancy. In Japanese high schools there is little contact between boy and girl classmates. The girls who continue school beyond the compulsory ninth grade—more than 50 per cent go on to high school—are not the sort who misbehave sexually. They are there to study, and by and large they do.

High schools are set up generally along United States lines, with certain modifications. For one thing, all schools are directly under the Ministry of Education and have the same organization and curriculum. Also, the class size averages about fifty, so there's little chance for individual recitation. As a result, while the students' factual knowledge is impressive, they retain the national trait of doing everything by the book.

Thus class recitations and compositions are less vigorous and original than those in good American schools. In Japan, however, there is not the disgraceful variance between the best and worst schools that there is in America.

Usually Japanese youngsters are very well behaved, although surprisingly noisy, even during lectures. One meaningful statistic is the teen-age criminal-offense record of less than 1 per cent. Furthermore, only 5000 juvenile cases a year involve physical violence, a very low figure for a modern industrial nation. Students are just too busy to get into trouble. There are interesting sport and cultural activities every afternoon. Unfortunately pupils quit sports and clubs in their senior year to study for the extremely difficult exams that determine the lucky 20 per cent who get into college.

Symbol of today: A girl in traditional kimono on motorcycle date.

Once in college, however, the pressure is off. Compared with high school, it's a breeze, and it is definitely easier than an American college. There is no worry about flunking out; professors seldom give failing grades. The system encourages a careless attitude, although most take their work seriously. It also leaves plenty of free time for student organizations, including *Zengakuren*, the violent national leftist group behind the worst Tokyo riots. Yet authorities say not more than one fifth of *Zengakuren* members deeply believe in their cause. A young leader of last year's student riots, for example, recently landed a good job with one of Japan's giant industrial concerns. By a curious coincidence he severed all political ties at the same time.

When queried by reporters on his traitorous defection into the ranks of capitalism, he explained, "I need time to think. I shall read and study Communism for five years. Then when I am certain, I'll become a teacher."

In five years this young man probably will be a reliable cog in a vast machine, so far from thoughts of rioting that he'll probably vote conservative. In the meantime he is just another office worker, well dressed and meek, the antithesis of his sensationally newsworthy self a year ago.

Japanese youngsters have no trouble finding jobs. Unemployment is low—about 1 per cent—and low-class jobs sometimes go begging. Good jobs are scarce, of course, and even the best don't seem like much to Americans.

My young friend Shinshiro Goto has a "good" job with an import-export company. His language ability makes him a lot more valuable than many older workers, but he is paid strictly according to the inflexible wage-for-age scale. Monthly pay for a college graduate starts at forty-five dollars or so, rising each year by about six dollars a month. (A dollar, however, goes two or three times as far in Japan as in the United States.) Thus at thirty a man will be making close to $100 a month. There are also big bonuses twice a year, worth $200 each, even for fledgling workers.

At twenty-four Goto is making about sixty dollars a month. He has a lovely girl friend, but it is white-collar dogma that marriage requires a twenty-eight-year-old's wage. So Goto will wait. He talks a bit angrily about being unappreciated, but actually he seems well satisfied. Goto plans to save his bonus pay to buy himself an old car next year. He already has a TV set and hi-fi.

Goto's girl friend is utterly delightful. She is proud of the traditions of her country, and much to the advantage of her own beauty she wears a kimono on all important occasions. Also she loves kabuki drama and has even interested Goto in it. Her English is excellent, her tennis, good, and she sings prettily. She is a talented girl.

Young Japanese are often remarkably many-talented and their interests range widely. One gym teacher I knew was a

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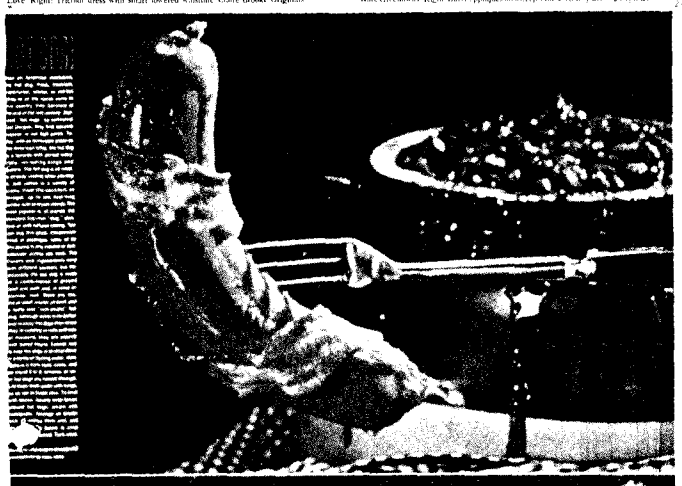
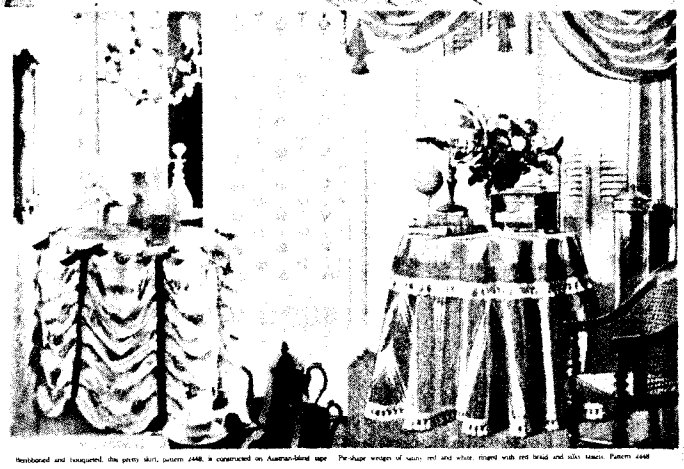
Red corduroy jumper, left, with princess pointed front, separate white blouse. Joseph Love Right: Trucker dress with smart low-cred waistline. Claire Brooke Originals.

Gold cotton pajamas, left, with high-necked camisole ... net blouse. Joan Ballew for Kate Greenaway. Right: Dacey appliqués on striped satin cocktail dress. Joseph Love

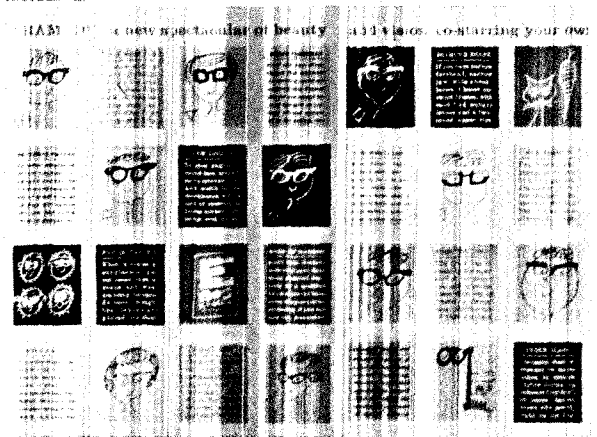
Spectacular white ... gown with a diamond-spiked ... Teina, designed by Geoffrey ... Sari print ... sleeves dress. Right, backless ... sharp-pack skirt. Oleg Cassini.

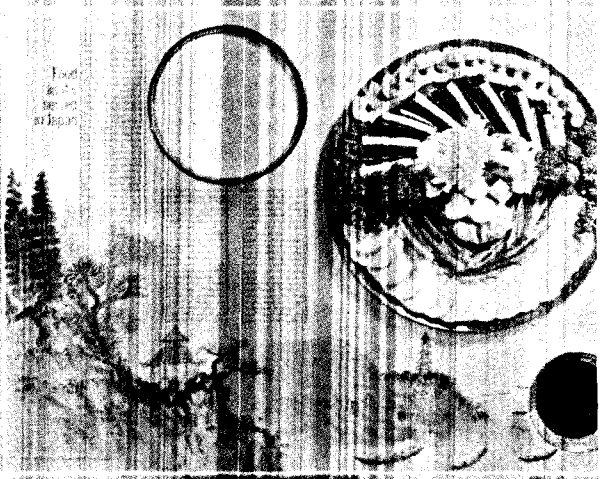
A ... Simp... ... a flowered dress, a ... flaming pink chiffon, with a ... neckline and ... shoulder panel. Pictured in Josh Replica

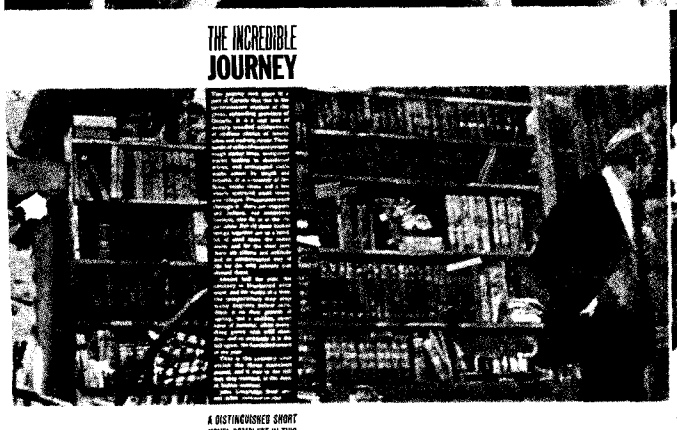




Bandeaued and banqueted, this pretty skirt, pattern 4448, is constructed on Austrian-blind tape ... Pre-shape wedges of satin, red and white, ringed with red braid and silky tassels. Pattern 4448



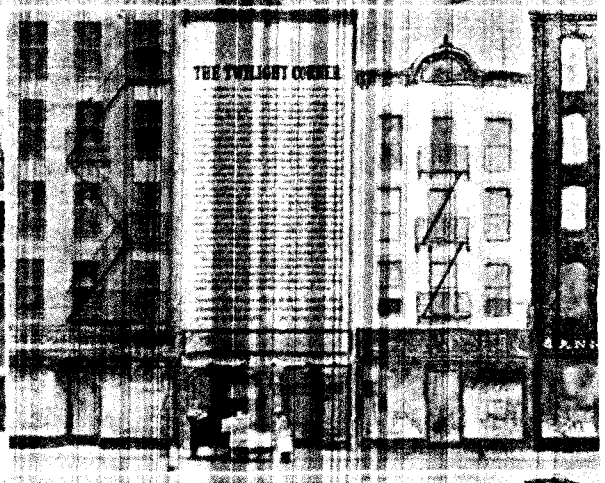


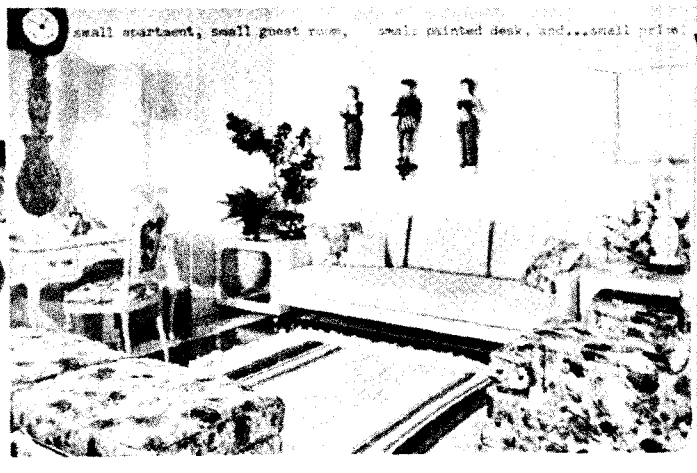


A DISTINGUISHED SHORT NOVEL COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE By Sheila Burnford

The Sargent Look: Languid, ethereal, enchantingly pale

The Gainsborough Look: Serenely natural, delicately pink





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FIRST MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN

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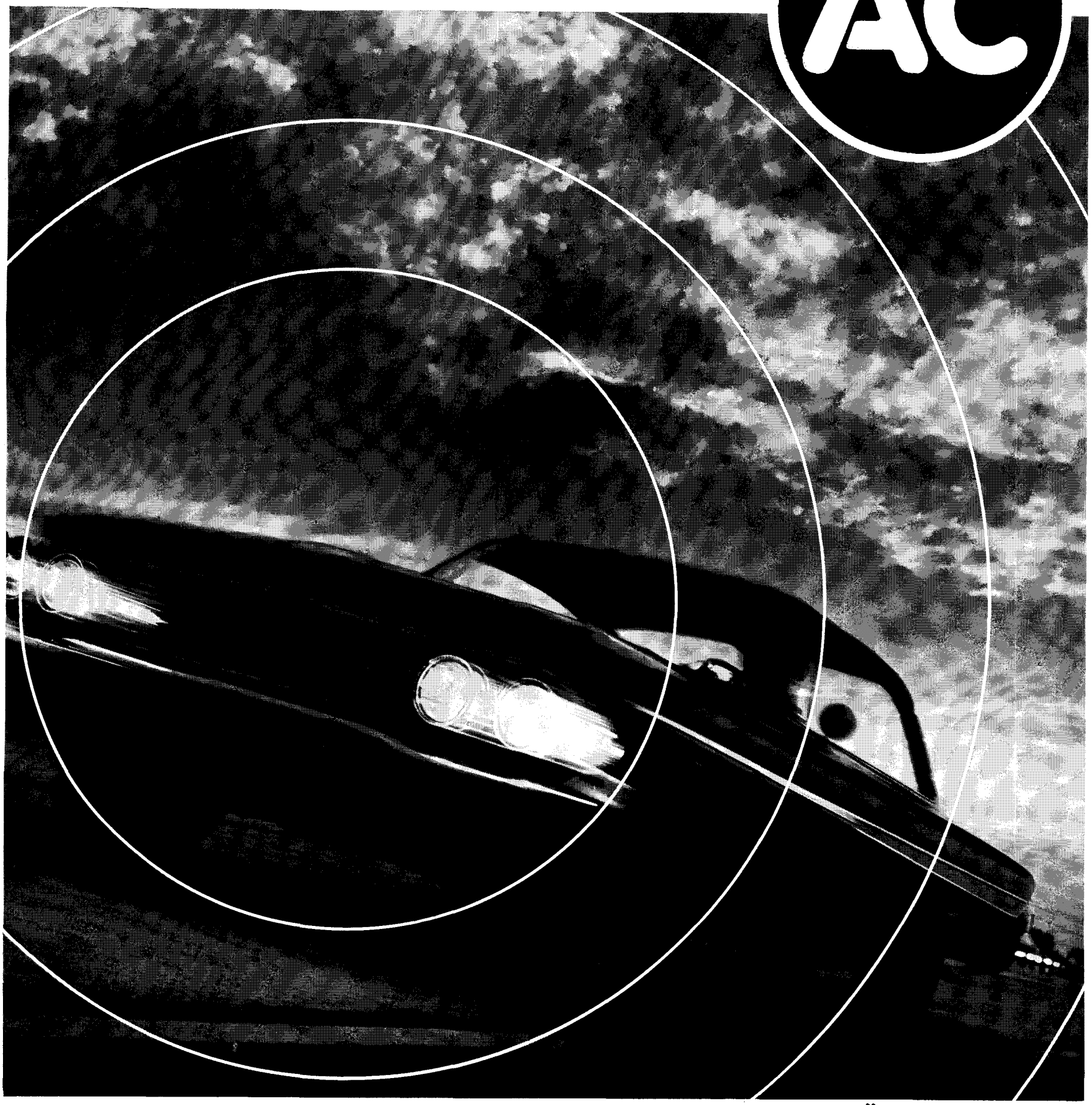

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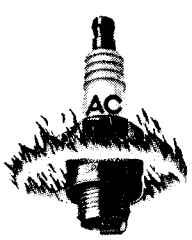

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hokku poet. Actually, men are expected to admire poetry. Most of my young friends shared the national interest in art, demonstrated most vividly last year at the National Art Treasures exhibit when more than 500,000 people in Tokyo alone plunked down the 100-yen entry fee. Most Japanese are passionate readers. Tokyo supports an amazing total of 1957 bookstores.

The different generations of Japan have more in common than is generally recognized. I never met a Japanese who wanted his country to become really much more like America. The youngsters want to be modern in their own way, not living as their parents did, certainly, but not as we do either. A case in point is Miss Ashibu. I was introduced to her by my milkman—everyone in Japan knows someone who is "dying to learn English"—and I tutored her once a week. I also was invited to her home for parties, very decorous affairs; like most Japanese girls, she is most virtuous. This virtue may be due simply to the lack of opportunity to be naughty. Miss Ashibu, sharing a one-room apartment with her brother and sister, certainly can't misbehave secretly even if she wants to. She seems content with her life, her simple pleasures and the inevitable long wait for marriage; the wait will be especially long because her "friend" is still in college.

Miss Ashibu is a pretty, modern Tokyo girl, so modern that two of my older friends tut-tut her actions. She left home in Hamamatsu, 150 miles from Tokyo, to strike off on her own in the big city. Now she meets men and talks to them easily, and she passionately believes in women in politics.

But she certainly isn't like an American girl. When her boy friend went home for New Year's vacation, she wrote him letters, all of which were intercepted by his mother. The mother then wrote Miss Ashibu a politely nasty note to the effect that her son wasn't to go around with a girl who made her own romantic arrangements. When I asked how she was going to fight the mother, she said, "I can't do anything. She is right. In Hamamatsu parents still arrange marriages. Maybe she'll change. I must wait and try to be better."

"But you haven't been bad, have you?"

"No, but I must be better. Maybe he'll come back."

Thus this modern girl, so improper by old Japanese standards, showed a patience and docility that we Americans find hard to understand. Happily the boy returned, and they have their regular dates every two weeks or so.

When Miss Ashibu is finally married and settled down with her young man, her chief pleasure will be caring for her children. At the heart of life in the finest houses, in the most squalid slums and in the enormous and popular apartment settlements mushrooming everywhere are the Japanese mother's love of and constant joy in her children. One Japanese word for wife is *kanai*, meaning "in the house," and that's where you find her. Few wives work, fewer still give hen parties, and rare is the wife who has evenings out with hubby. So women make the most of the happiness that children can bring. The fathers also dote upon their children, and many stay home, too, watching television, reading or chatting. Many others, however, are fond of gambling and drinking, and every *pachinko* house (3000 in Tokyo) jingles its merry pinball pay-off tune night and day, while bars turn out bumper crops of tipsy tipplers.

My observations apply principally to the big cities. In the country the old ways linger on, and the dream of modern-minded rural youngsters is to escape to the city. Tokyo is their goal because part of their dream is college, and most of the famous universities as well as 43 per cent of all college students are there. But Tokyo is still in many ways quite countrified and old-fashioned. The Japanese do not drop their old ways for the new unless there is good reason. Much of the old is too enjoyable. Their baths will never be like ours; their *sumo* wrestling will never be replaced by golf or baseball; and even the old marriage customs linger on. The latter point was quite vividly revealed to me once at the home of my favorite Japanese couple.

The Hatas, as I'll call them, are very modern and more outwardly affectionate than most other Japanese. Furthermore, Mrs. Hata is one of the few Japanese wives I met who would sit down and eat and talk with us men instead of scurrying about like a nervous servant. In short, the Hatas behave very much as an American couple does.

It was quite a surprise for me, therefore, when Mrs. Hata's mother, pointing out the obvious virtues of this match, proudly informed me that she had arranged the marriage. The couple had never met until their parents introduced them. Of course, each was free to accept or reject the other, but still the initial basis for their love was the wisdom of two sets of elderly, very business-minded cupids.

Japan's vigorous youth at its best is much like the Hatas—successful and very modern, but at the same time in close touch with centuries of wisdom and convention. If the young men and women of Japan prove able to combine both ancient and modern cultures, there is no limit to the fine future they may achieve.

THE END

Young women of Tokyo getting tips on Western make-up procedure at the Queen Charming Charm School.

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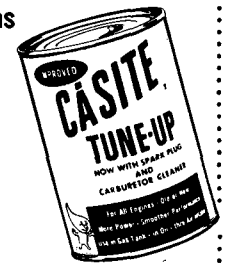

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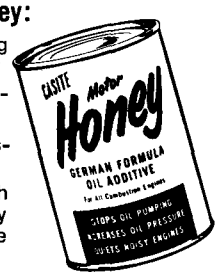

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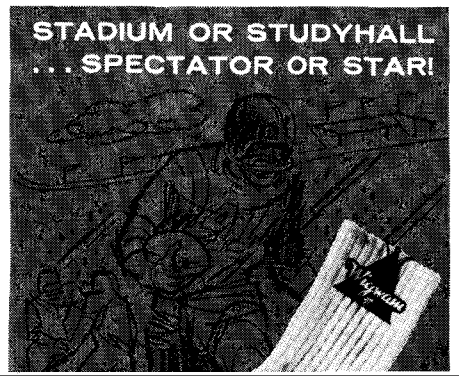

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DENTURE WEARERS
EAT

HIT AND RUN

Continued from Page 43

at him. "If that fender is bashed in, Mr. Post, it happened since I parked it there this morning."

"It has been bashed in and repaired."

"That's nonsense!"

"Why don't we go down and take a look at it?" He kept his voice low.

Wade Addams was visibly irritated. "You'd better state your business in a—a less cryptic way, Mr. Post. I certainly have more to do than go down and stare at the fender on my own car."

"Do you happen to remember that hit-and-run on Harding Avenue? Mary Berris?"

"Of course I rem——" Wade Addams suddenly stopped talking. He stared beyond Post, frowning into the distance. "Surely you can't have any idea that——" He paused again, and Post saw his throat work as he swallowed. "This is some mistake."

"Let's go down and look at the fender."

Addams told the receptionist to tell his secretary he was leaving the building for a few moments. They went down to the lot. Post pointed out the unmistakable clues. There was a gleam of perspiration on Addams's forehead and upper lip. "I never noticed this. Not at all. My gosh, you don't look this carefully at a car."

"You have no knowledge of this fender's being bashed since you've owned the car?"

"Let's go back to my office, Mr. Post."

Addams had a big corner office, impressively furnished. Once they were alone, and Addams was seated behind his desk, he seemed better able to bring himself under control.

"Why have you—picked that car?"

Post explained the logic of his search and told of the subterfuge he had used with Mrs. Addams.

"Janet would know nothing about——"

"I know that, from talking to her."

"My wife is incapable of deceit. She considers it her great social handicap," he said, trying to smile.

"You didn't kill that woman either."

"No, I——"

"We're thinking of the same thing, Mr. a fender and had it repaired on his own so he wouldn't lose his driving privilege."

"Why can't you believe that?"

"He has—changed, Mr. Post. In the last month. The teen-age years are strange, murky years, if what I remember of my own is any clue. He's a huge youngster, Mr. Post. They all seem to grow so big lately. I've had trouble with him. The normal amount. If a kid doesn't have a streak of rebellion against authority in him—authority as represented by his male parent—then he isn't worth a damn. Gary has been a sunny type, usually. Reliable. Honest. He's traveled with a nice pack of kids. He's a pretty fair athlete and a B student. His contemporaries seem to like and respect him. Here's his picture. Taken last June."

Crew cut and a broad smiling face, a pleasant, rugged-looking boy, a good-looking kid.

"He's changed. Janet and I have discussed it, and we've tried to talk to him, but he won't talk. He's sour and moody and gloomy. Off his feed. He doesn't seem interested in dates or athletics or his studies. He spends a lot of time in his room with the door closed. He grunts at us and barks at his sister. We thought it was a phase and have hoped it would end soon. We've wondered if he's in some kind of trouble that he can't or won't tell us about."

"I appreciate your being so frank, Mr. Addams."

"I can't, in my heart, believe him capable of this. But I've read about all the polite, decent, popular kids from good

Next Week . . .

A SCHOOL THAT TEACHES 3-YEAR-OLDS TO READ AND WRITE

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WHEN YOU
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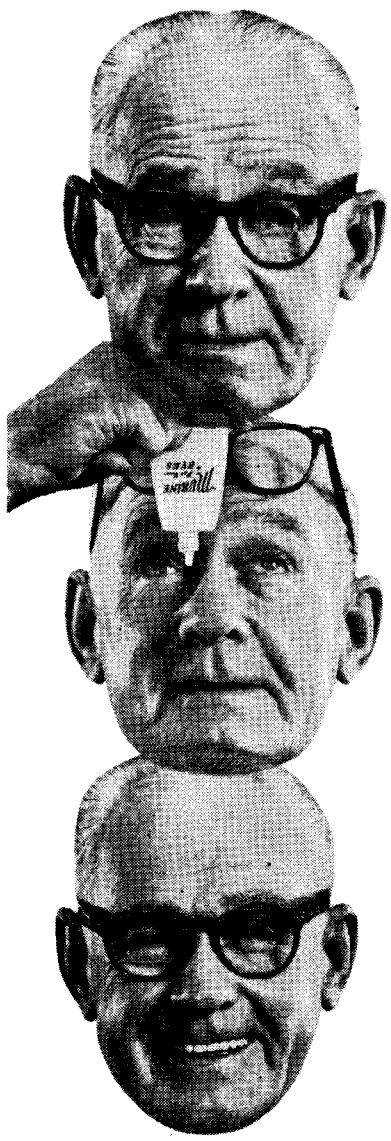

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importance, and he would appreciate their informing him and providing a place where they could talk privately.

When they arrived at the high school, they went to the administration office and were directed to a small conference room. Gary Addams was waiting for them and stood up when they came in and closed the door. He was big. He had a completely closed expression, watchful eyes.

"What's up, dad? I phoned the house to find out, but mom didn't know a thing. I guess I just got her worried."

Wade Addams said, "I was going to let Mr. Post here ask you some questions, Gary, but with his permission I think I would like to ask you myself."

Walter Post had to admire the man. The answers he would get would very probably shatter a good life and, unless the kid was one in ten thousand, his future would be ruined beyond repair. Yet Wade Addams was under control.

"Go ahead," Post said.

"You have acted strange for a month, Gary. You know that. Your mother and I have spoken to you. Now I'm desperately afraid I know what has been wrong."

"Do you?" the boy said with an almost insolent indifference.

"Will you sit down?"

"I'd just as soon stand, thanks."

Wade Addams sighed. "You'd better tell us about the front-right fender on the small car, Gary. You'd better tell us the whole thing."

Post saw the flicker of alarm in the boy's light-colored eyes as he glanced sideways at Post. He had hunted a killer, and now he felt sick at heart, as in all the times that had gone before.

"You better clue me, dad. That question is far out."

"Did you repair it yourself? Were you driving or was one of your friends driving when you hit that woman? Does that—clue you enough?" he asked bitterly.

The boy stiffened and stared at his father with a wild, naked astonishment. "No!" the boy said in an almost inaudible voice. "You couldn't possibly—you couldn't be trying to ——"

"To what? I'm ordering you to tell me about that fender."

The boy changed visibly in a way Walter Post had seen once before and would always remember. It takes a curious variety of shock to induce that look of boneless lethargy. Once, at a major fire, he had seen a man who believed his whole family had perished, had seen that man confronted by his family. There was the same look of heavy, brooding wonder.

Gary Addams slid heavily into one of the wooden armchairs at the small conference table. He looked at the scarred table and said in a dull voice, "I'll tell you about that fender. The fourteenth of September was a Sunday. You can look it up. You and mom had gone to the club. Nancy was off someplace. School started the next day. I played tennis. I got back about four in the afternoon, dad. I decided to wash the car. I hadn't washed it in two weeks, and I figured you'd start to give me a hard time about it any day. That was when I found out somebody had bashed the right fender and had it fixed since the last time I'd washed it. You wash a car, and you can spot something like that right away."

"But, Gary, you didn't say anything."

"If anybody'd been home, I'd have gone right in and asked who clobbered the fender. You know, like a joke. But there wasn't anybody home. And it—it kept coming into my mind. About that woman." Wade Addams had moved to stand beside his son. The boy looked up at him with a dull agony. "Dad, I just couldn't stop thinking about it. We always go down Harding Avenue. Our car matches the description. And if—if you or mom had bashed a fender in some kind of harmless way, you wouldn't have kept it a secret. I couldn't imagine you or mom doing such a terrible thing, but I kept thinking about it, and it got worse and worse. I thought I was going to throw up. And ever since then, I haven't known what to ——"

"Where were you on the day that woman was hit, son," Walter Post asked.

The boy frowned at him. "Where was I? Oh, a guy picked me up real early, about dawn, and a bunch of us went up to his folks' place at the lake and swam and skied all day and got back late."

Don't Miss
The Troubles of Sun-tan U.
Jerome Ellison's report about reform at the University of Miami
on page 109

Wade Addams spoke to his son in a strange voice. "Let me get this straight. For the last month, Gary, you've been living with the idea that either your mother or I could have killed that woman and driven away?" Walter Post could see how strongly the man's hand was grasping the boy's shoulder.

"But nobody else ever drives the car!" the boy cried. "Nobody else."

Walter Post watched Wade Addams's face and saw the fierce indignation of the falsely accused change to a sudden understanding of what the boy had been enduring. In a trembling voice Wade Addams said, "We didn't do it, boy. Neither of us. Not one of the three of us. Believe me, son. You can come out of your nightmare. You can come home again."

When the boy began to cry, to sob in the hoarse clumsy way of the man-child years, Walter Post stepped quietly out into the corridor and closed the door and leaned against the wall and smoked a cigarette, tasting his own gladness, a depth of satisfaction he had never before experienced in this deadly occupation. It made him yearn for some kind of work where this could happen more often. And he now knew the probable answer to the killing.

When Addams and his son came out of the room, they had an identical look of pride and exhaustion. The boy shook hands with Post and went back to class.

"Now we go to your house and talk to your wife," Walter Post said. "We were too quick to think it was the boy. We should have talked to her first."

"I'm glad we did it just this way, Mr. Post. Very glad. About the car. I think now I can guess what ——"

"Let's let your wife confirm it."

At 3:30 that afternoon Walter Post sat in the small office of Stewart Partchman, owner of Partchman Motors. With him were Partchman and a redheaded service manager named Finnigan and a mechanic named Dawes.

Finnigan was saying, "The reason I didn't let Thompson go, Mr. Partchman, is that he's always been a reliable little guy, and this is the first time he goofs. Dawes drove him out there to bring back the Addams job, around nine o'clock, and figured Thompson was following him right on back into town, and Thompson doesn't show up with the car until after lunch. He had some story about his wife being sick and stopping by his house to see how she was."

Partchman said angrily, "So it gave him time to take it someplace and hammer that fender out, then come back here and sneak the headlamp and chrome ring out of stock and get some paint onto it."

"It was in for a tune-up," Finnigan said, looking at the service sheet on the job, "new muffl-r, lube and oil change. It got in so late we couldn't deliver it back out there until the next day. I remember apologizing to Mrs. Addams over the phone. I didn't tell her why it was late. She was pretty decent about it."

The mechanic said, "Tommy has been jumpy lately. He's been making mistakes."

"How do you want to handle it?" Partchman asked Walter Post.

"Bring him in here right now, and everybody stay here and keep quiet and let me do the talking," Post said wearily.

Thompson was brought in, small, pallid, worried. His restless eyes kept glancing quickly at Post. Post let the silence become long and heavy after Thompson asked what was wanted of him. At last he said, "How did you feel during those three days, while you were wondering whether she was going to die?"

Thompson stared at him and moistened his lips. He started twice to speak. The tears began to run down his smudged cheeks. "I felt terrible," he whispered. "I felt just plain terrible." And he ground his fists into his eyes like a guilty child.

Walter Post took him in and turned him over to the experts from the Homicide Section and accomplished his share of the paperwork. He was home by six o'clock. He told Carolyn about it that evening, when he was lethargic with emotional reaction to the case. He talked to her about trying to get into some other line of investigatory work and tried to explain his reasons to her.

But they woke him up at three in the morning and told him to go out to River Road. He got there before the lab truck. He squatted in a floodlighted ditch and looked at the broken old body of a bearded vagrant and at the smear of green automotive enamel ground into the fabric of a shabby coat. He straightened up slowly, bemused by his own ready acceptance of the fact it was not yet time to leave this work. Somebody was driving in a personal terror through the misty night, in a car so significantly damaged it would wear—for Walter Post—the signs and stains of a sudden murder. THE END

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BAND-TAILED PIGEONS in a Douglas fir, left as a natural seed source on a Weyerhaeuser tree farm. In the autumn, wind-borne seeds scatter across recently harvested lands near by. To speed reforestation, such lands are often seeded by helicopter or, if necessary, hand-planted.

Clemons Tree Farm . . . turning point in American forestry

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Twenty years ago Weyerhaeuser's Clemons property was designated as a *tree farm*, the nation's first. The event marked a new concept in forestry. Never before had a private tract of land been publicly defined as an area devoted to perpetual production of wood.

The idea stimulated nationwide interest and a formal tree farm program soon was organized under forest industry sponsorship. In the few years since, 20 thousand tree farms comprising 55 million acres already have been certified by their private owners.

Although primarily intended to assure an endless flow of forest products for present and future generations, tree farming has many other benefits. Weyerhaeuser lands, for example, afford a bounteous supply of water, recreation, wildlife and other values. All are being perpetuated by modern techniques of careful forest management.

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an open invitation to

floor stampers &

wall thumpers &

closet checkers

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Visit a Post Blue Ribbon Home during National Home Week!

During the next few weeks, and especially during National Home Week, September 23 - October 1, these *Blue Ribbon* Quality Home Builders in your area cordially invite you and your family to step inside and look over their newest models.

You can poke, pry, and browse to your heart's content . . . see all sorts of new ideas and fascinating floor plans at firsthand! And if you're thinking about a new home, now's a great time to choose just the one that suits you best from every angle. There'll be hundreds of different models on display.

The Saturday Evening Post salutes the *Blue Ribbon* Quality Home Builders listed on this page. They have a reputation they're proud to show with each new home they build. And one of the ways they earn that reputation is by building and equipping their homes from cellar to chimney cap with many of the famous-name products you've seen advertised in these pages week after week.

The welcome mat is out; drive up to the door and see for yourself during National Home Week. Here's a list of leading *Blue Ribbon* builders—select the one nearest you and plan your visit today.

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Desert Star Homes

Arizona—Scottsdale
Young Const. Co.
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Longview Terrace

California—Anaheim
Butler-Harbour Const. Co.
Influential Homes

California—Dana Point
Butler-Harbour Const. Co.
Dana Point Knolls

California—Lafayette
Marchant Development Co., Inc.
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California—Oceanside
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California—Rohnert Park/Cotati
Sonoma Dev. Corp.
Cal Rose Homes

California—Sacramento
Lewis & Bristow Bldrs.
Wilhaggin East

California—San Bernardino
Butler-Harbour Const. Co.
Influential Homes

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The Saturday Evening POST

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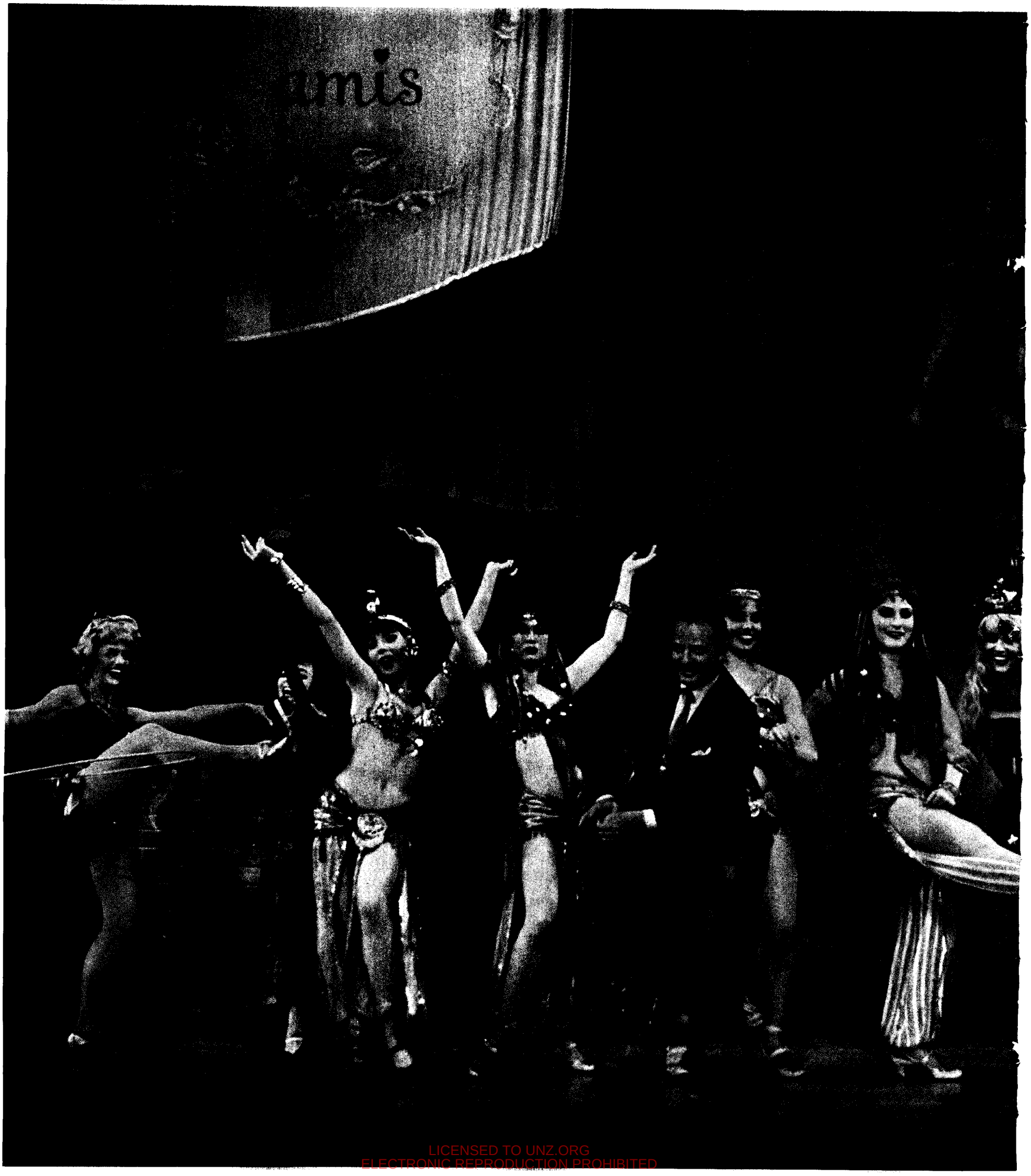
Method in His Meanness

GIGLI



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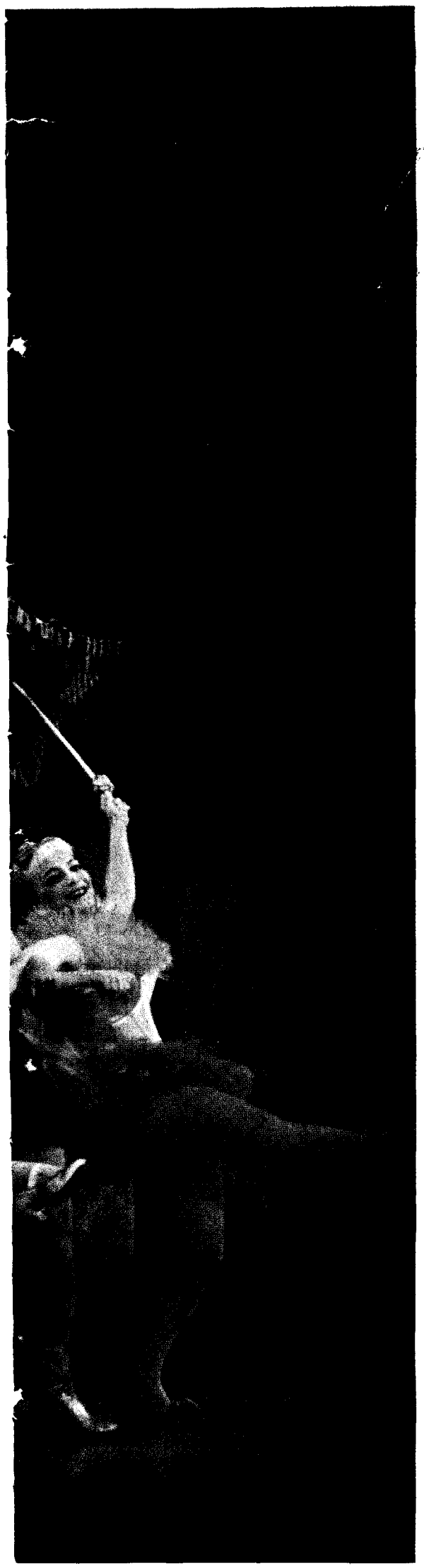
By John Kobler

The producer of CARNIVAL and IRMA LA DOUCE loves to cast himself as a public ogre.



According to a Broadway legend, if David Merrick, a former St. Louis lawyer who has achieved stupendous success as a theatrical producer, were to flip a cigarette out of his office window, it would fall on somebody who longs to punch him in the nose. The characterizations of Merrick with which Broadway wags have embellished this legend include, to quote only a few, "the Abominable Showman," "Iago in modern dress," "Typhoid David," "a mouse trying to be a rat, but he'll never make it."

Says David Susskind, the TV interlocutor, "If ends justify means, then he's the greatest product of our times."

At a gathering of playwrights following the opening of Merrick's musical hit, *Carnival*, Howard Lindsay addressed his colleagues as follows: "I am very happy it's a hit, because a hit is always good for the theater—in spite of the fact Merrick produced it."

The hypothetical cigarette that would allegedly strike some Merrick hater would probably land near some theater housing a Merrick production. For within a stone's throw of his West 44th Street office no fewer than four marquees proclaim: DAVID MERRICK PRESENTS. Last season nearly 10 per cent of all the working members of Actors Equity were simultaneously employed by Merrick, and about the same percentage of the local stagehands' union. Most producers count themselves lucky if they can launch even one new show every season. Kermit Bloomgarden, Merrick's closest runner-up in quantity, though in quality his superior (Arthur Miller's *The Crucible*, Ketti Frings' *Look Homeward, Angel*, Lillian Hellman's *Toys in the Attic*), has never attempted more than two a season. Herman Levin, who produced *My Fair Lady* five years ago, has ventured nothing since.

Besides five shows on Broadway last spring, Merrick had two on the road, one in rehearsal and eight under consideration for production by 1963. In the seven years since he burst out of obscurity he has mounted twenty-one shows all told, a prolificity unsurpassed in Broadway history. He bows in this season with *Sunday in New York*, a farce by Norman Krasna. Five other shows are to follow.

"I'm rolling a hot pair of dice," Merrick recently remarked. He understated the case. Of his 1960-61 productions only *A Taste of Honey*, a deeply moving play about a love-starved Lancashire waif by a nineteen-year-old novice, Shelagh Delaney, earned merely respectable profits. *Becket*, a stylish retelling of Thomas à Becket's martyrdom by the brilliant French playwright Jean Anouilh, starring Sir Laurence Olivier, fared somewhat better. The rest, musicals all—*Irma la Douce*, now entering its second year; *Do Re Mi*, which opened last winter; and *Carnival*, which opened last spring—were bonanzas. In fact, only four of Merrick's twenty-one productions have failed to return their backers' investment. Two broke even. The others have yielded gross profits totaling close to $50,000,000—and Merrick expects to gross $15,000,000 more on the road and from film rights.

Last season, kudos as well as coin rained down upon the Merrick empire. The New York Drama Critics' Circle voted *A Taste of Honey* the best foreign play and *Carnival* the best musical. *Becket* won four of the American Theatre Wing's annual Tonys, equivalent to Hollywood's Oscars, for the most distinguished playwriting, costumes, sets and staging. Another Tony went to the star of *A Taste of Honey*, Joan Plowright—in private life the second Lady Olivier—as the best dramatic actress and another to Elizabeth Seal of *Irma la Douce* as the best musical-comedy actress. Upon Merrick himself the Wing bestowed a special award "in recognition of a fabulous production record over the past seven years." The gesture prompted Producer Bloomgarden, a member of the Wing's board of directors, to resign.

Merrick's legendary capacity for arousing hostility and his dazzling professional triumphs partly explain each other. Though it pains him to be called the Abominable Showman, he himself diligently fosters the legend for its publicity value, if indeed he did not create it. A tub-thumper who would have shamed Barnum, he shrinks from no flummery that may draw attention to his shows. Tongue in cheek, he once told a reporter who asked him why he was reputed to be so mean, "Because I *am* mean. What else?"

Broadway producers today are on the whole a cautious, colorless lot. There is no successor to David Belasco or Florenz Ziegfeld, whose natural flamboyance generated almost as much excitement as the spectacles they staged. Merrick, certainly, exerts no such magic. But by words and deeds calculated to shock, by projecting an image of himself as an ogre, he keeps himself newsworthy. His is one of the few producer's names familiar outside the theatrical community. Peter Ustinov, the English actor-playwright whose *Romanoff and Juliet* Merrick brought to Broadway, observes, "The cruelest thing anybody could do to Merrick would be to spread the rumor that he's not really a monster."

The Merrick mien and manner lend credence to his fearsome reputation. Cold blue eyes and a piercing glance, sleek black hair, heavy black eyebrows and thin black mustache suggest the villain of old-time melodrama, scoffing as he lashes the heroine to the railroad track. Merrick's normal conversational tone is languid and world-weary, concealing inner fires. His lips barely part, his voice sometimes drops so low that his listeners have to lean forward. Standing a slender five feet eleven, and weighing 170 pounds, he wears clothes as conservative as a banker's. He is forty-nine, five years older than he used to admit before a reporter exposed the awful truth. But he does not look his age, and women considerably younger find him appealing.

In his social behavior Merrick is formal to the point of stuffiness. The few close friends whom he encourages to address him by his first name call him, unless they care to incur his displeasure, David; never Dave. On festive occasions, such as opening nights, he is capable of downing half a dozen extra-dry Martinis before dinner without visible effect, and he scorns less sturdy drinkers. Slow to smile, taciturn, wielding a powder-dry wit, he appears to view the world with suspicion and defiance. Backstage he goes by the sobriquet of "the Undertaker." But now and then the

Broadway producer David Merrick at a rehearsal of his current hit musical, *Carnival*.

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lugubrious mask slips, betraying, if not precisely a melting warmth, at least a hint that beneath the flinty exterior there may beat a human heart. In reality, despite his brassy public performance, Merrick is shy and sensitive, a man eager to be liked.

A favorite ploy of Merrick the headline-hunter is the outrageous generality, which he is too intelligent to believe himself, but which kicks up the kind of *brouhaha* press agents and gossip columnists thrive on. Of his fellow producers he once declared, "They're all incompetent." Of drama critics, some of whom he has barred from his first nights, "Ignorant hacks. They've liked three out of four of my shows. So they've been wrong 25 per cent of the time." Of actors, whose company actually enchants him, "I think of them as unruly children."

He complained to Hollywood columnist Sheilah Graham, who helpfully published his comments, that the New York *Herald Tribune*'s erudite and respected critic, Walter Kerr, merely echoed his wife's judgments. "There she is, nudging him," he claimed. "I know what she's saying, because my friends are sitting next to them, and her views coincide with his reviews."

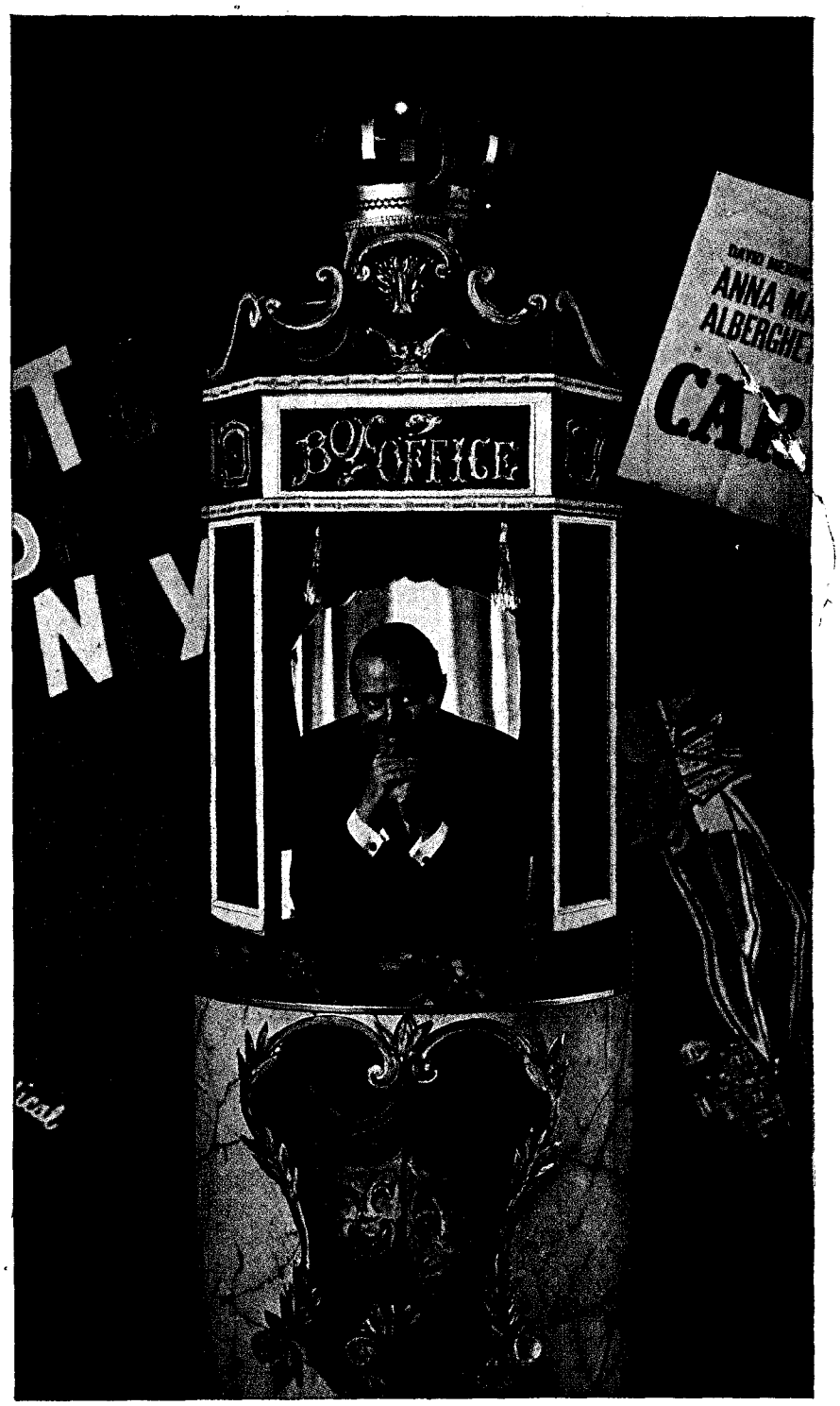
Professional honor demanded a rejoinder, and Kerr delivered a witty one on the front page of the *Tribune*'s Sunday amusement section. "She does nudge me, nudges me all the time. And do you know why? She likes me, that crazy girl. Surely, Mr. Merrick, someone, somewhere, has liked you well enough to give you a little dig in the elbow. No? Ah, well."

Merrick's enemies exulted; Kerr, they felt, had made a fool of him. But they missed the point. In support of his rebuttal Kerr had to praise the shows he liked. Which, of course, was the trap Merrick had set for him.

Chortling wickedly, Merrick went on to bait *The New York Times*'s Howard Taubman, as he had baited Taubman's distinguished predecessor, Brooks Atkinson. "Taubman," he jeered, "needs vocational guidance." The *Times* ignored him.

Merrick later managed to perpetrate a hoax through the pages of that sedate publication which enraged the producing fraternity. In an ad imitating the *Times*'s regular daily theater directory he listed the six shows he then had on Broadway. Prospective theatergoers who did not look further might have assumed no others existed. The ad ran a week before anguished outcries by members of the League of New York Theatres, comprising owners, operators and producers, caused the ad to be withdrawn.

League members nurse many another grievance against this relative newcomer to their ranks. They have never forgiven him for what they consider his betrayal of a common cause. With commuters in mind, the producers had all agreed, at the outset of the 1960–61 season, to an experimental 7:30 curtain on Wednesday nights. The plan took effect on September seventh and was to be tested through the winter. On October seventh, without warning his colleagues, Merrick announced that he was restoring the later curtain. Broadway resounded with imprecations. "Dirty pool! . . . A double-cross! . . . He never gave it a fair trial. . . . He should at least have talked it over." Gratified by the tumult, which landed his name in headlines, Merrick explained, "I'm not in a popularity contest. I was losing money; we all were. You can't change people's eating habits and rush them to the theater early." Lacking the support of Broadway's most prolific producer, the experiment collapsed.



"I'm interested in theater in the black," says Merrick. During the past seven years, fifteen of his productions have grossed a total of $50,000,000.

"Shocking" is Richard Rodgers' word for the stunt Merrick contrived the night the Rodgers-Hammerstein musical about Chinese-Americans, *The Flower Drum Song*, opened. Across the street Merrick's quasi-Oriental *The World of Suzie Wong* was thriving despite murderous reviews. As the first-nighters arrived, they beheld sandwich men picketing the theater between signboards proclaiming: "The only authentic Chinese play in New York is *The World of Suzie Wong*."

By Merrick's standards the stunt was restrained. In pursuit of publicity he has risked arrest, physical injury and the stigma of crass vulgarity. To promote *Irma la Douce*, a racy tale of the Paris underworld, he turned loose another crew of sandwich men lugging replicas of a Paris *pissoir*. In defiance of a municipal edict against sky advertising over Jones Beach, he hired a pilot to tow a streamer bearing the title of his first hit, *Fanny*. The pilot was fined fifty dollars. "I hoped he would be," says Merrick. "Otherwise we'd never have got into the papers."

For Thornton Wilder's *The Matchmaker* he installed a monkey at the wheel of a trick taxicab that could be driven by hidden controls from the rear. A sign on the cab read: I AM DRIVING MY MASTER TO SEE THE MATCHMAKER.

Merrick is frequently abetted in his antics by James Stirling Moran, possibly the world's most uninhibited press agent, who has promoted various products by such buffoonery as sitting on an ostrich egg until it hatched and leading a bull into a china shop. It was Moran who concocted a flimflam that brought salvation to a limping Merrick production. "We planned it like a bank robbery," Moran says. The play was *Look Back in Anger* by England's John Osborne. Four months after it opened in October, 1957, audiences became so skimpy that most producers would have closed it. Not Merrick.

The hero of *Look Back*, played by Kenneth Haigh, is a noisy misogynist who hurls insults at his wife, mother-in-law and mistress. One night, as Haigh wound up an abusive tirade, a young woman in the audience, later identified as a Miss Joyce Greller, leaped over the footlights screeching, "I've just been through a love affair—men are all alike," and fetched him a sharp clip on the cheek. Down came the curtain. The management called the police. But the police were so touched by the distraught woman that they comforted her and drove her home. "She overdid it," Moran recalls. "I'd told her, 'Be sure to get yourself in jail.'"

Swallowing the fraud whole, the press gave it front-page coverage. Not until three weeks later did they learn that Moran had paid Miss Greller $250. *Look Back*, meanwhile, picked up steam. It ran seven more months on Broadway and eight on the road. Unimpressed by the charges of wretched taste leveled against him, Merrick said to a Sunday *Times* reporter, "Who was irked? A few other producers and some newspapermen? You rob the same bank four or five times and people are bound to be furious."

For a man as sensitive to criticism as Merrick the role of monsterhood is not easy to sustain, and in unguarded moments he tends to spoil the effect. Negro stagehands, for example, had always found it almost impossible to land jobs on Broadway. In 1957, when Merrick decided to produce *Jamaica*, a musical with a predominantly Negro cast, he asked the local stagehands' union to provide at least five Negroes among the thirty-one stagehands he required. The union officers complied only after he threatened to abandon the production and make a public issue of union segregation. He has employed Negro stagehands ever since. His stage manager is a Negro.

Even Merrick's bitterest foes do not question his financial integrity or the value of his word. Moran, the demon press agent, worked five years for him without a contract. People on his production staff claim there is no producer they would rather work for. "Sure he's tough," a member of his stage crew admits. "Broadway is a jungle and you need sharp claws to survive. But if you know your job, he respects you and gives you a free hand. He's generous, too, always digging down to help somebody who's short of cash, and it embarrasses the hell out of him if you try to thank him." A few months ago, upon hearing that ill luck had beset a former coproducer for whom he bears no vast affection, Merrick offered him a loan of $10,000.

The tough image crumbles further when certain leading Broadway figures discuss Merrick. "Thank God, he's stagestruck," says Harold Rome, the composer of the *Fanny* score. "The theater needs him." Garson Kanin, who wrote the book for *Do Re Mi*, says, "I revere the guy. He keeps the theater alive in a day when the chances against bringing in a hit are a hundred to one."

The youngest of five children, Merrick was born, to a barely solvent haberdasher named Margulois. (He changed his name after he reached Broadway.) He was not yet thirteen when his parents were divorced and he went to live with a married sister. The first show he ever saw—a road-company operetta—shortly after he began his elementary schooling, kindled in his breast a passion for the theatrical arts that remained his solace and his despair through all the St. Louis years. At Central High School, then at Washington University, one of his extracurricular activities was acting in little-theater productions.

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"I was not very good," he recalls. At Washington University, however, he placed second in a playwrighting contest. Among the also-rans was a fellow student by the name of Tennessee Williams. "Which shows," says Merrick, "how much the judges knew about plays."

A scholarship plus assorted odd jobs, including selling ladies' hats, enabled him to attend Washington University and later St. Louis University, where he studied law. The law as such held meager charms for Merrick, but he reasoned that it should prove useful in any career. He was right. No producer has a keener sense of contractual nuances. The year he was graduated from law school, 1937, he married a fellow student, Leonore Beck. They were separated in 1958.

With no theatrical prospects beckoning, Merrick listlessly practiced law in St. Louis. At every opportunity he skipped off to New York on theater-going orgies, and he read theatrical periodicals zealously. The man to watch on Broadway, Merrick concluded, was the producer-director Herman Shumlin. When he learned that Shumlin had acquired *The Male Animal* by James Thurber and Elliott Nugent, he walked into his office with $5000 to invest. A smash hit, the play tripled his money. David Margulois was lost forever to St. Louis.

An ulcer kept Merrick out of the Army. But evidently the theater was therapeutic, for the ailment disappeared. "I don't get ulcers any more," he says. "I give 'em."

After a highly educational four years as associate producer of a couple of clinkers, operator of a summer-resort theater and general manager to Shumlin—without pay—Merrick met two equally stagestruck New Yorkers, Max Brown, a manufacturer of essential oils and real-estate investor, and Byron Goldman, a clothing magnate. Both were prepared to back him and a coproducer in a comedy entitled *Clutterbuck*. The venture earned no money, but neither did it lose any, thanks to Merrick's relentless exploitation of such devices as having "Mr. Clutterbuck" paged in hotel lobbies and plastering the town with doggerel—"There's a hit that's hot upon our stage, It has no plot but the passions rage."

Five years elapsed before Merrick could find any playwright of note willing to confide his brain child to a producer so obscure. The first trusting author he found was the illustrious Marcel Pagnol, whose trilogy about a Marseille waterfront family, *Marius*, *Fanny* and *César*, impressed Merrick as magnificent musical-comedy material. Despite bad reviews, *Fanny* prospered. Again a massive dosage of ballyhoo turned the trick. The name *Fanny* broke out like measles on subway and taxicab posters, moving signs in Grand Central and Pennsylvania Station, the daily bulletins of ocean liners, hotel ash trays, in the skies.

The ostrich that Moran had hatched years before was rechristened *Fanny* and exhibited all over town. When Moran and Merrick transported the creature in an ad-emblazoned trailer from its home, a New England animal farm, they drove down the Merritt Parkway, which is forbidden to commercial traffic. A state trooper ordered them off.

"Why didn't you give him an argument?" Merrick asked his companion reprovingly. "We might have been jailed and made headlines." *Fanny* racked up 888 performances and grossed $7,500,000.

Among *Fanny*'s twenty angels were Brown and Goldman. They each invested $27,500, and they let their winnings ride, occasionally adding to them, on subsequent Merrick enterprises. Each could pull out today with half a million.

No serious student of the theater would argue that Merrick has notably elevated Broadway's artistic standards. By and large the quality of Merrick's offerings have ranged from the meretricious, like *Suzie Wong*, a brothel variant of *Madam Butterfly*, to slick flashy musicals like *Gypsy*, based on the autobiography of strip-teaser Gypsy Rose Lee. Many others have been importations of hits already established abroad. None have introduced fresh, exciting writing talent.

"I believe in selling the theater like tooth paste," Merrick admits. "You've heard of theater in the round and theater in the square. Well, I'm interested in theater in the black."

Yet a craving for personal prestige sometimes tempts him into ventures with slim box-office potentiality. When he had to close Gian Carlo Menotti's opera, *Maria Golovin* after five performances, he growled, "To hell with art." But art continues to lure him, and the success of *Becket* and *A Taste of Honey* indicates that virtue does not always go unrewarded.

Merrick is no millionaire, partly because taxes and labor costs leave little scope for amassing millions on Broadway, partly because he plows profits back into new productions. Though he can still afford a good many luxuries, he eschews them. When he was living with his wife, they occupied two hotel rooms. Now he lives in a small East Side apartment, comfortable enough, but barren of fancy decorative touches. He gives few parties. He owns no car. He flies economy class. "What would my backers think if I spent a lot of money on myself?"

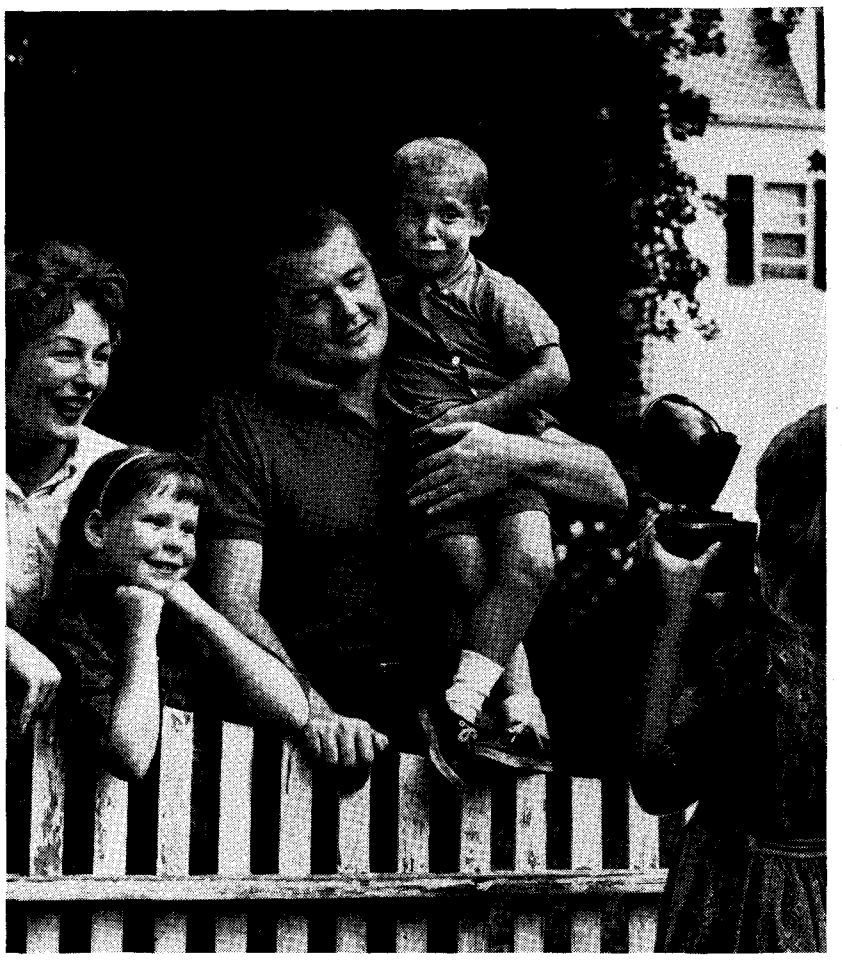
Never knowing when he may want to dash to the scene of a promising foreign tryout before some competitor snatches the rights, he always keeps his passport at hand. Last spring when the producer of *Oliver!*, a musical adaptation of *Oliver Twist* now captivating London audiences, cabled him that it looked like a hit, Merrick was on the wing the same afternoon. Broadway will see *Oliver!* under his aegis next spring. Business negotiations that Merrick begins in New York he is likely to resume next day—by transatlantic phone from London or Paris.

What social life, if any, Merrick enjoys after his frenetic working day, usually lasting sixteen hours, is a Broadway mystery, for he guards his privacy well. Of his office staff, only his secretary and business manager know his address and phone number. Friends of years' standing have never set foot in his apartment. When a press agent mentioned the possibility of getting him on Edward R. Murrow's *Person-to-Person* TV program, wherein Murrow interviewed celebrities at home, Merrick said, "Fine, if I can borrow an apartment. I'm not exposing mine to outsiders."

Among the shows Merrick may soon produce is a musical version of Jerome Weidman's famous, corrosive novel about the garment district, *I Can Get it for You Wholesale*. The hero, Harry Bogen, is perhaps the most complete heel in modern American literature, conniving, predatory, cold-hearted.

"You know," Merrick remarked with a grin of self-mockery after Weidman described his proposed treatment of the novel to a group of potential backers, "Bogen sounds like me, doesn't he?"

THE END



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Look back at how rapidly the automotive market has changed in the past three years. One of the few dependable factors during this turbulent period was the new car buying pattern of the more than 900,000 families who read Holiday Magazine. An average 31% of Holiday families annually bought a new car, and, of these, 14% bought two or more: a buying rate more than twice the national average.* In fact there are more multiple-car families than one-car families in the Holiday Audience. In any kind of year, Holiday is the best new-car, two-car market!
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The President at his desk. Alsop gives Mr. Kennedy a low grade in Foreign Affairs. Main reason: Cuba.

HOW'S KENNEDY DOING? *Continued from Page 45*

in the Kennedy inner circle explains this mysterious phenomenon thus:

"The trouble with Jack was that he seemed too perfect, and perfection is inhuman. Caroline and Jackie helped, of course, but what really made him human was Cuba. When he made a big mistake and admitted it, a lot of people really began to like him for the first time."

All this may change. As Mr. Dooley remarked, the American people build their triumphal arches of brick to have something handy to throw at their heroes. But for the moment, as the Republican pros will tell you—"but don't quote me"—Kennedy looks unbeatable.

"Think of last year and look at him now," says one of them. "A lot of people voted against him because of religion—but now everybody knows the Pope hasn't moved into the spare room at the White House. Youth—but he'll be no spring chicken in 1964. Inexperience—but how can you call a man who's been President for four years inexperienced? So what *are* we going to use against him?"

No doubt time will provide the answer to that question, since time has a way of providing the opposition with sticks with which to beat a President. But at the moment, if you were marking up the report card for the first Kennedy semester, you would have to give pupil Kennedy an A-plus in Politics. You might give him an A-minus in The Economy—the recession has been reversed and the gold outflow stopped, whether by luck or good management. And you would have to give him a solid B in Domestic Legislation.

Kennedy has had his troubles on Capitol Hill, notably with the school bill and farm legislation. But his astute congressional liaison chief, Larry O'Brien, claims that Congress has turned out more major legislation than at any time since the New Deal years, and he can prove it, at least statistically. Oddly enough, although Congress has been churning out legislation as efficiently as a sausage factory turning out sausages, it has not been much more interesting than a sausage factory.

One reason is that the whole operation has been so smooth, and smooth operations lack drama. Kennedy's chief lieutenants on the Hill are all old pros—O'Brien, Speaker Rayburn, Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, who has done a quietly brilliant job and, behind the scenes but not very much behind them, Vice President Johnson. For that matter, Kennedy is an old pro himself—no President in our history has known so well from personal experience how both Houses of Congress really work.

Kennedy is a masterful user of that vital political instrument, the telephone. A key congressman will pick up the telephone to hear the flat familiar accent. A quiet chat, a bit of gossip, a final "great job you're doing," and that is all. Kennedy rarely indulges in arm twisting, but a one-minute call can be an invaluable investment in good will. The Kennedy technique works with Republicans too. Mutterings are heard in partisan Republican circles: "Jack Kennedy's got Ev Dirksen wooed, tattooed and subdued."

These unkind mutters suggest another reason why the Congress has been dull. The kind of passionate opposition that made Capitol Hill a lively place in the days of Robert A. Taft is now all gone. This is not really because the President has hypnotized the minority leader. It is because, on most of the domestic issues which used to divide the parties, a largely unacknowledged national consensus has

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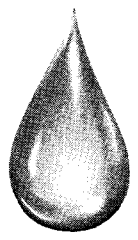

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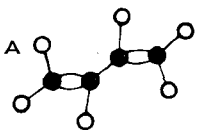

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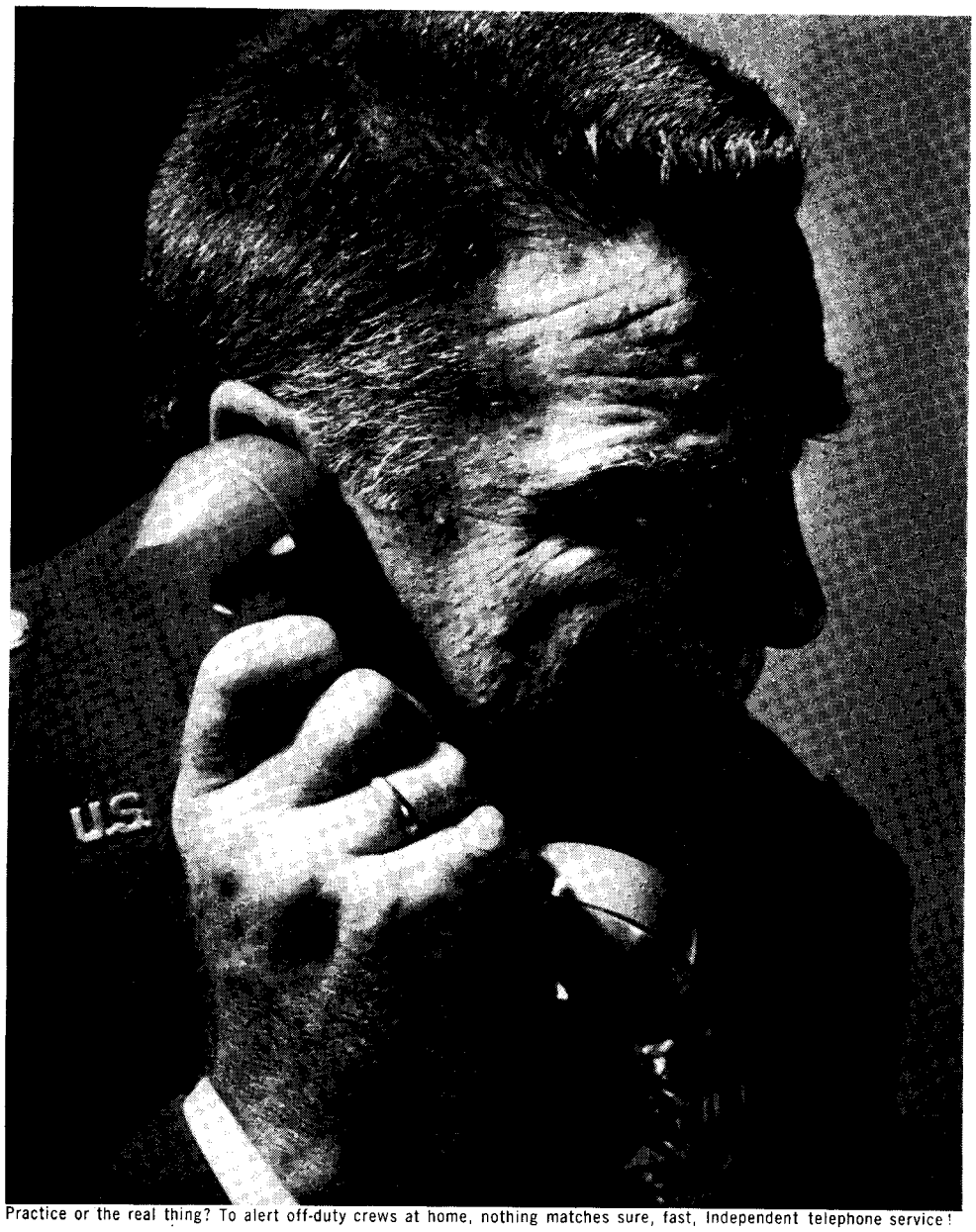

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You may think only of wheat and corn and cattle when Nebraska and its capital city are mentioned. Well, take another look! New industrial plants encircle the city. The Interstate Highway System to Omaha is already in use. Nearby rises the first nuclear power plant on the prairie. And the U. S. Air Force, long one of Lincoln's big businesses, is preparing to complement men and jet engines with a multi-million dollar Atlas missile complex. All of this means thousands of new families (Lincoln's population jumped 30% in the 1960 census) and ever-increasing demands upon the independently owned and managed Lincoln Telephone and Telegraph Company. The demands are being answered! Since 1953, this Independent has doubled its investment to $62 million, increased phones in service to 150,000—one-fourth of Nebraska's total. Each year, the company completes 7 million toll messages, many through Direct Distance Dialing. And all its phones will have nationwide DDD by 1966. Staying ahead is almost a creed with Lincoln Telephone and Telegraph. This pioneer Independent was the first telephone company in Nebraska (there are 117 serving the State) to offer dial telephones, operator toll dialing, direct distance dialing, and mobile radio telephone service. Think of Lincoln Telephone and Telegraph as part of an even greater industry. It is one of 3,300 Independent telephone companies. Together, they have a $4 billion plant serving 11,000 communities from the Florida Keys to Alaska . . . to help you reach all America. Growing with America and helping America grow. That's the story of Independent telephones. Facts about this vigorous industry are reported in "An American Story." For your free copy, write: Dept. 99, U. S. Independent Telephone Association, 438 Pennsylvania Bldg., Washington 4, D. C.

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been reached. The difference between the parties is measured by the difference between a $1.25 minimum wage, and a $1.15 minimum wage, where it was once measured by the difference between a minimum-wage law and none at all. The fact is that, despite such black spots as unemployment, the majority of Americans have never had it so good, and in this situation no sensible politician wants to kick up much of a fuss.

There are other reasons why the national spotlight has shifted from Capitol Hill to downtown Washington. The Capitol Hill faces are old and familiar, while the cast of characters downtown is almost all new, and the actors are interesting people. There is now even—one uses the word with hesitation, for it has a musty flavor—a certain elegance in downtown Washington. The place is positively lousy with brilliant conversationalists, people like the triumvirate of White House intellectuals, Bundy, Rostow and Schlesinger. And the President and his wife are surely the most elegant couple to occupy the President's House—in a very long time.

But the real reason why the focus of interest has moved downtown is that downtown is where history is being made. The fact that big new housing and highway bills were passed under the new Administration will be duly recorded in the history books—probably in footnotes. But the books themselves will be about such matters as Cuba, the Congo, Laos—and Berlin. And it is more than ever in downtown Washington, above all in the White House, that the basic decisions in such matters are made.

No doubt the history books will render fair judgment on the Kennedy Administration's handling of such matters in its first months. Any current judgment is affected by the political prejudices of the self-appointed judge, and perhaps by the state of his digestion. But it is this reporter's best judgment that whereas the new Administration must be given B or better in all other subjects in its first semester, it has scored not much better than a Complimentary Pass in the biggest subject in the curriculum—Foreign Affairs.

The main reason for this low mark, though not the only one, is, of course, Cuba. To their credit neither the President nor any of those around him pretend that the Cuban adventure was anything but a monumental goof. But just because the new Administration failed the Cuban test so miserably, there may be a good chance that it will score high in the bigger tests to come.

After the President spent that lonely and painful hour on the White House lawn, there were changes which were not easily visible to the naked eye, but which went deep all the same. Among the new men who came to Washington with Kennedy there was a tendency to suppose that the previous Administration had consisted of bumblers dedicated to golf and drift, and that a little hard work by some first-class brains would quickly solve most major problems. Then came the shocker, Cuba, to shake their confidence. The fact is that their confidence needed a bit of shaking, in the national interest.

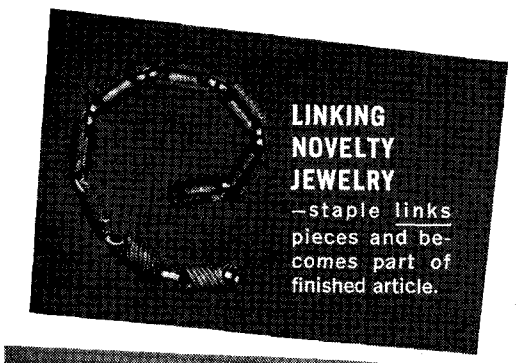
For Cuba taught Kennedy and those around him that there is, alas, no infallible Kennedy star to follow; that there is a vast difference between the role of a candidate for the Presidency and the holder of that office; and that a President and his advisers, however brilliant, are the prisoners of circumstances over which they often have no control. Above all, the President and his leading subordinates learned the need to ask questions—the kind of nasty, uncomfortable questions they had failed to ask before the Cuban operation was given the green light.

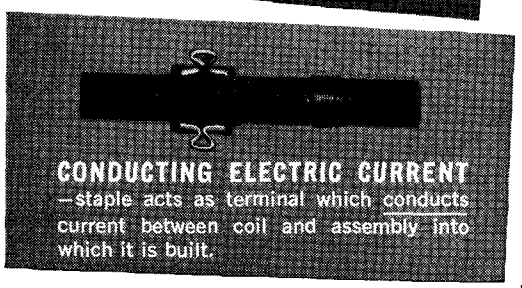
A good example of the aftereffects of the Cuban failure is provided by the Laos story. When Kennedy took office, the pro-Communist Pathet Lao movement, thanks to support and supplies from North Vietnam and from Russia itself, was already strong in Laos and growing stronger. In March Kennedy and his advisers concluded that the rot in Laos must be stopped, lest it spread rapidly through Southeast Asia. Therefore in late March the President called a press conference, to which he came well prepared.

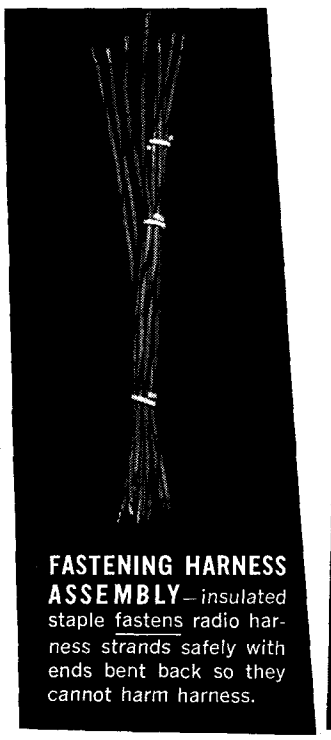
For the reporters and the television audience he traced on a map the areas of Laos already seized by the Communists. He emphasized the strategic importance of the little country and the American intention to prevent a Communist takeover. The safety of Laos, he said, "runs with the safety of us all." He added, "I know every American will want his country to honor its obligations."

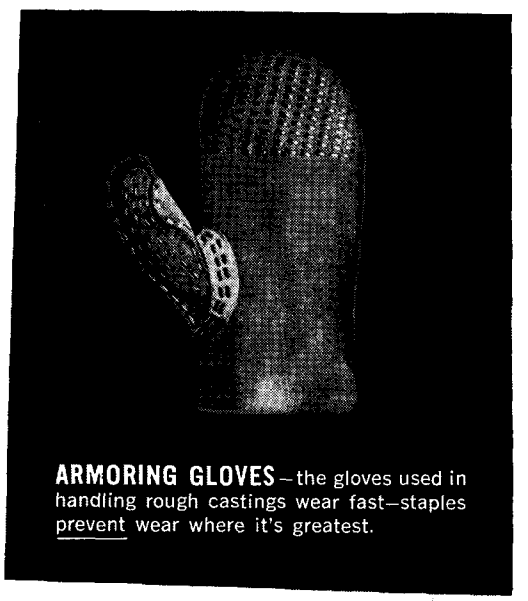
The implication was clear. If necessary to prevent Communist domination of Laos, the United States and its allies in the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization (SEATO) would intervene with force.

As of this writing, a cease-fire of sorts exists in Laos. But no one disputes that it will be downright astonishing if Laos escapes eventual and total Communist domination. Thus, in retrospect, Kennedy's March press conference looks like a bluff.




CONDUCTING ELECTRIC CURRENT—staple acts as terminal which conducts current between coil and assembly into which it is built.


FASTENING HARNESS ASSEMBLY—insulated staple fastens radio harness strands safely with ends bent back so they cannot harm harness.



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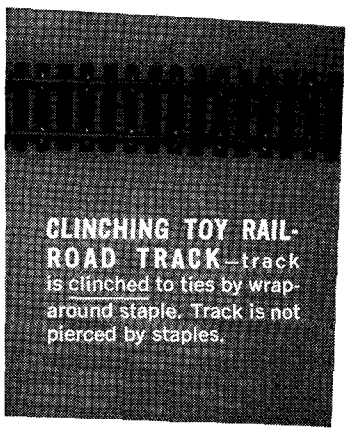

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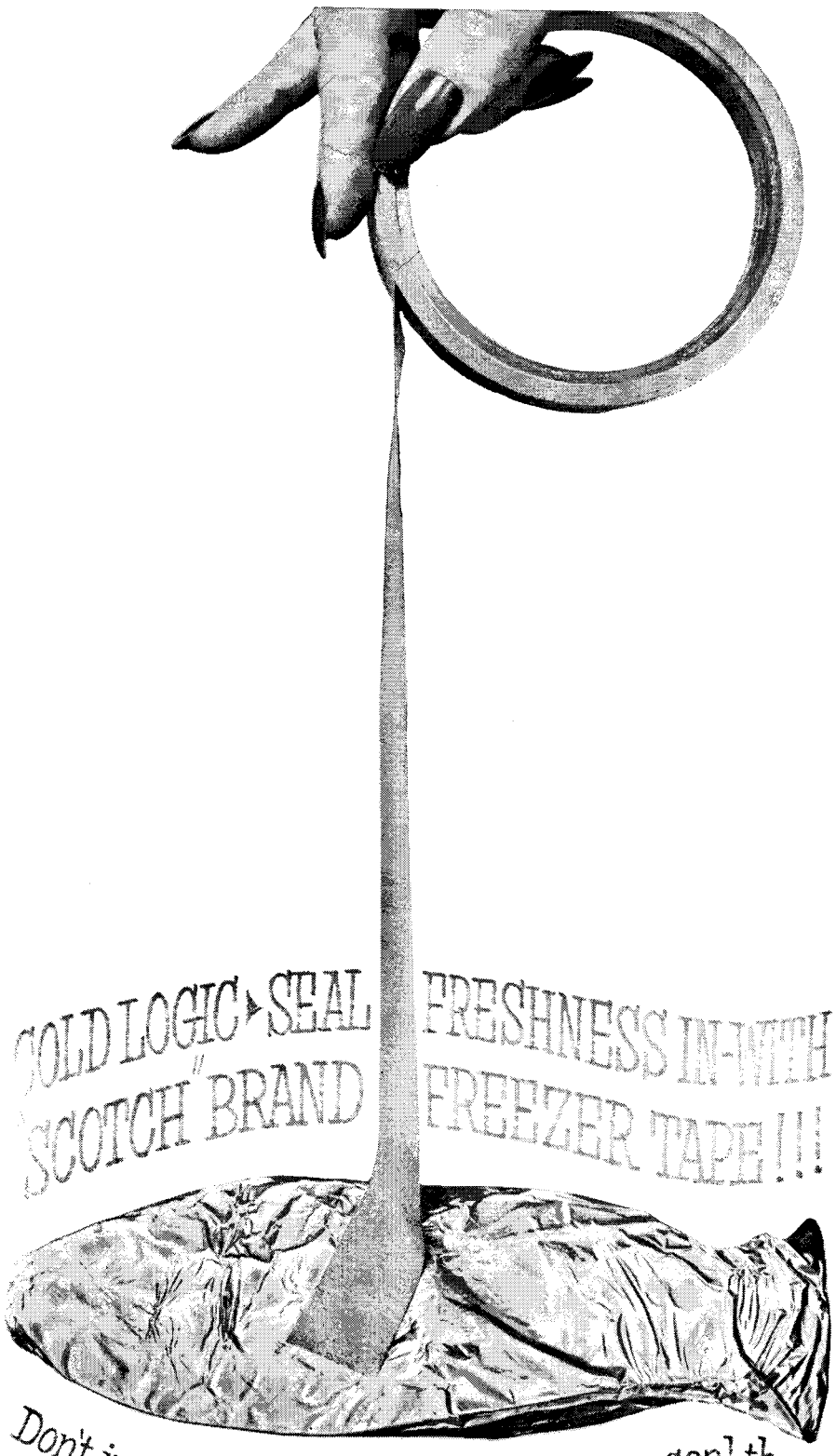

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In fact, in March it was not a bluff at all.

In March Kennedy had intended to intervene if necessary to prevent Communist domination of Laos. The Marines and the 7th Fleet had been alerted. Pakistan had been assured of air-lift for some 8000 troops, and the Thais, the Filipinos, the Australians and the New Zealanders had all promised to come in. Even the British had reluctantly agreed to contribute a battalion from Hong Kong. Then two things happened—or, rather, one thing happened and another didn't.

What didn't happen was the kind of overt act—like a direct assault by the Communists on one of the two Laotian capitals—which would have provided a clear signal for intervention. Instead the Communists used "salami tactics"—while talking about a cease-fire, and even after ostensibly agreeing to it, they continued to expand and consolidate their position. Meanwhile, the French were flatly opposed to any action at all to save Laos, and the British were eager to grasp at any straw. So Kennedy held back.

What did happen was as important, however, as what didn't. What did happen was the Cuban disaster, which came in mid-April, less than a month after Kennedy's strong words about Laos. "If it hadn't been for Cuba," Kennedy himself has remarked to at least one subordinate, "we would be in Laos today." Cuba gave Kennedy and the men around him furiously to think—and started them asking those uncomfortable questions. The most uncomfortable question about Laos was whether SEATO intervention there might spark a massive counterintervention, by the Chinese Communists, the North Vietnam Communists, or both.

In March Secretary of State Rusk had asked this question—when he was briefed on the military aspects of the Laos situation by Adm. Harry Felt at Honolulu—on his way to a SEATO meeting in Bangkok. "Negative," Felt replied flatly and went on to assert that the Chinese Communist forces were concentrated north of Shanghai and that for logistic and other reasons there was little likelihood of effective Communist intervention.

"I hate to say this, admiral," said Rusk with a thin smile, "but I seem to recall similar assurances about Chinese Communist intervention in Korea back in 1950, when I was in the State Department." But Rusk let it go at that. In the pre-Cuban days the good judgment of the professional civil servants and military men was taken for granted, and the judgment of the professionals was all on Felt's side. Plan Five, as the plan for intervention was called, was therefore conditionally approved.

But then came Cuba—and the judgment of the professionals had been unanimous for intervention in Cuba too. Thus the uncomfortable questions suddenly began to be asked, loudly and insistently, while the President demanded answers. This new *Q*-and-*A* process, as it concerned Laos, went something like this:

Q: If we go into Laos, how many men could SEATO put into the country in a month?

A: About 30,000.

Q: If the other side intervened openly, how many men could they put in, in one month?

A: About 120,000 from North Vietnam. From China, God knows.

Q: Suppose our side was threatened with being overrun, what could we do?

A: Use nuclear weapons.

Q: Where, and against what?

A: That's up to the President.

The above is oversimplified, of course. But it is enough to suggest why Plan Five was never put into effect. Whether Plan Five should have been put into effect no man can now say with assurance. The price of action to save Laos from Communist domination might well have been too high. But the price of inaction—above all, the price of not acting after having threatened to act—was also high.

Secretary Rusk and his delegation got a bitter inkling of how high the price of inaction was when they attended the fourteen-nation conference in Geneva, at which a "neutral" status for Laos was supposed to be negotiated. The Communist delegates—"especially those damned North Koreans," to quote a member of the American delegation—laughed or yawned ostentatiously when Rusk rose to speak. They used other ways to show that they considered the talks strictly a formality, to save face for the Americans. As for Laos, they owned the place. They had called the Kennedy bluff, just as Fidel Castro had done, and there was nothing the Americans could do about it.

Turn to method in his meanness
a revealing POST article about producer DAVID MERRICK on page 94

There are, of course, pluses to balance against the minuses in Cuba and Laos. President Kennedy flatly warned the Soviets against intervention in the Congo, and because there—in contrast to Laos—the military-logistic advantages were on our side, the warning was heeded. The Alliance for Progress has undone some of the harm done in South America by the Cuban disaster. There are other solid foreign-policy achievements to Kennedy's credit, especially the triumphs of personal diplomacy which the President scored—again with a big assist from his wife—in Paris and London in June.

Yet the new Administration deserves no better than a Complimentary Pass in Foreign Affairs all the same. For taken together, Cuba and Laos made Kennedy look too much like a man who had disregarded the advice of one of his predecessors, Theodore Roosevelt—"never shake your fist and then shake your finger." And our danger will be mortal indeed, if Nikita Khrushchev concludes that the President of the United States is a bluffer.

Kennedy learned this himself on his brief visit to Vienna, between the Paris and London triumphs. The Vienna visit provided the third key moment in the first formative months of the Kennedy Presidency. The key moment came in the afternoon of Sunday, June fourth, when Kennedy went to the Soviet Embassy for a final talk with Khrushchev.

Kennedy's chief purpose was to make quite certain that he understood Khrushchev and that Khrushchev understood him in the vital matter of Berlin. The

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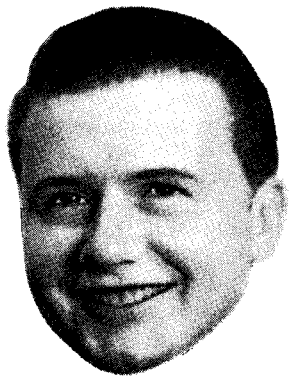

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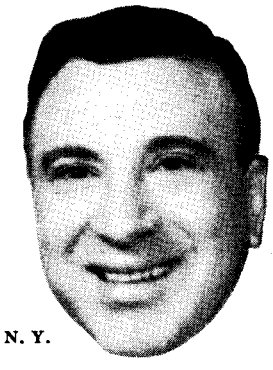

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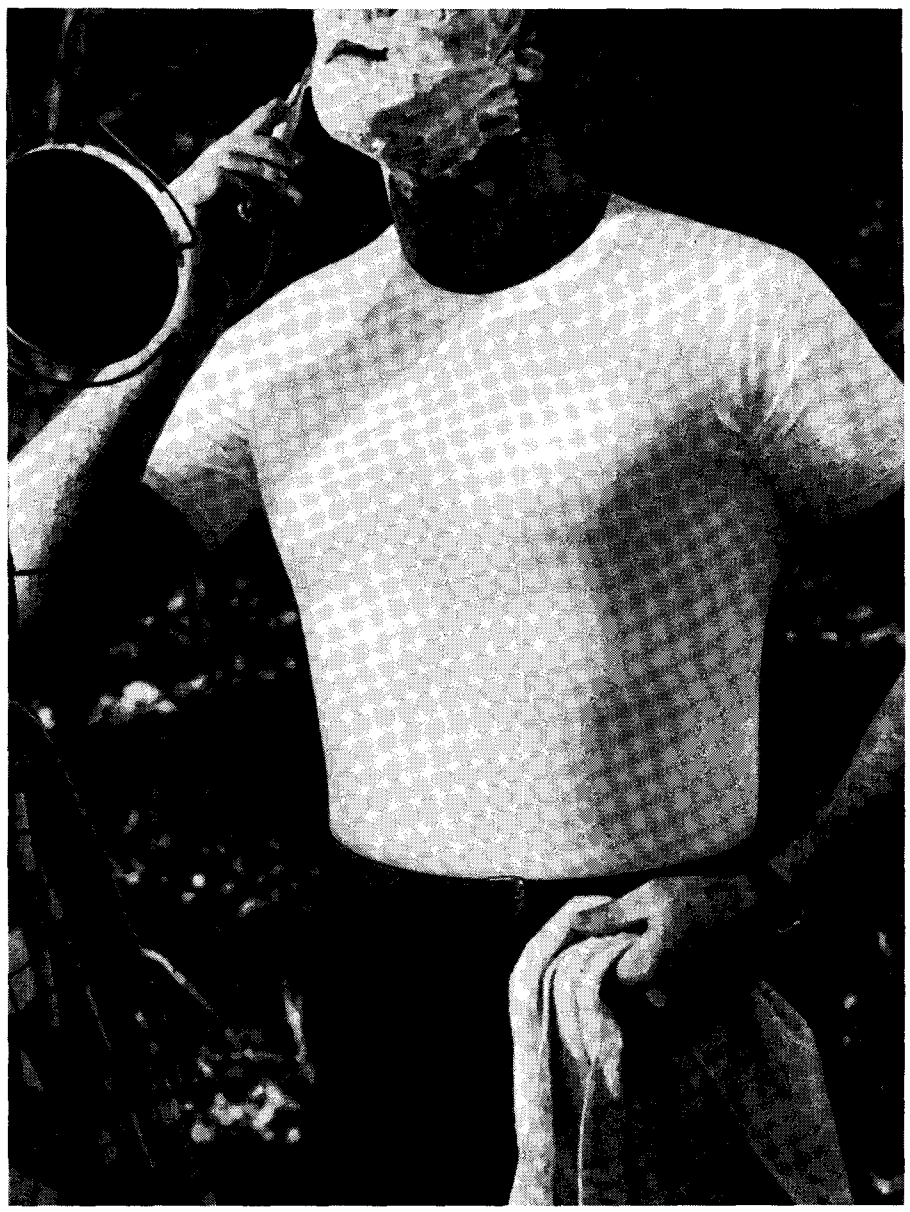

conversation that ensued was calm in tone. Khrushchev, uncharacteristically, hardly raised his voice, and he made an effort to control his accustomed admonitory finger-wagging gesture. But this atypical self-control made what Khrushchev said all the more grim in its implications.

For when Kennedy emphasized, quietly but gravely, that the West would not abandon Berlin without a fight, Khrushchev all but told him to his face that he was bluffing. If the West refused to negotiate on his terms, said Khrushchev, he would sign a separate peace with East Germany. The western powers would then lose all rights in Berlin, and any attempt by the West to assert its nonexistent rights would be "aggression" and would invite the use of force. Kennedy remarked that in that case it "looked like a cold winter," and the world's two most powerful men took a chilly leave of each other.

Kennedy's own word for the meeting was "somber." According to those close to him, it was that and more. "The Vienna meeting," one of them has said, "was the last lesson in the roughest cram course any President has ever had to take." In this last lesson the President appears to have learned two things. He knew both things before he became President—but he knew them cerebrally, in the abstract. Now, according to an intimate, the knowledge has "moved down from his brain into his guts."

He had known, for example, that Khrushchev was a Communist and a very tough guy. But he had dealt with tough guys before, and when he took office he hoped that it would be possible to reach some accommodation with this tough guy which would banish the nuclear sword of Damocles. But in Vienna he learned—"in his guts"—how unlikely Khrushchev is to "begin anew the quest for peace," except on his own terms, and how futile it is to expect to make a rational accommodation with one whose candid aim is to destroy everything you believe in.

The Vienna experience also caused his knowledge of the meaning of a nuclear war to "move down from his brain into his guts." After he returned from Vienna he read a report, prepared under the previous Administration, on the consequences of a nuclear attack on the United States. In the grim shorthand of the scientists the report forecast "on the order of seventy megadeaths." Kennedy had known that the effects of a nuclear war would be very terrible, of course, but after Vienna the forecast took on a nightmare reality for him, and for a while it became almost an obsession. "What we are talking about," he would say at meetings with his advisers or with the congressional leaders, "is 70,000,000 dead Americans."

For a time, according to his friends, that "somber" meeting in Vienna depressed the President even more than his first bitter taste of failure. For a few weeks he was prickly to work for, and he developed an excessive sensitivity to press criticism—which he has always taken too seriously. But Kennedy has a saving sense of humor, as evidenced by his remark that "the only thing that surprised us when we got into office was that things were just as bad as we had been saying they were." And he is also a very tough guy himself.

"He's as good a man as there is to handle Khrushchev and Berlin," says one of his former rivals for the Democratic nomination. "When Jack Kennedy holds a knife to your belly and looks you in the eye, you know he'll use the knife if he has to. I know, 'cause he's done it to me."

Perhaps that is about the best commentary on the immediate prospects. Kennedy is not only a tough guy but a highly intelligent man who learns very quickly. As the Berlin showdown inches closer, he is asking all the uncomfortable questions and demanding considered answers. With the caution of a man who has realized "in his guts" what a nuclear war would mean, he is exploring every honorable means to reduce the risk of war.

But he is also using every means to persuade Nikita Khrushchev that he is not bluffing this time. And there is now no doubt that, if the time comes when there is no other choice, "he'll use the knife if he has to." There are beginning to be small signs that Nikita Khrushchev knows that this is so. THE END

Vienna: The Khrushchev meeting taught Kennedy two lessons.

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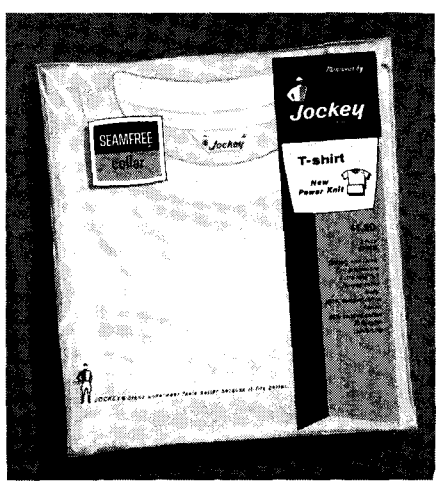

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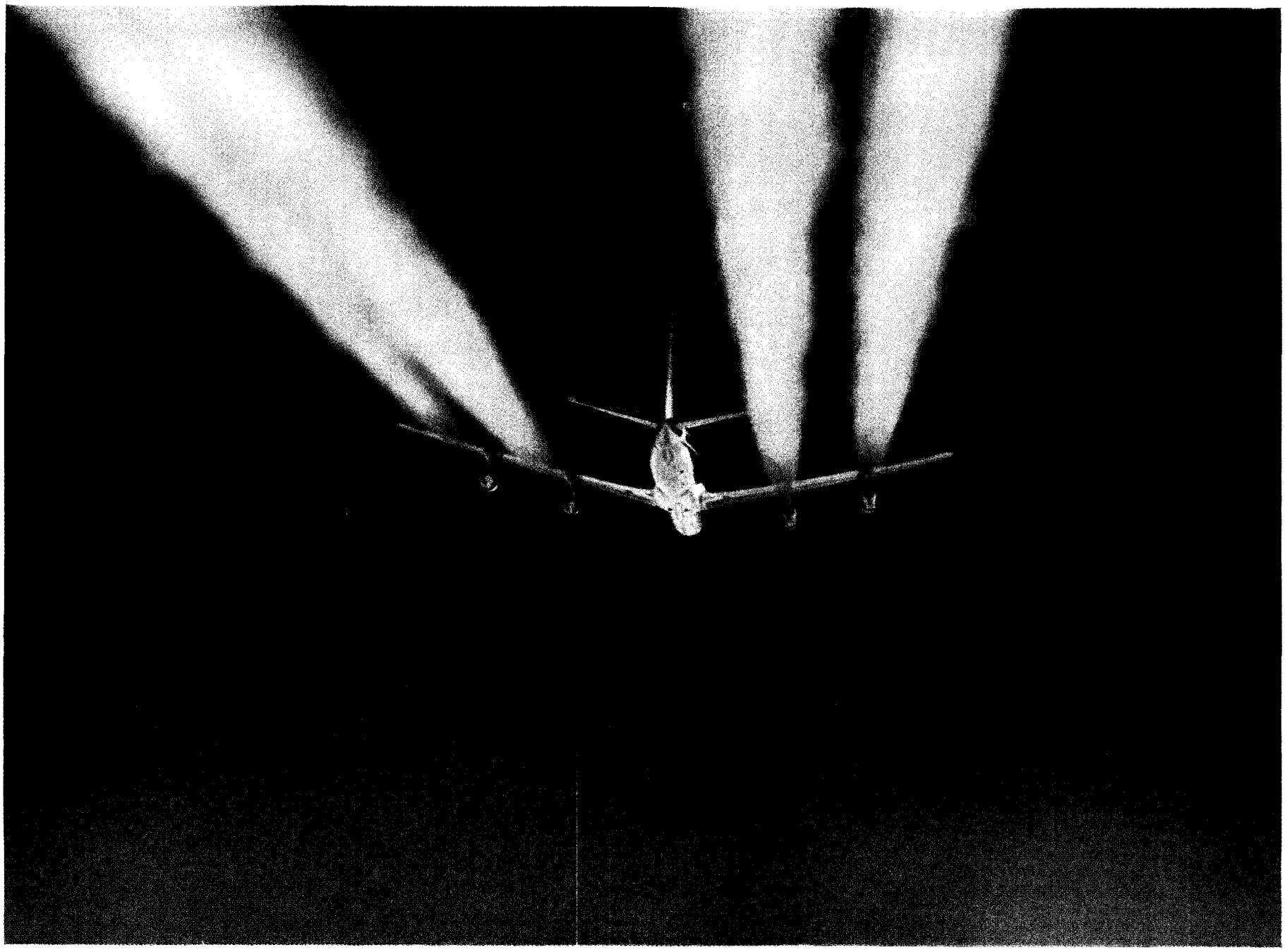
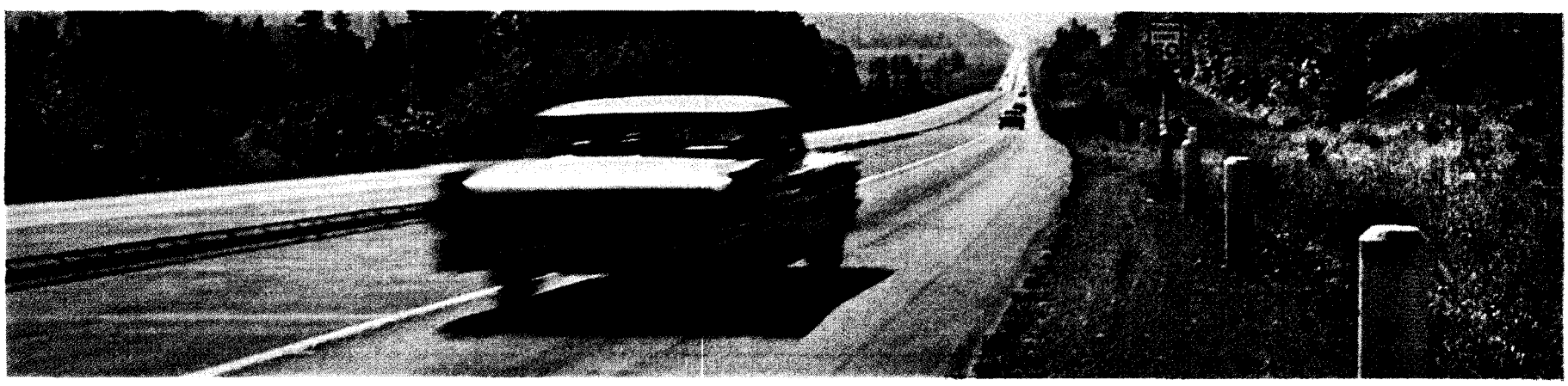


You can go coast to coast by Boeing jet



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Miami coed Phyllis Gilman and James Johnson, a physical-education major, on one of the beguiling beaches near the university.

Troubles of Sun-tan U.

How the University of Miami, once noted for its courses in fishing and an emphasis on fun, is cracking down on its frolicsome students.

By Jerome Ellison

I talked lately with some fraternity men at the University of Miami in Coral Gables, Florida, about their problems. These, as the brothers see them, are acute. The Sigma Alpha Epsilon chaps, for instance, haven't a single powerboat for water-skiing. "Last year we had three boats in the house; this year the owners had to study and left them home," a member mourned.

There are other signs of austerity at "Sunshine U.," once noted for its agreeable program of reading, writing and romping. One student recently asked for an on-campus parking permit. The records showed he already had one. "That was for the hard-top," he explained confidently. "I need another for the sports car." Callously the university said no, there'd be only one car on campus per student.

Skylarkers don't get away with what they used to. Last semester three fraternities were put on probation, a house mother was fired, and two fraternity officers were suspended—all for simply "having a few drinks" (the brothers' version) at weekend parties. "Things certainly are changing around here," one brother grumbled.

He spoke the truth, and the nature of the change should interest all concerned with higher learning. University of Miami is coming to grips with a question that bothers all of us to some extent, but particularly our collegians and those who direct them: How much work should be mixed with how much play? U.M. officials think the time has come to cut down a little on frolic.

The crackdown came in August, 1960, in the guise of a routine personnel replacement. U.M.'s executive vice president, Dr. James Godard, had resigned to accept another post. Dr. Robert Johns, director of the Illinois Commission on Higher Education, was hired to replace him. The statement of U.M.'s president, Dr. Jay F. W. Pearson, gave no hint of what was to come. "Doctor Johns's job," President Pearson said, "will be to operate the university under a policy laid down by the Board of Trustees and me."

The "policy laid down," it presently developed, was a tough one. Pearson had become touchy about the reputation of the university which he had helped to found thirty-five years before. He resented the tag "Sun-tan U.," which he felt unjustly suggested that U.M. was a play school. He was annoyed by jokes about the fact that U.M. once gave university credit for a course in

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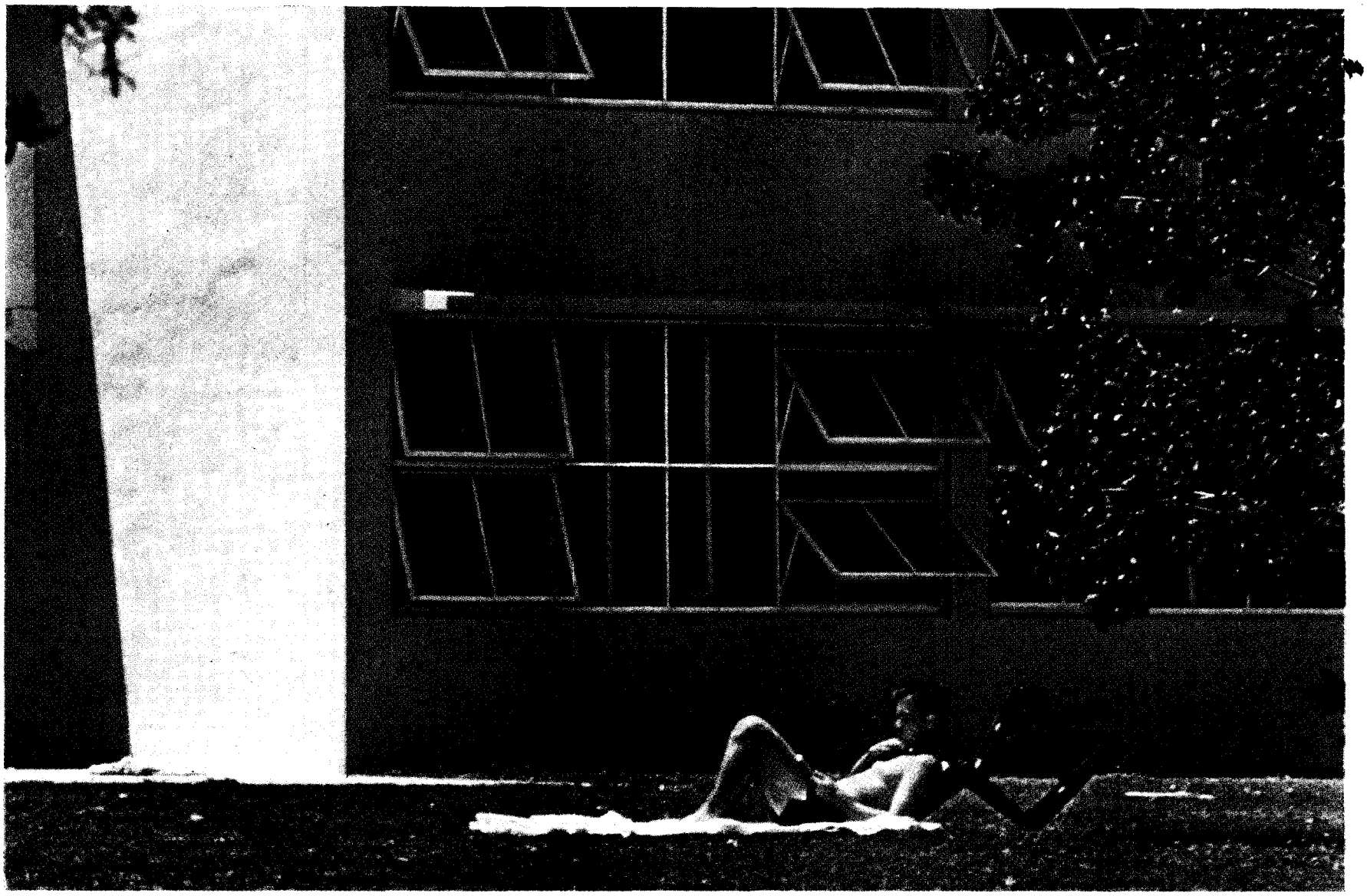
Photographs by Carroll Seghers II



Scholar in the sun. Miami's climate and extracurricular diversions make it hard to knuckle down and get good grades.

fresh- and salt-water fishing. He intended that everything possible be done to reinforce the school's academic performance and reduce the play-school "smear." He made his intentions known to Johns.

Johns faced a large assignment. Few schools have whoopee problems on quite the scale of those found at the university-under-the-palms. U.M. has all the party trappings of the standard big-enrollment, twirlers-between-halves schools, plus the amusement resources of one of the world's greatest relaxation capitals.

Miami, near the southern tip of Florida, is a resort city in a land of sand, palms and warm seas. Its major industry is fun. Hialeah, Tropical Park, and Gulfstream race tracks are nearby. So are four dog tracks, two auto speedways and a *jai alai* establishment, all presenting opportunities for betting. Such attractions lure Miami's students. One young scholar—"having been told there was blood in his beerstream," as a classmate put it—sold a pint of his blood to finance a go at the Hialeah pari-mutuels.

Though bent on propriety, neither Doctor Pearson nor Doctor Johns is fanatical; both have diversions. Pearson likes electric trains. He has a barn full of them in his back yard, and also has at his disposal that railroad buff's dream, a full-size steam train. This is set up on a stretch of open country south of town and is owned by a railroad historical society, of which Doctor Pearson is the original charter member and a veteran engineer. Doctor Johns collects pipes. But hobbies of students run more to the roadside diversions available in dazzling abundance at the flick of an ignition switch. There are drive-in movies, bowling alleys, skating rinks, package stores, gin mills, hotels, motels, beer gardens, night spots with floor shows, stage shows and bar shows. You can play golf in the sun by day or under floodlights at night. Counterfeit draft cards and drivers' licenses are on sale in a handy black market, so that teen-age students may "legally" drink at bars.

In direct competition with these distractions, U.M. offers to impart to its students the accumulated skills and wisdom of the ages. At times the contest has been touch-and-go. Now, President Pearson says, the university is winning. The fishing course has vanished from the catalogue. A new and splendid library is going up. Doctor Johns's blasts at student housekeeping, dormitory conduct and fraternity high jinks make weekly headlines in the campus paper. William S. Howland, Pearson's assistant in charge of public relations, has stepped up the output of material representing U.M. as a center of hard work and serious study. (Versatile Mr. Howland doubles as faculty adviser for water-skiing.)

There is much to be said in support of U.M.'s academic claims. Besides the 5000 daytime commuters and nearly 5000 night-schoolers who commute, U.M. attracts about 5000 undergraduates from forty-nine other states and fifty-two foreign countries. Nearly 400 students are on the dean's list, doing straight-A work or very close to it. Nearly half the students hold down outside jobs.

The university awarded almost 1000 degrees last June. Its professional schools graduated sixty doctors, seventy-five lawyers, 150 engineers and 250 teachers. The Marine Laboratory is one of the world's great centers for graduate study of marine biology and oceanography. The Department of Physics is doing research for the Atomic Energy Commission. The Medical School and the School of Engineering have undertaken important research in the structural problems of warm climates. In all, U.M. has research grants totaling $10,000,000 from 165 sponsors. Two thirds of the U.M. faculty hold Ph.D. degrees.

A U.M. publicity brochure claims that the institution "would have to be included among the top thirty in any fair rating of America's 600-odd accredited private colleges and universities." In *Lovejoy's College Guide*, U.M. has top rating as a "senior institution of the first category." Few authorities dispute U.M.'s claim to a front-rank position among southern universities. In variety of studies it ranks with the big state universities, offering some 2000 courses in seventy-six departments. Its airy campus delights the eyes of those having a taste for the functional and modern.

The university opened its doors in October, 1926, about two weeks after a hurricane flattened

Right: The carefree life at Miami. A mural depicts the fun-in-the-sun tradition which the university is trying to play down.

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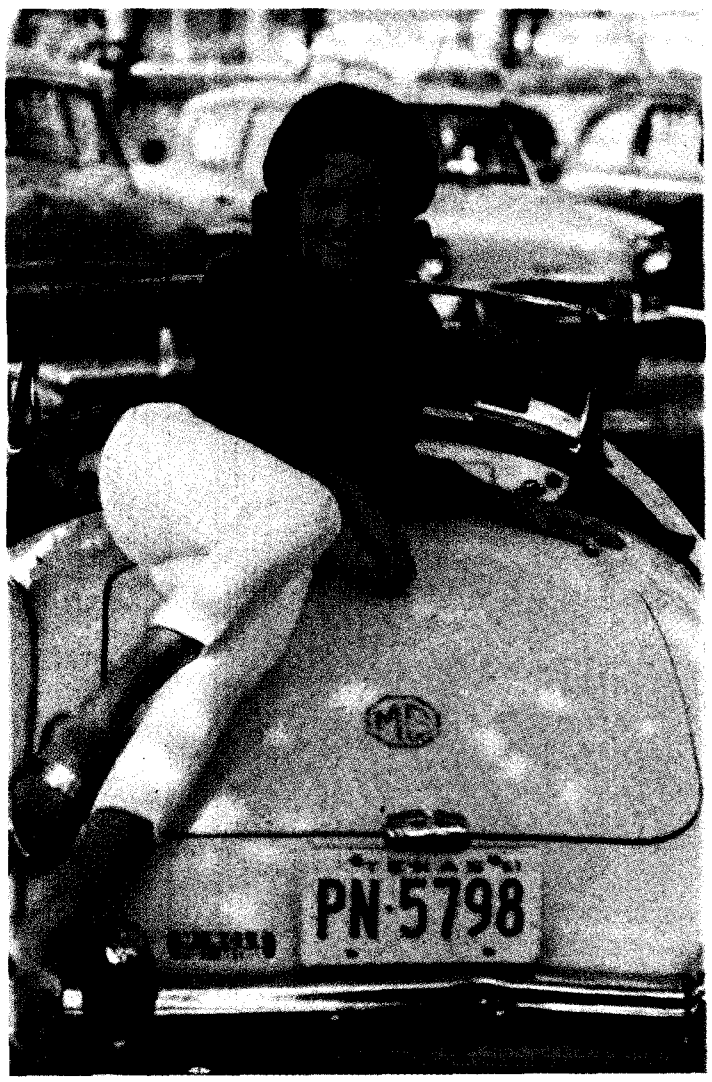
considerable parts of Florida, already hurt by the collapse of a real-estate boom on which the new school's financing had been based. On opening day there were 125 students, increased to 425 by new arrivals and evening students before the first year was out. Dr. Jay F. W. Pearson, professor of zoology, was a member of the first faculty. After ten years U.M. was still occupying the unfinished hotel building in which it had started and had fewer than 1000 students. It had at times been so strapped that the first president, Dr. Bowman Ashe, unpaid for months, borrowed on his insurance to help pay other faculty salaries.

In the minds of its founders, a group of lawyers, real-estate men and merchants, the new school was to have been a cultural beacon for the fast-growing city of Miami. The state of Florida was at that time neither able nor willing to provide a university for the area. The job had to be done with private money or not at all—and most private purses during the depression were slim.

As a giant university, U.M. is the joint creation of the Federal Housing Authority, the G.I. Bill and the perseverance of Bowman Ashe. Ashe foresaw that there would be a boom in education after World War II and that a share of the traffic could be routed to Florida. He arranged with FHA to finance dormitories, designed for quick conversion to rental apartments if the school went broke. Pointing out that a university of U.M.'s present size would bring $35,000,000 a year to the region, he formed a citizens' committee to pay for classroom buildings.

As predicted, attendance zoomed after the Second World War's mustering-out; there were 1700 students in 1945 and more than 10,000 in 1948. When Ashe died and Pearson became president in 1952, attendance was up to 12,000.



Above, Charlotte Pitman—a Texan and Miss Miami of 1961. At right, New Yorker Joan Lipson in water-color class.

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Lacking both large endowment and significant tax support, U.M. pays as it goes. To survive, the university charges a higher tuition—$900 a year—than the state schools. But the fees have impaired neither the quantity nor the quality of the students from the Miami area. U.M. alumni are still too young—three fourths of them have been out of school less than ten years—to have made national names for themselves. President Pearson reports they are doing well at the junior-executive level and will be heard from. One bright 1961 grad was offered eight fellowships, including the coveted Woodrow Wilson Fellowship and a Fulbright.

While the university was growing in prestige, enrollment and academic stature, the off-campus attractions continued to pose problems for everybody—students, faculty, administrators. In addition, there now began to appear a lively assortment of student-generated and intramural diversions. Today Miami has on-campus amusements second to none.

From the start of the autumn fun season, kicked off by a swimming-pool party for freshmen, through the frenzies of spring, students are caught up in an uninterrupted rush of falderal. Last year, on top of all the usual activity—the parties, parades and pep rallies; the clubs, musical groups, intramural sports, beauty contests and baton-twirling—there were unscheduled entertainments, including a panty raid involving 2000 male students, three women's dormitories, eight police cars, and ten disciplinary suspensions at the behest of Doctor Johns. The men's dormitories suffered an epidemic of cherry-bomb explosions and an outbreak of water fighting with paper-bag bombs and hoses.

Come spring vacation, many U.M. students, along with thousands of other undergraduates from all over the country, show up at nearby Fort Lauderdale for a week of uninhibited beach living. This is followed by "Carni Gras," the two-day spring carnival on campus. Last spring it featured a pie throw, forty-nine booths offering games of skill and chance and a seventy-three-year-old grandmother diving ninety feet into a flame-ringed tank.

At Miami, as at other schools, the most active fun chasers are found among the fraternity and sorority crowds. The highlights of the Greek-letter social year are two routine bacchanals called Derby Day and Greek Week, plus a spectacular known as Paddy Murphy Day. Last Derby Day sorority girls had a sack race, an egg throw and a scavenger hunt. They caught a greased pig, dug for pennies in mud, smashed eggs on every available outstretched hand and elected a Derby Day Queen. (For ten years sorority women's grades have been below the average for all U.M. women.) During Greek Week there is a chariot race in which two-wheeled vehicles are towed by fraternity boys wearing sheets, sandals and garlands. There is a marathon with torches, a dance and an election of a Greek God and Goddess.

Paddy Murphy Day was inspired by the venerable barroom ballad containing the lines:

The night that Paddy Murphy died I never shall forget,
All the boys got stinking drunk and some ain't sober yet.

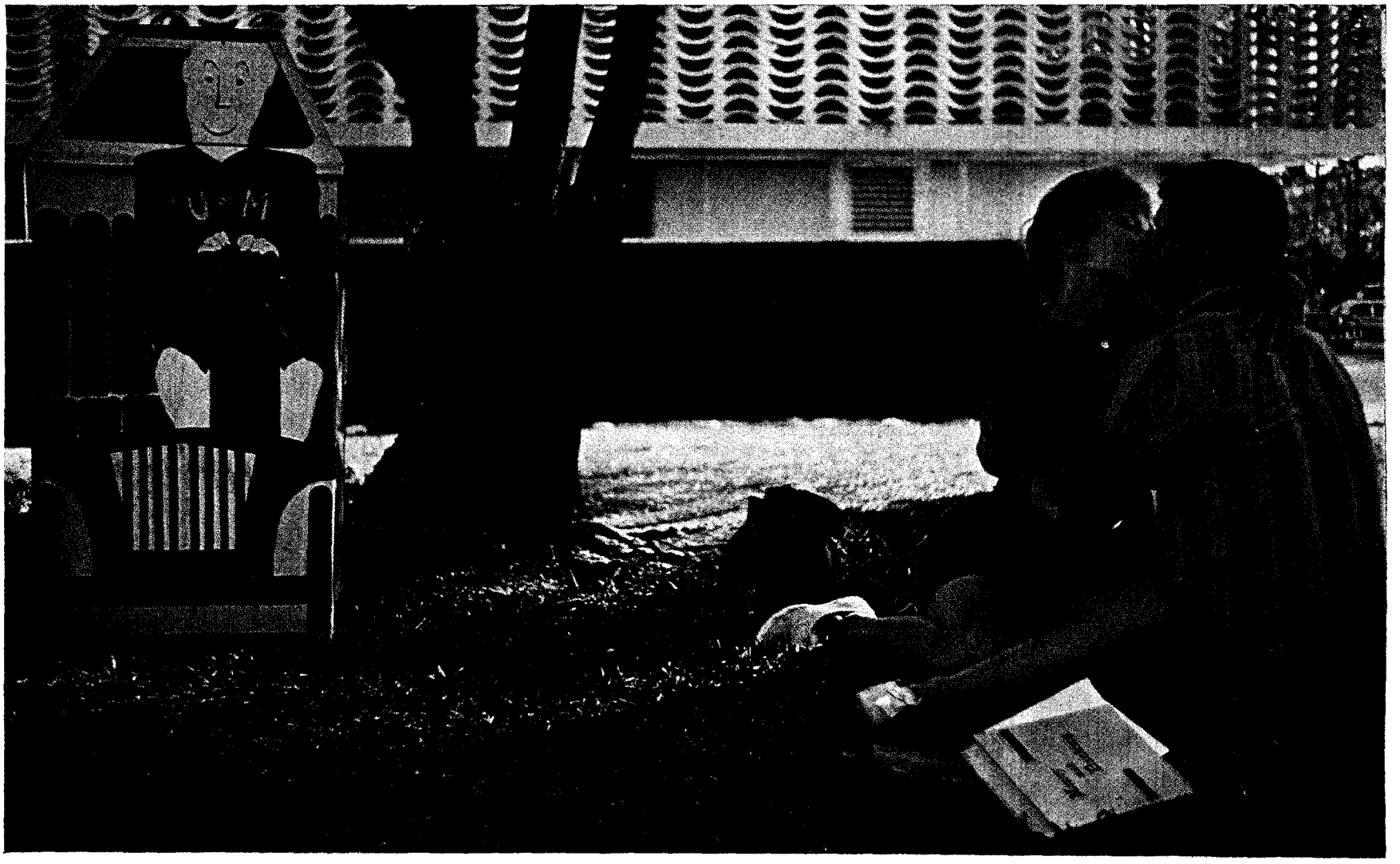
The event is a mock Irish wake at which many boys get stinking drunk; last P. M. Day, some got put on probation for it by Doctor Johns.

Fraternity parties, which have prompted Doctor Johns's most vigorous punitive actions, are of three kinds: costume, informal and weekend. Costume and informal parties are one-night stands—dances, usually in the chapter houses, with jukeboxes or live jazz combos. Costume parties are on such themes as Sewers of Paris, Shipwrecked, Gaza Strip, Roman Toga, Viking, Halloween Spook and Ugly Man. Informal may mean anything from business suit to really sloppy—shorts, slacks, pedal pushers.

The budget for a typical fraternity all-weekend party is about $2500, with $1000 earmarked for refreshments. Party budgets must have the O.K. of Ben David, dean of men. I asked Dean David to define refreshments. He said it meant liquor for those over twenty-one, soft drinks for those under that age.

I looked in, by invitation, at a weekend party that resulted in a year's probation for the hosts. The brothers had rented two floors, one for themselves and one for their dates, at a hotel in Miami Beach. Chaperons were to be responsible for the segregation of the sexes. The party began Friday afternoon. At the time of my visit, on Saturday afternoon, the revelers had just come up from the beach to dress for the cocktail hour.

When I asked to see the chapter's president, one of the brothers offered to help me find him. First we looked on the "boys' floor," where we found boys in bathing trunks and girls in swim suits, milling about, passing drinks. In a large room a radio was blaring music, and boys and girls were drinking, dancing and necking in bathing suits. We went down to the "girls' floor," where there were as many boys as girls. We found the president stretched out on a bed, looking ill and smelling of whisky. Two young women in swim suits were curled up on the adjoining bed, watching television. I saw no chaperons. The



With a decorated trash can for a chaperon, Diana Ewing and Alan Zura while away an afternoon on campus.

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An important message that could save your life

Nearly half of today's highway fatalities result from drivers dozing off at the wheel. To fight this danger, some motorists take harmful "pep pills," not realizing that the effect of these potent drugs can actually be more dangerous than drowsiness. Here's news of a way to stay alert without resorting to harmful stimulants.

No matter how much sleep you get, there are times when you can't help getting drowsy. Sluggish afternoons. Night shifts. Driving. *Especially driving*—where drowsiness from monotony can lead to serious accidents. In fact, it accounts for more crack-ups than speeding and almost half the highway fatalities.

Are there ways to cope with the dangerous problem of drowsiness? Yes, two ways. One safe. The other extremely hazardous.

PROTECT AGAINST DANGER WITH SAFE NŌDŌZ®

Non-habit-forming NoDoz Stay Awake Tablets contain only *one* active ingredient: *the same safe awakener found in coffee and tea.*

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2. Packages of NoDoz are handy to keep in your pocket or glove compartment.

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THE DANGER IN TAKING "PEP PILLS" INSTEAD OF SAFE NŌDŌZ

Useful drugs such as *amphetamine sulfate* are sometimes improperly used for staying awake. *It is, however, illegal to buy amphetamine without a doctor's prescription.* The reasons make good sense:

Administered under the close supervision of a doctor, amphetamine may be very helpful in treating nasal congestion, mental depression, alcoholism, etc.

But in the hands of drivers who do not understand the limitations and dangers of this potent drug, amphetamine can be harmful.

That's why some medical authorities consider the illegal sale of amphetamine even more dangerous than the traffic in narcotics. On the other hand, NoDoz tablets are so safe you can buy them everywhere without prescription.

OTHER HELPFUL TIPS ON HOW TO STAY ALERT AT THE WHEEL

Open the window. Get lots of fresh air. Tune to lively music on your radio. Keep your eyes moving—read signs, check your mirror and dashboard occasionally. Keep a good pair of sunglasses handy. Most important, take a safe NoDoz tablet *the minute you begin to feel drowsy.* NoDoz helps restore alertness *fast*—before drowsiness becomes a dangerous problem. But remember—it's no substitute for sleep when you really need it.

HERE IS THE ACTUAL CLINICAL DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SAFE NŌDŌZ AND HARMFUL PEP PILLS

The publicized "pep pills" (often called "bennies," "goof balls," etc.) usually contain amphetamine sulfate—an extremely potent drug, sold legally only by prescription. Pep pills tend to increase mental alertness, yet let you down without warning. Excessive use may produce personality disorders. Such "pep pills" are habit-forming.

NoDoz contains caffeine—the same safe awakener found in coffee and tea. No prescription needed. NoDoz helps restore mental alertness when drowsiness occurs. No side effects. No letdown. Absolutely non-habit-forming.

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Don't take a chance.
Take safe NoDoz.
It could save your life!

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Miami junior Carole Reinhart is something new in beauty queens: On Sundays she toots a trumpet in the Salvation Army band.

party-goers looked fit enough at the formal banquet an hour later. But by Sunday evening the party was so far gone that the hotel manager pronounced it "out of hand" and summoned house detectives. The hotel's bill for damage was $500, covering broken glasses, furniture and crockery, and the theft of a doorman's hat.

On Monday morning Doctor Johns ruled that the house mother had disqualified herself by failure to maintain decorum at the party and would be discharged. The chapter's president and vice president were suspended from the university and not permitted to receive diplomas with their senior class. The chapter was placed on probation for a year.

President Pearson is just as stern as Doctor Johns in the war on flapdoodle. He has upheld Johns's actions and issued a decree of his own; after the spring panty raid he announced that such rioting could result in dismissal.

Pearson remains lenient about admissions and patient with failing freshmen. He points out that, "President Ashe used to say, 'Every American is born with the right to flunk out of college.' Our job is to teach the students that come to us, not turn them away." Nevertheless, many come who cannot stay—there are usually about 4000 freshmen but only 2000 sophomores. In an attempt to reduce its high drop-out rate, U.M. has for the past four years conducted a "guided studies" program for 250 selected flunk-outs. The program repairs weaknesses in study habits, attitudes and knowledge. After a year, about 43 per cent return to regular status and make a C average or better for one semester or more.

Parents, most U.M. officials say, are directly responsible for much of the student failure and delinquency. Dr. May Brunson, dean of women, tells of a freshman whose parents gave her a car to console her for a failing report card at midterm. Another girl, deeply involved in an alcoholic problem, told the dean, "My parents drink heavily and don't mind if I do." On consultation, the parents were unconcerned about their daughter's plight.

On another occasion a girl forged an out-of-town invitation to satisfy university rules governing weekends off premises—then spent the weekend partying with friends in a beach hotel. When confronted with the facts, the parents defended the girl's forgery and the nature of her weekend.

Dean David reports that parent trouble also affects male students. The parents of one boy gave him a car and a set of credit cards as a reward for making a C average. The following semester the boy flunked out.

In assessing U.M.'s problems, it is helpful to bear in mind that students disport themselves similarly in other big-stadium, gala-homecoming, coeducational super-schools. U.M.'s social life bears comparison with that of Illinois, where Doctor Johns hails from, or Michigan, my own alma mater, or Indiana, where I once taught.

Cheaters at Miami are tried and disciplined with a precision suggesting that the student honor court is playing for keeps, giving U.M. a point up on many rivals. U.M. has twenty-six fraternities; Indiana, with more resident students, has thirty-three. In fraternity conduct, manners, hasty marriages and women's residence curfew behavior, there is not much difference between the two schools mentioned. One cannot say U.M. is alone in having "second-curriculum" trouble. One *can* say U.M. is doing something about it. The leading doer, Doctor Johns, refuses to lay the major blame for student folly on parents. "You're responsible for your own actions and will be held accountable for them," he recently told a student meeting. "We're through treating you like juveniles. You haven't really been to college until you've been challenged to the limit of your capacities. We intend to challenge you in just this way."

Johns gets his policies across to students face to face, usually by addressing organizations on important occasions. He told the Interfraternity Council at its annual banquet, "You can clean up or get out." To add emphasis he put two fraternities on probation for wild parties in the two following weeks.

At the annual Honors Day dinner in the women's dorms he lectured coeds on "telephonitis," careless housekeeping and sloppy dress: "What you wear shows the world what you think of yourself. Your sloppiness could someday cost your husband a good job."

Johns's favorite innovation is a committee of campus leaders he calls the Undergraduate Commission on the State of the University. At its meetings the pudgy, crew-cut, gray-haired Johns, as self-appointed chairman, doesn't mince matters. "We'd like to see student leaders really lead. If they don't, we will." The leading, however, must be in a direction Johns wants to go. When a petition for the abolition of the House Un-American Activities Committee was circulated, Johns killed it. The undergraduate commission's discussions cover such matters as activity fees, campus elections, student-government jurisdiction, honor courts, fraternity and dormitory deportment. Campus wags make much of the fact

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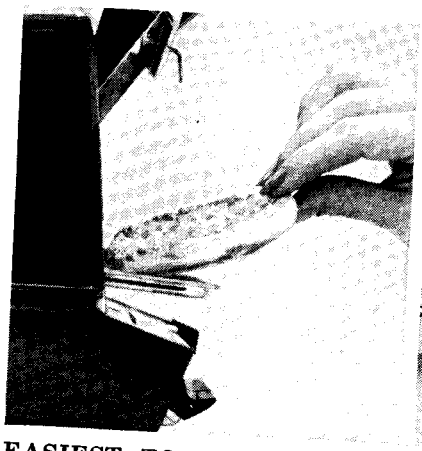
New DeLuxe Toast-R-Oven* toasts anything...even bakes!



EASIEST TOASTING. When toast is done, door opens, tray slides out automatically. Practically hands the toast to you!

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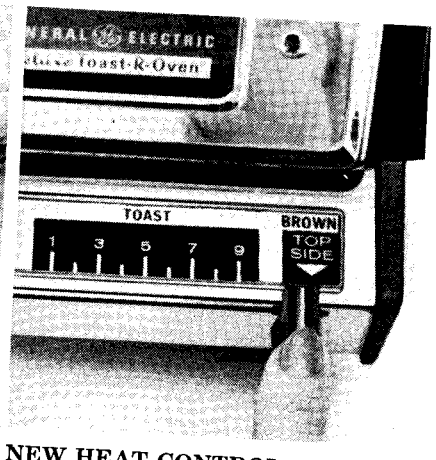

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What's for toast?

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that two names on the original reform commission were Casanova and Cheetham.

Student opinion of Johns and his policies is divided. His frequent offer to give "fat lips" (a bruised mouth) to any who won't fall in line has not been popular. But Mel Frishman, last semester's editor of the student weekly, *The Hurricane*, gave support when Johns put a fraternity on probation for excesses on Paddy Murphy Day. The P.M. Day brawl was, Frishman wrote, "childish idiocy, unworthy of a progressive university." Skip Rozin, news editor of the paper, thinks Johns is "really taking up the slack" at U.M. "There has long been needed a man who can harness this fumbling baby giant and guide it in one direction—Robert Johns is the man."

The veep has few friends in the fraternities. "Why, the man is out to dry up the campus!" a fraternity president told me indignantly. Johns's undergraduate commission is known on fraternity row as the Black Hand.

U.M. has capped its new-look program by opening its doors to Negroes—belatedly, many students think. Agitation for desegregation reached a peak last December, when an editorial by Bernie Weiner, then editor of the student paper, caused city-wide comment. The student government asked President Pearson for an official definition of policy. The trustees formally ended segregation in January, explaining that they had intended to do so all along. The first Negroes enrolled in the summer session.

Faculty members and administrators feel that U.M.'s betterment program is well on its way, and that U.M.'s location is proving an advantage, all things considered. President Pearson sees U.M. as an ideal sponsor for a future Spanish-and-English-speaking University of the Americas. Students from Caribbean and South American countries are attending U.M. in growing numbers. The climate has been a factor in attracting to U.M. a number of its more gifted teachers. Publicity-chief Howland claims most students take the lure of the tropics in stride, and that even beauty-contest queens can make good grades. Two campus queens—Sara Lynn Thompson, a sociology major, and Joan Sommers, a chemistry major—have straight A's.

The National College Queen, Carole Reinhart, not only has turned in close to A-average work but also has mastered seven musical instruments. She plays the trumpet in the Miami Salvation Army band on Sunday evenings, neither drinks nor smokes, likes to have dates, but plans to postpone engagement and marriage until after graduation. Lynn Vincour, an Orange Bowl princess, made good grades as an art major while earning part of her way through school as a chorine in a Miami night club.

In versatility and initiative the girls have not outdone the boys. Men in one of the dormitories built a sound-proof, air-conditioned study hall. Marty Kaplan, a senior art major, literally fought his way through school. He won victories in nine professional fights, then quit the ring. One student works as part-time keeper for the monkeys in a roadside zoo; another tends bar. On weekends John Cooper, an electrical-engineering major, operates a sight-seeing airboat. The nineteen-year-old Cooper made straight A's and became the first male student at U.M. ever to win the Borden Prize for best freshman grades.

When asked how he did it, Cooper disclosed a tactic that should serve any student well. "I worked like a dog," Cooper said. THE END

Late for graduation ceremonies, a coed ends four fast years on the dead run.

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ONCE UPON A TREASURE HUNT

continued from page 37

"So what do you care?" he asked his reflection. "She means nothing to you." But the next morning he shaved and put on a fresh sweat shirt.

The girl was sitting on the beach by her customary knoll; and upon seeing her there, Vern felt a warm lift and realized he had secretly feared she might be gone. He cleared his throat as he approached, and she looked up and smiled.

"Hello again," she called. "Do you walk here every morning?"

He nodded, going over to her. "Yes. It's good for the waistline." He sat down in the cool sand. It was pleasing to notice that she was his twin in dress—sweat shirt, rolled dungarees, bare feet. A pair of sandals lay nearby like pieces of jetsam, and also a small spade. "Are you searching for the treasure?" he asked.

Her response was sincere and without embarrassment, childlike. "Yes. This is my fourth day. I'm taking a ten-day vacation. Do you think I'll have any luck?"

Vern's smile was wry. "Well—do you have a map?"

"A map? No—where on earth would I find a map?"

He could tell her quite a few places. He knew of one old codger on the mainland who augmented his pension by drawing up old treasure maps from his imagination and selling them to the tourists. He was very good at it and could furnish a map for any desired treasure. But he didn't tell her about the old man who hoodwinked gullible tourists, because there was a never-never quality about her that warned him it would be like telling a child there was no Santa Claus.

Instead he said, "Well, every treasure hunter should have a map. How can you even begin without some sort of guide?"

The girl laughed. "Oh, I don't worry about that. The search is ninety per cent of the fun. Why, if I had a map that led me directly to the treasure, it would be like going to the store and buying a bottle of milk. What fun is that? Don't you see what I mean?"

Vern nodded. "Yes, I believe I do."

"Haven't you ever searched for the treasure?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, when I first came here, I puttered about a bit in the sand, poking under rocks and what not."

"But you don't really believe in the treasure, do you?"

He hesitated, thinking about it, realizing that there were so many things he no longer really believed in, the dreams and goals he had started out with long ago—a pack trip into the Canadian Rockies, for one thing, a novel of literary importance for another, the one he had always planned on writing "sometime."

"Do you?" he countered. "Everytime I see you, you're mooning on the beach when you should be up and off with shovel and energy."

She laughed again, making a sound of delight that snatched him back to early high school, first love and a boy and girl standing barelegged in the shallows of an Ohio stream.

"That treasure has been here a long time," she said, "and I'll only be here a short while. I want to enjoy everything. I'm quite impulsive, you see. If I feel like kicking off my sandals and running barefoot in the surf, I do it. If I want to stroll in the woods and look at the grass and watch the falling leaves, I say, 'Bother the old treasure.' If I don't find it this time—I'll have other vacations."

They were quiet for a while. They watched the sea and listened to the lip of the surf breaking in one repeat performance after another. The breeze murmured at them, but it wasn't cold, and the morning sun seemed a friendly old sort. Vern felt content.

Then she asked, "What do you do?"

"I write novels about people like you who believe in buried treasures." He checked himself and thought perhaps he'd better qualify that.

"I don't mean that you have the morals of my characters—theirs are rotten to the core. It's just that having nothing else left to believe in, they clutch at straws and run off looking for something for nothing."

A disgust for his own ability came over him, and he waded a little into self-abasement. "You probably haven't read any. I write for the paperback trade—psychological adventure stories, hack work." He didn't want to talk about it any more. He stood up, slapping the sand from his pants. "Well, I'll leave you to your quest and to your impulses. I've got to get back to my typewriter." But he knew he wouldn't, knew that the required mood for potboiling was unattainable that day.

She was looking up at him, smiling. "I hope we meet again," she said.

"Sure, I walk here every morning. 'By."

He meandered along the beach with his hands in his pockets, watching his feet. Funny, unrealistic little girl, he thought. She actually believed in dreams, not those of sleeping, but in daydreams—enchanted glens, elves sitting on their crocks of gold, the end of the rainbow. He'd been that way once, and it was ironic to recall that it had all commenced when his father first read *Treasure Island* to him. Right then he'd made up his mind to run away to sea, to fight pirates, to seek buried treasure and endless adventure. He had also decided to write a greater book than *Treasure Island*, a tale of violence, of ships and sailors and the sea. Oh, yes, he'd had wonderful plans.

His cottage was a sea-grained Cape Cod. It stood on the high ground in the piny wood, facing the sea. It was nearly as old as Nord's treasure, and Nord had created his legend in 1925. Vern went up the squashy board steps and into his workroom. The limp piece of paper in the typewriter reminded him that he was in the middle of a vivid scene concerning a thirty-year-old society wife who was having an affair with the muscular young mate of a Coral Sea schooner. It was sordid, and he was sick of it. He jerked it from the roller.

He sat for a while smoking in the quiet blue shadows, staring out at the glimmering water. Then he looked at the typewriter again and reached for a fresh sheet of paper. In the center of the page he typed: THE EMPTY SEA . . . A NOVEL BY VERN RAYMOND. He skipped four spaces and typed the opening sentence: "In the beginning was the sea."

He looked at the sentence and lighted another cigarette. He'd planned this novel of literary significance for years, from childhood really. First he would give a short artistic history of the beginning of the sea, of its meaning to the first men,

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Battle of The Alamo, San Antonio, Texas, 1836. Painting by F. C. Yohn.

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of its importance and function to the world through the ages, and he would call his leadoff "Genesis."

He looked at the hurrah's nest of pages, carbons, pencils and reference books on his desk and saw the stark message of a telegram form facing him bleakly. It was from his agent, reminding him of the deadline on his latest paperback thriller and asking him not to "let us down." Vern rubbed his cheeks with his fingers.

He left the desk, feeling the heavy accumulation of all the false beginnings and phony endings that had marred his life, and went out on the porch to stare at the sea. A ten-day vacation the never-never girl had. Six days left ——

He walked back to the tool shed attached to the cottage. He thought he remembered seeing a shovel in there.

The girl seemed delightfully surprised to see him coming along the beach the next morning with the shovel over his shoulder. She sprang from her nook in the sand and ran to him on small bare feet.

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE THE LADY WHO PLAYED THE FOOL SEE PAGE 66

"You're going treasure hunting!" she accused him.

Her directness, though it was a part of her appeal, always embarrassed him. "Well," he said, looking at his shovel, at anything rather than her young eyes, "you dig for treasure, you know. That's a man's job. Get your little spade, and we'll set off full and by and four points east, or whatever it is."

Legend was that Timothy Nord had been a latter-day pirate; but the townspeople knew he had actually been nothing more than a small-time bootlegger. His rum boat had gone aground one night on the island, and the story went that Nord, knowing the police boats were coming, had buried a small fortune in paper currency in the woods. Tourists believed that Timothy Nord's body also was buried somewhere on the island; though the truth was that Nord had been shot and killed on a Boston street by a rival gang only one week after the wreck of the rum boat. The treasure had never been recovered.

Vern and the girl followed the beach for a quarter of a smile and then climbed over a high shoulder and down into a small rock-ribbed cove. The water in the cove was shallow and free of rip tides. The beach shelved up to a knoll, and then the woods picked up again and sequestered the spot from the world. It was known locally as Nord's Cove and it was in this vicinity that nine out of ten treasure hunters came to dig—though no one really knew why.

The floor of the woods fronting the cove was honeycombed with pits and excavations, large and small, some of them nearly eight feet deep. It was not a safe place to try to walk at night. Vern dug his shovel blade into the sand and leaned on the haft.

"Well, where shall we start?"

The girl looked around with the bright expectancy of a child at a circus and said, "We must put ourselves in Nord's sea boots and think as he must have thought. We need to find some telltale landmarks—remember the 'devil's seat' in *The Gold Bug*? Now if you'd been Nord, what would you have looked for that night?"

"For a flashlight to see where in Hades I was going."

She made a face at him. "Don't be facetious. Treasure hunting is a serious business." To which Vern grinned and said, "Aye, aye."

In the cove she found a rock formation that she claimed looked just like a pirate's face—though Vern felt it looked more like a straggly bearded old goat. Then she picked out the tallest pine in view, and they paced off the distance between the two points, divided this in half, and she marked the spot with her toe. "Let's dig," she said.

By noon they had unearthed two rusty tin cans, four pulpy paper cups and a fair collection of bottle caps. Vern reburied this hoard for another treasure seeker to discover and took the girl back to his cottage for lunch.

"Do you live here alone all the time?" she asked. "Don't you find it terribly lonely?"

"No, I rather like it." But he knew now that he no longer really believed it. "There're a couple of old fishermen living farther along the beach," he said. "I go and have a glass of wine with them every so often in the evening."

"That's nice. I'd like that. Will you take me with you sometime?"

He liked the way she asked it, right out. There was an aura of innocence about her that appealed to him. "Yes, if you'd like."

Then he found himself making other plans with her for future days, simple little plans, and experienced a mild excitement merely in the contemplation of putting them into effect.

In the afternoon they walked over to the leeward side of the island to her rowboat. "See you in the morning," Vern said as he shoved the boat off. Then, remembering, he called, "Hey! What's your name?"

"Emily. Old fashioned, isn't it?"

"Mine's Vern." He waved and watched her pull away from the shore. Someday, he thought, they would have to get around to last names, but it probably wasn't important.

They knocked off from treasure hunting early next day and went swimming in the cove with face masks and fins. They brought up ordinary-looking little shells and brilliant strands of kelp, and Vern found an old sun-tan-lotion bottle, and it was treasure enough for that day. The following day they went out fishing in Emily's rowboat and caught two fat bass and a nameless little fellow with gaudy markings and wicked-looking spines on his back. They had a fish fry on the beach in the afternoon, and that day's treasure was eaten.

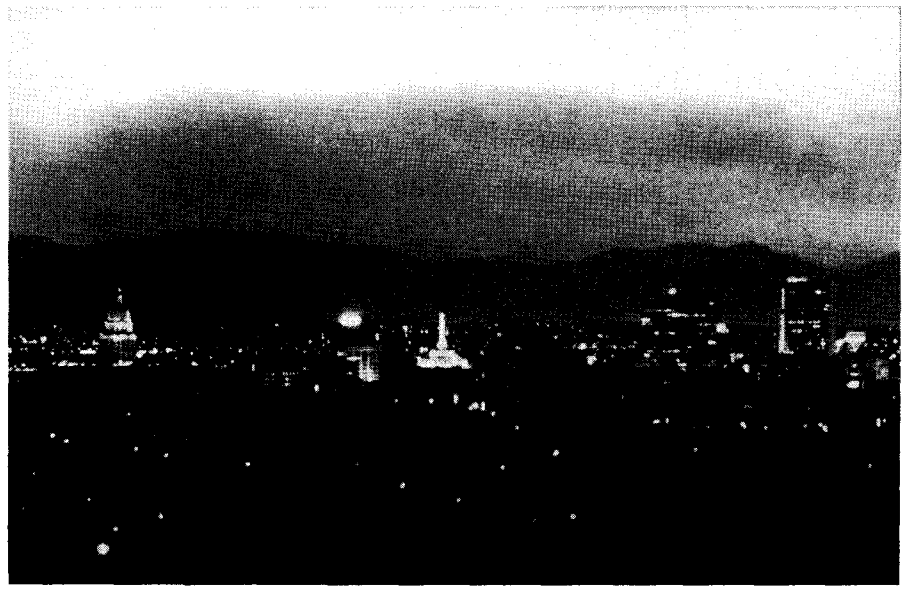
On the fourth day of the partnership they had a picnic in the pine woods. As from far off they could hear the muted rumble of the surf, and a sense of peace seemed to shut them in like a protective hand. They talked lazily.

THE PAST AND PRESENT IN

September

HOLIDAY

Magazine



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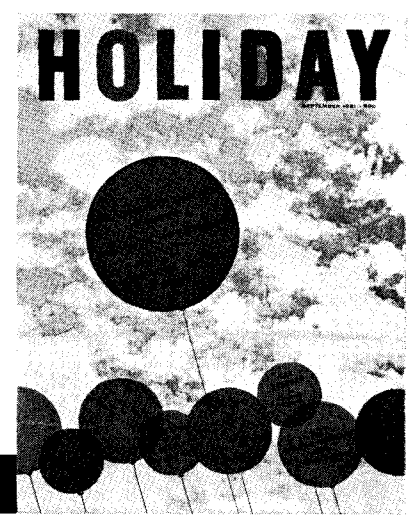

• A CURTIS MAGAZINE •

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"Vern, when did you stop believing in your dreams?"

"Oh, I don't know—must have been a long time ago. Probably when I first started to earn a living." Yes, he thought, it might have been that, or it might have been the war—the Solomon Islands. But he didn't like to blame the war for his shortcomings—that was too easy. War destroyed many things, primarily a boy's erroneous idea of glorious adventure, but seldom his ambition.

"Don't the characters in your stories ever find what they're looking for?" she asked. She seemed concerned.

"Usually they do. But I only let them have it for a while. Then they have a falling out and lose it through greed, through lust."

Emily made a face. "I wouldn't end a story like that. I'd let the deserving find what they are searching for and live happily ever after. Jim Hawkins lived happily ever after."

Vern smiled. "Well, I always like to think he did. But R.L.S. was a romantic daydreamer. He believed in finding treasure. Didn't the protagonist in *Merry Men* find the treasure he was searching for?"

"All I can remember about that story was the vivid description of the underwater scene when the hero swam down to the sunken wreck. I remember *The Ebb Tide*, though, and they didn't find their treasure."

"Not in pearls or pounds," he said. "But they found something better—or I think they did." He thought about it for a moment, then said, "Would you like to visit the fishermen this evening?"

Emily sat up with one quick movement. "Oh, could we? Yes, I should like that very much."

He enjoyed watching her face, the way it lighted up like a birthday cake; she was almost childlike in her responses. He looked at her and thought about taking her in his arms and kissing her.

Instantly the impulse gave him an absurd sense of shyness. It had been a long time since he'd been with a girl—a girl like Emily. It wasn't so much that he felt rusty as he was afraid of offending through a wrong impression—a lonely man, a pretty young girl, alone together on an island, tucked away in the woods. Any untoward action on his part might be misconstrued as planned.

He rolled over on his back and thought of Janice, his wife. They were married when they both were twenty-seven, no children—"*Let's wait until we have security.*" "*Let's wait until you write your novel about the sea*"—and three years later she was killed in an auto accident. Vern looked up at the leafy sky, then closed his eyes, drawing Janice's face back from memory. Maybe that was what had shattered the dreams and the goals—one car meeting another head-on.

He shook the mood because it didn't do any good, sat up and smiled at Emily. "All right, that's what we'll do this evening."

The two old fishermen lived in a little shanty at the south end of the island. Their shack was shingle-sided, and the shingles were very old and weathered and bowed. A battered dishpan hung from a nail on one wall, and the window panes were opaque with scum, and two of them were missing and had been replaced with age-curled squares of cardboard. A tall mending rack adrape with nets and corks stood at the north corner of the shanty, and in the sunset the scene looked like a prize-winning photograph in one of the camera magazines.

The two old men were glad to see them: they seemed very fond of Vern and both of them assured Emily that they read all of his books and considered them "crackerjacks." They served wine out of unlabeled bottles, and the bottles had the tinted-green look of curling waves just before they break. They smoked Sherlock Holmes pipes and they kept an open coffee can of tobacco on the table. It was their own mixture, and from the wild aroma it gave off, Vern frequently suspected that the blend saw its fair share of chopped seaweed. But it was rather pleasing in the atmosphere it helped to create.

The most difficult part of homework for a child is getting both parents to agree on the same answer.

Myram Tunnicliff

They had an old guitar, though neither of them could remember how to play it, and so Vern took it in his lap and strummed some chords. He sang a few chanteys, smoked cigarettes and drank some wine, but not much because his defeat had not taken that refuge. And he watched Emily enjoy herself.

Watching her, thinking back on the past four days, he realized what had happened to him since the death of his wife. He hadn't gone off the deep end in the accepted form, but had suffered a sort of numbness of reaction, an apathy of spirit. Now for the first time in five years he was alive again, and life was vital.

And he knew now that hidden treasure *was* obtainable to the seeker—human treasure. It was merely a matter of perseverance and faith. For four days he had held a jewel in his hand, and now he was pressing it to his breast. But very soon he was going to have to open his hand, and it would slip away, and then ——

"It's getting late," he said abruptly.

The old fishermen wouldn't let them go without a final glass of wine and without extracing a promise from both of them that they would return at the first opportunity. And then they said good night and good-by, and Vern and Emily walked away, leaving the two old men of the sea standing crabbed and still in their doorway, with the square of lamplight blazing around them.

They were quiet as they walked along the beach until Vern said, "What will you do with the money if we find it?"

Emily knew exactly what she would do. "I'll put it in my savings account. I have one, you know. I'm very independent." Then she laughed. "I'll save it for other vacations, to look for other treasures." He sensed a hesitancy before she said, "Perhaps I'll come back here again. I suppose there are more buried treasures along this coast?"

"Oh, yes," he said, thinking of the old codger who made maps. "But if we don't find it, will you be disappointed?"

She shook her head. "Not in the least, because that doesn't mean it isn't here. It merely means we've been unlucky." They walked on through the murmuring hush of the night sea, and Emily picked up the thread of thought again.

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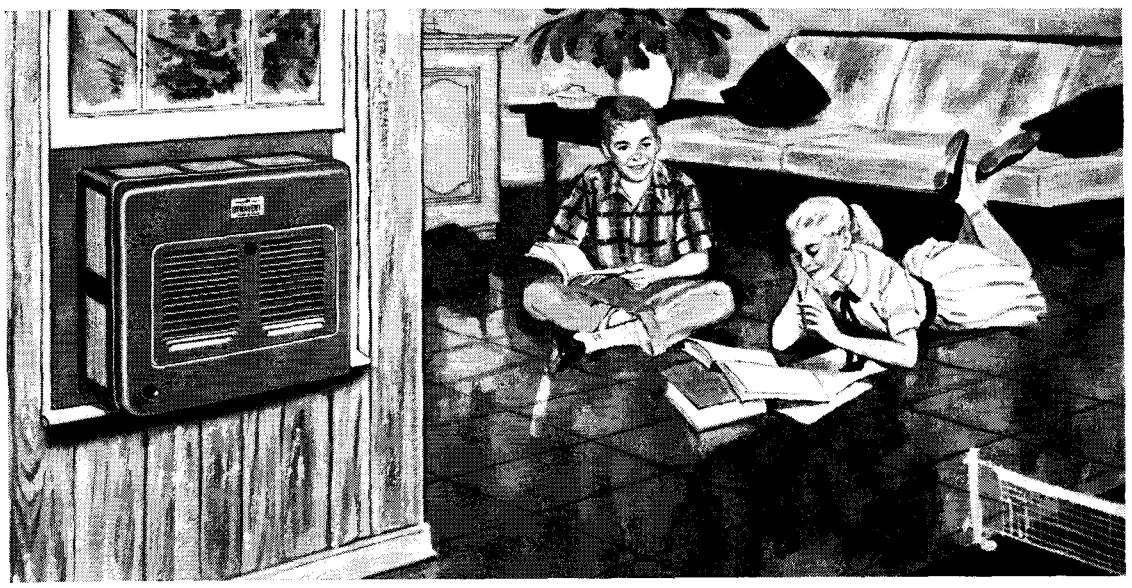

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"A child doesn't stop believing in the Land of Oz just because he cannot find a way to go there. He knows it exists somewhere."

He looked at her. "Do you believe it exists somewhere?"

"Everything you've ever dreamed of exists," she said simply.

Vern took her hand, but said nothing more, and they walked like that, silently watching their feet. Overhead the early stars were like bits of splintered glass, and everything else was darkness and sea whisper, and they seemed to be the only two people in the world.

They went down the shelving beach to where the ebb tide was being drawn off, and paused by her boat. Across the channel the town was a wonderland glowing under its own aurora borealis of luminous electricity; but Emily was looking up at the night, and her face was radiant with starlight.

"Saint-Exupéry says the stars are a trap," she told him. "They are like lights at the issue of a black pit, and if a man climbs up to them, then he never wants to come down again, but stays up there eternally, chewing at the stars."

Vern glanced upward. *There might be something in that*, he thought. *There just might be.*

It was early afternoon when Vern met Emily on the beach. He took her spade, and they walked along the shore, climbed over the rock shoulder and went down to Nord's Cove. They had been strangely quiet during the walk; now they stood barefooted in the sand and looked at the water, and they both seemed to be afraid to speak—as if conscious of an obscure sense of an impending crisis. Finally Vern said it.

"Well, this is the last day."

Emily nodded, looking down, tracing a skull-and-crossbones in the sand with her toe. "Yes."

And then there didn't seem to be anything more to say, and so they went up to the excavations. "What shall we try today?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know. One spot's as good as another. Why don't we just gamble and dig where we're standing—say where you are."

But all the gamble yielded were bottle caps and a few animal bones. "Let's try where you were standing," he suggested.

"All right. Where was it—here?"

Emily dug for a while, and Vern sat down and had a cigarette and watched her ply the spade. Her hair spilled over her shoulder and cheek and into her eyes. She brushed it back with an impatient gesture, but when it happened a second time, she looked up at him with a smile. "I think I should wear a ponytail. Would you like that?"

"No," he said softly, "I wouldn't. I like it the way it is."

He got up and took the spade from her and started to dig. He suspected now that he loved Emily, loved her very much—not out of loneliness, but for herself. So what was he going to do about it? She was so young, so much was ahead of her: she was only at the beginning. Perhaps she was already engaged to some young fellow.

The spade went *tuunk* against something in the sand, and Emily said, "Beer can?" But Vern shook his head, looking. And suddenly he was down on his knees and scraping sand hurriedly aside with his hands.

It was a rusty tin box, perhaps an old-fashioned biscuit tin. He pried the lid off and—Emily now at his side—they saw that the inside had been lined with tin foil, and the foil had been folded over at the top. He looked at Emily. "You open it," he said and grinned when he saw how her hands trembled.

There were four stacks of very shabby-looking old bills under the foil, and the denomination of each top bill was one dollar. Emily clapped her hands ecstatically. "Nord's treasure! Oh, Vern, don't you see—we've found it! Because we believed in it, we found it."

Vern nodded, trying to comprehend the wonder of it, realizing his eyes were suddenly wet. He was very happy for her.

"Let's count it," he said. "Let's see how rich you've become."

"You mean how rich you've become. You found it."

Vern shook his head. "But you're the one that believed in it. I only came along because—for something to do."

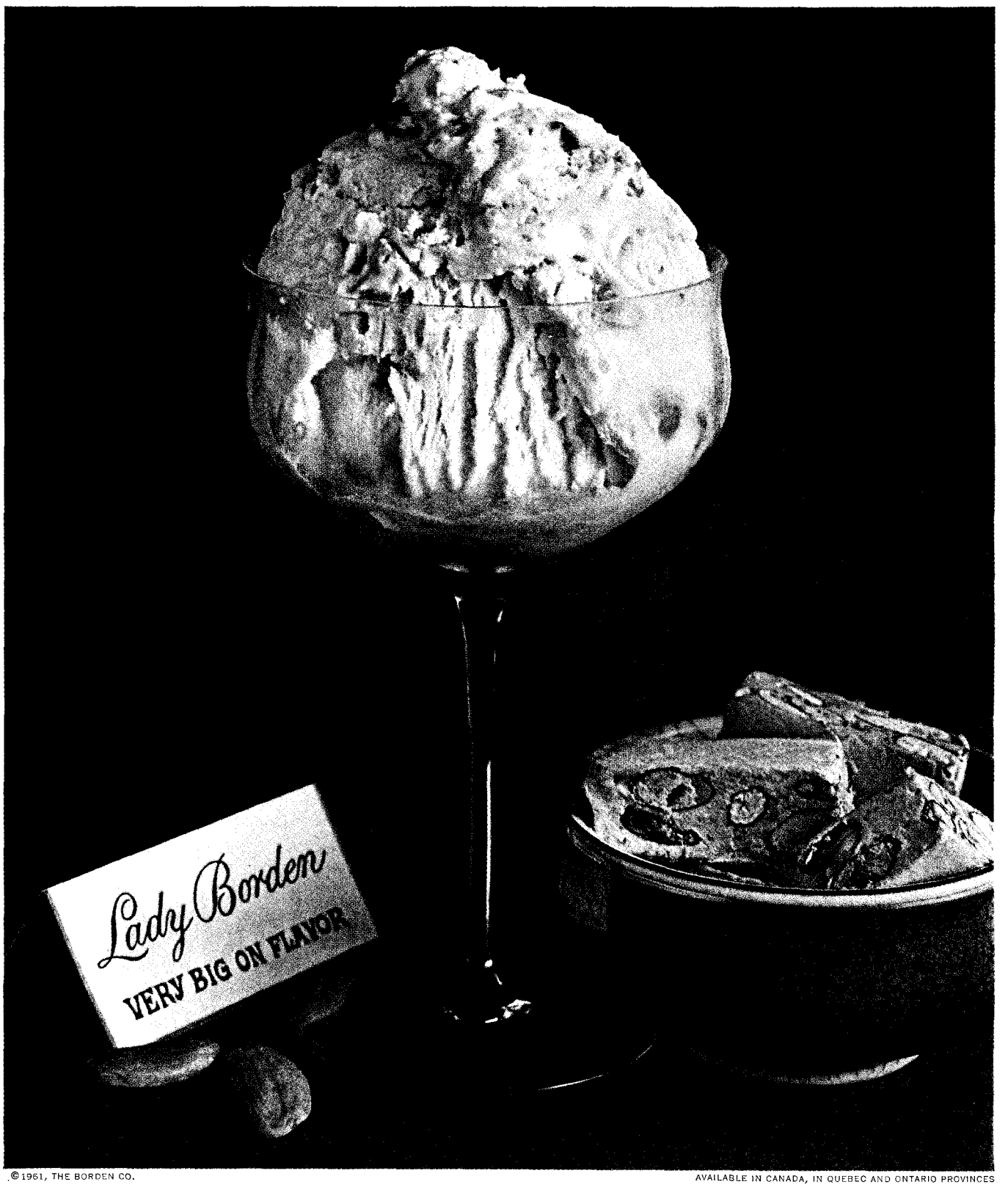
"No, that isn't so. And anyway, all I ever cared about was finding it. I don't need the money."

"Well, neither do I when it comes to that."

"It isn't a question of your needing the money. You found it and ——"

"Wait a minute. We're starting to act like the characters in my stories—in reverse. If you're going to be silly about it, we'll split the money. This was a partnership, wasn't it? Now let's count it, and then we can take your half over to the bank."

But Emily was shaking her head. "No, let's not divide it now. I ——" She glanced



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nervously at the sky. "It's getting late," she said. "I'd better go. I have to pack my things." Her voice trailed off and lost itself in the gurgle of the surf.

He looked at her. For a moment he'd forgotten this was their last day. Emily's face seemed strangely pensive.

"You keep the treasure for a while," she suggested. "And—well, perhaps later you could mail me a check for my share."

Then this is good-by, he thought, and his old defeatism returned.

"Well, all right," he said quietly.

She stood up hesitantly, not looking at him. "Will I see you tomorrow?" she asked. "My train leaves early in the morning."

Perhaps she knows how I feel about her, he thought bleakly, *and she's afraid I'm going to ask her now that we're running out of time and she doesn't want it to end with an embarrassing scene. I was a fool to let it go as far as it did. Now I'm up there chewing on the stars, and it hurts like hell to let go.*

"Sure," he said stiffly. "I'll probably be able to make it."

She gave him an odd little look then, but kicked pride wouldn't allow him to say more. He picked up the treasure box, and they walked from the cove in stilted silence.

In the night his sleep came in sections, interspersed with long tossing drags of insomnia. And in the morning he was beat, and his cigarettes were tasteless and his coffee flat, and the thought of breakfast made him sick. He looked at himself in the mirror.

Am I going to let her go like this, without a word, without trying? It's up to you; you're old enough to know what you want—or should be. Maybe I misinterpreted her manner yesterday. Maybe she wanted me to ask her; maybe that's what she was waiting for. Maybe I hurt her when I said nothing. Maybe. Well, but how was I to know? How is a man ever to know? He can't until he tries. Well, all right then—then shut up about it. Aye aye.

He went to his desk and looked at the treasure box. He still couldn't believe it, but there it was in front of him. He picked up a stack of bills and began counting. There were 803 one-dollar bills in the box. But that wasn't what interested him. He stared at the last dollar for a moment and then started to smile. He was beginning to understand.

He shaved and dressed and left the cottage in a hurry. But he had gone only a dozen yards when he stalled and slipped into staring suspension. Emily, small against the broad sloping beach, was walking toward him. *She's going to miss her train*, was the first thought that entered his head. Then he realized that Emily wasn't catching any trains that morning—not in a sweat shirt and dungarees.

"I was afraid you wouldn't come," she said simply.

"I was just on my way," Vern said. "I was going to ask you not to take that train. I—well, what I'm trying to say is I would like us to keep the treasure in the family." Suddenly he smiled. "Look, there's a book I've got to write. It's going to take a long hard time, and I'll be moody and cross as a bear and I probably won't shave and might even throw coffee cups at you ——"

Her eyes were like morning dew in sunlight. "Someone has to bring you the coffee cups before you can throw them. And if you're asking for applicants—oh, Vern, it means you've found faith in yourself again, doesn't it?"

"Well, that's why you rigged the treasure, isn't it? To restore my belief in my dreams?" He said it smiling, but he was touched by what she'd done. It was no little thing to destroy your own dream by deliberately handing it to someone as a gift of faith. He looked at her wonderingly.

"How did you arrange it?"

Emily started to laugh. "The hardest part was in convincing the people at the branch bank in town that I needed the money in shabby one-dollar bills: that was after they'd received confirmation from my bank in Boston." She gave him a petulant look.

"I thought I was being so smart. I even made the treasure an odd number. How did you find out? Did you simply guess?"

Vern took her in his arms, pulled her in close to his chest and held her there. "Darling," he said, "poor innocent. Don't you know that dollar bills are 'dated' by series? Every time there is a change in the design of the bill, the year of the new series is put on the face of the bill. I didn't see a bill in that treasure that was earlier than series of 1935."

He could feel her laughing quietly against his chest, and, his cheek deep in her hair, he watched a gull bank away from the island. It was bright and clean and very swift, and it was like looking at the future.

Then he smiled, thinking, *In the beginning was the sea....* THE END

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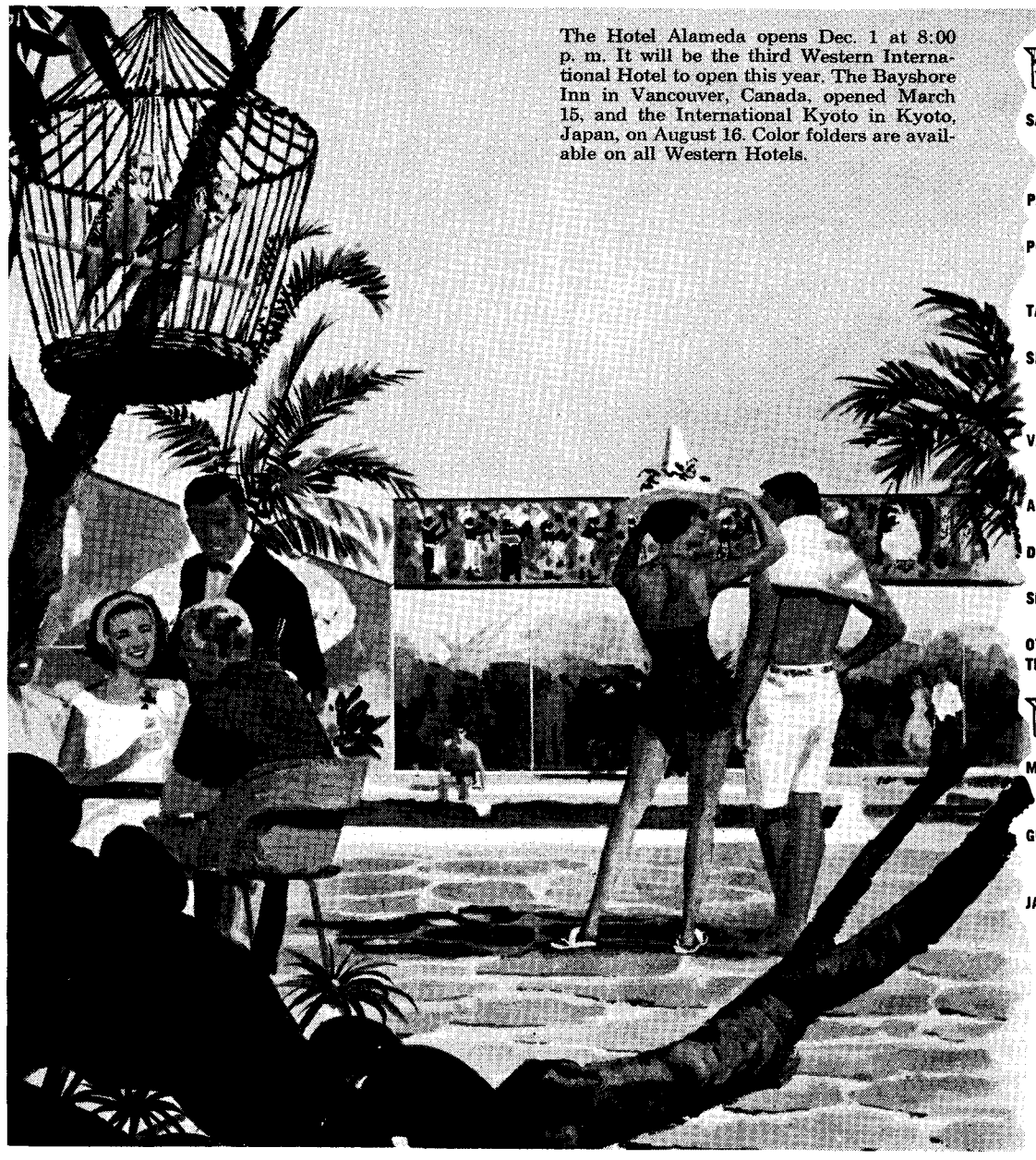

The Hotel Alameda opens Dec. 1 at 8:00 p. m. It will be the third Western International Hotel to open this year. The Bayshore Inn in Vancouver, Canada, opened March 15, and the International Kyoto in Kyoto, Japan, on August 16. Color folders are available on all Western Hotels.

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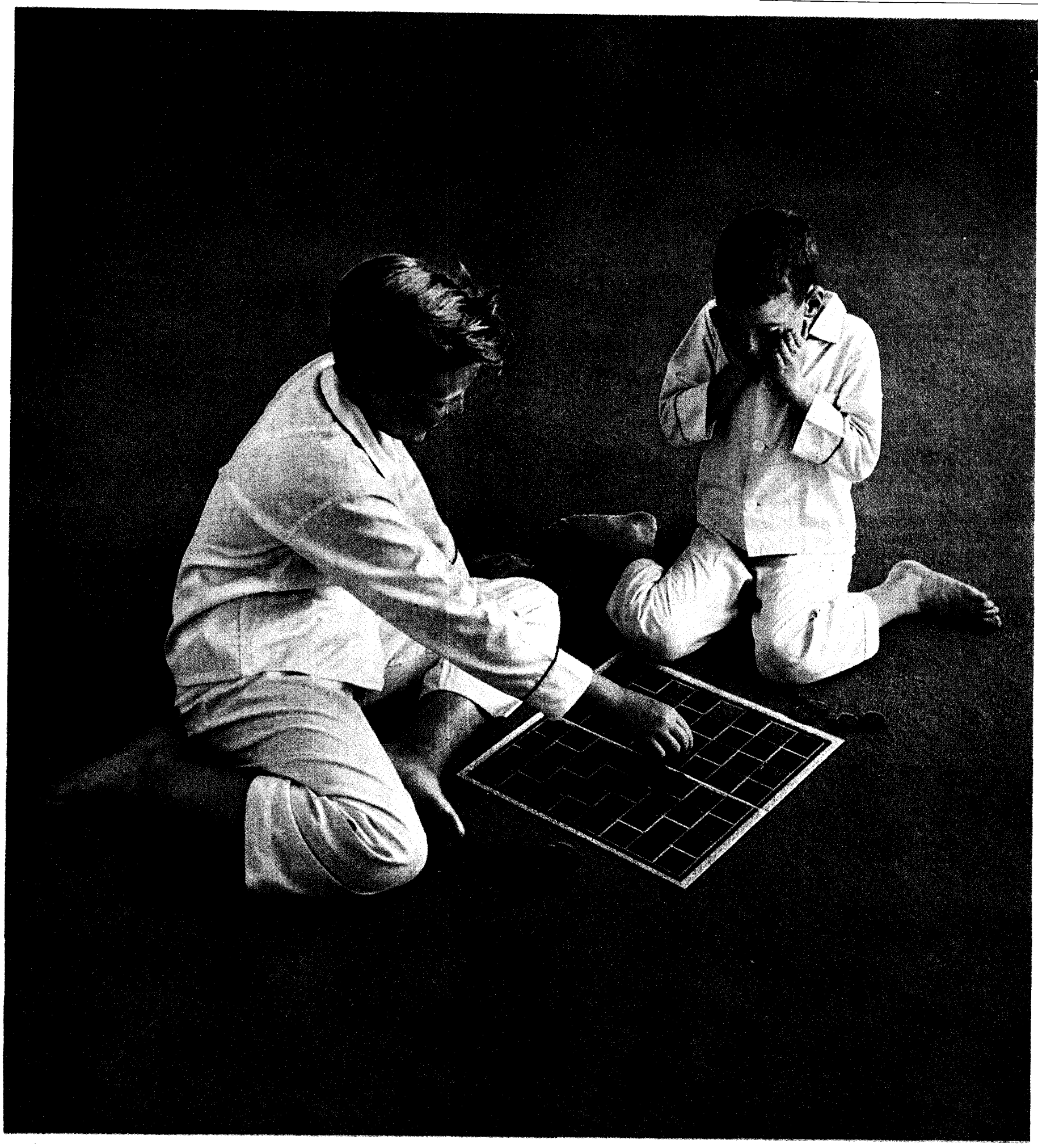
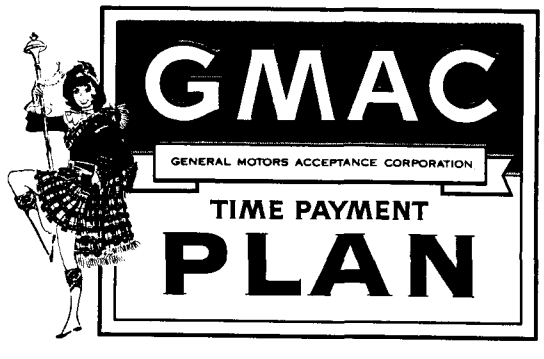


Smart move. So is financing your car where you buy it. See the General Motors dealer who uses GMAC. He can finance your car, your car insurance, also creditor life insurance at reasonable cost.



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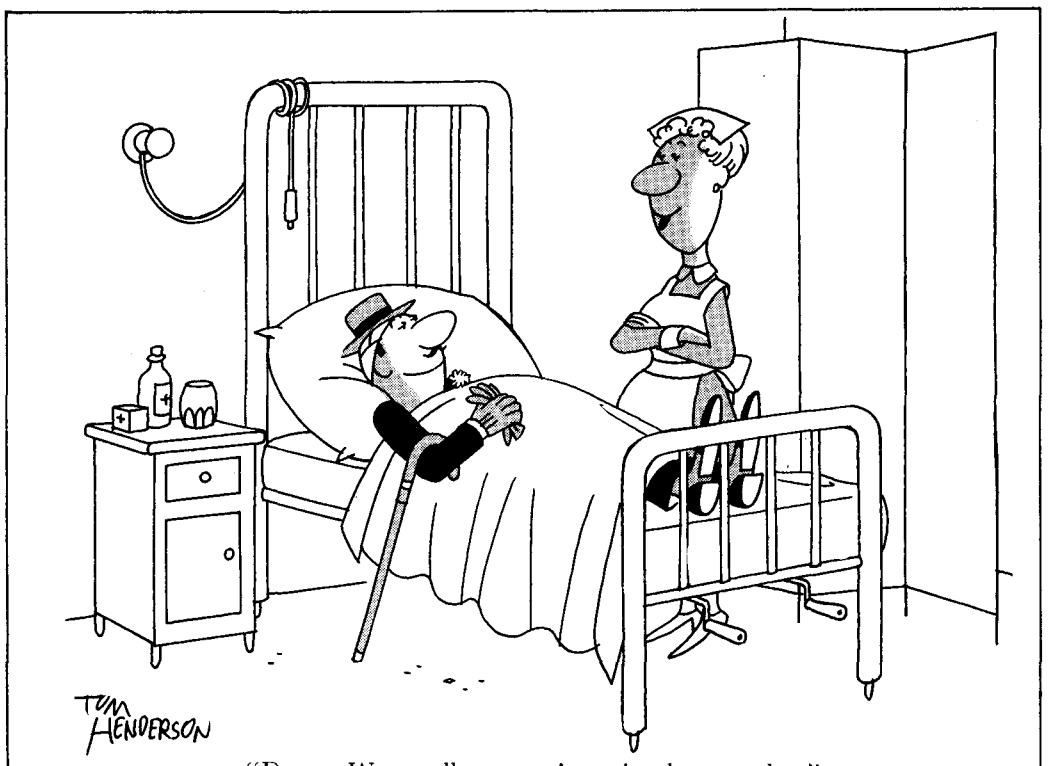
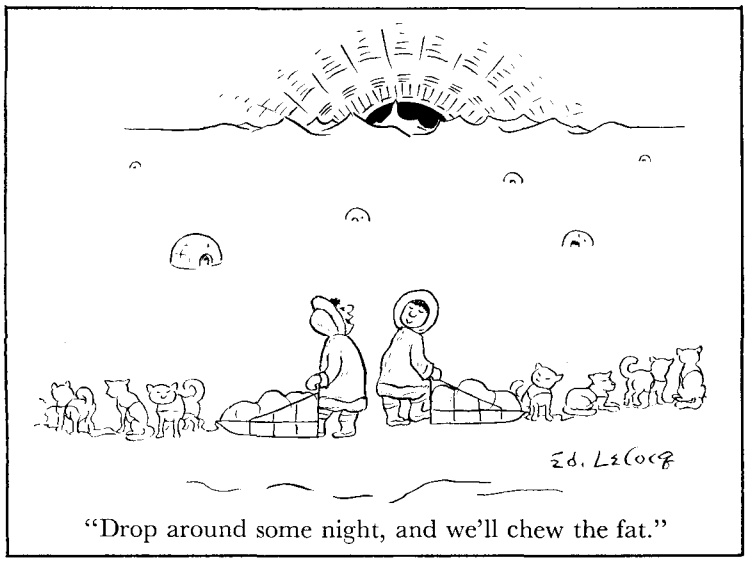
post scripts

"I'm terribly worried about Alfred. His lawn mower came back without him."

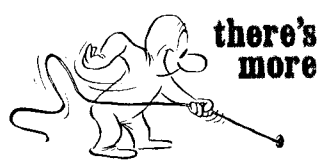


"Doctor Watts tells me you're going home today."

"Seems just right, Mr. Van Wart!"



"Drop around some night, and we'll chew the fat."



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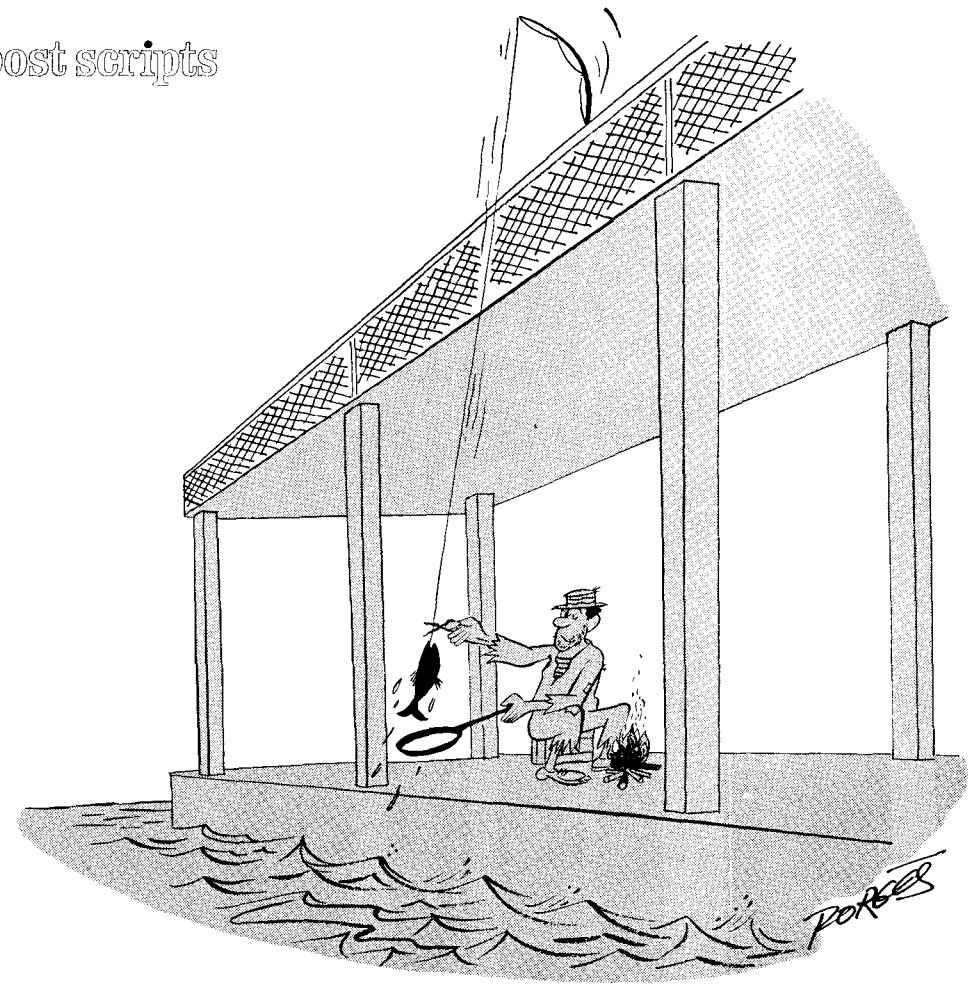
post scripts



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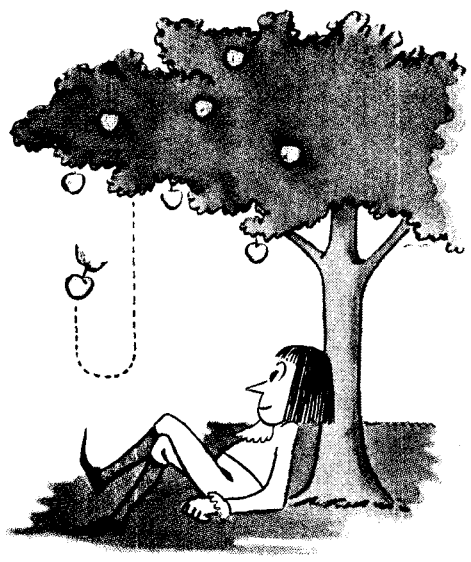

Herr Newton und der Fallen Apfel

Herr Newton beneathen der tree ben gesprawlen
Mit watchen ein smallischer apfel gefallen.
Ach, Himmel! Herr Newton ben oberexciten
Und soonisch abouten der apfel ben writen!

Meinself ist nicht thinken das fallen surprisen,
Comparen mit iffen der apfel ben risen.

DAVE MORRAH

Here's the Pitch

The long slow curve:

"I tell you, Mr. Bates, it's not everybody's got sense enough to keep his equipment up like you do. Like take last summer when I cleaned your furnace, I said to the wife, I said, 'Now, you take that Mr. Bates, there's a fellow that really knows straight up!' "

"Sure is a fine piece of equipment you got here, Mr. Bates. Of course, you got a funny situation with your frammis-obolator on top of your rejestor cones, but I tell you, with these babies, when they put out the heat, man, they put out the heat!"

"That's a nice new car you got there, Mr. Bates. You know, you keep hearing rumors about maybe business ain't quite so hot as she's cracked up to be, but I always say, a fellow with your git-up-and-git just makes his own prosperity. That's what I always say."

"The things you see in this business! Like this fellow over here on Elm—maybe you know him, fellow named Parkins? Well, sir, he had a furnace like this, only he just didn't have good sense. Anyway he left the blork pile up in the grammets and first thing you knew, the pluke-distributor blew. Well, I got there just in time to . . ."

And the fast break:

"Well, sir, you gotta have a new burner, pipes and fan, but I think maybe we can save some of your upstairs vents. Now, of course, you can let 'er go if you want to, but . . ."

PEG BRACKEN

"And are you the mother?"

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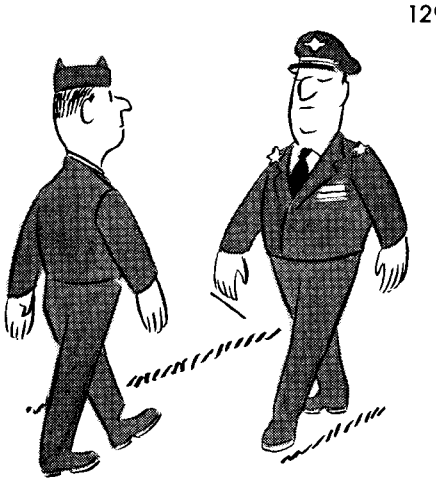
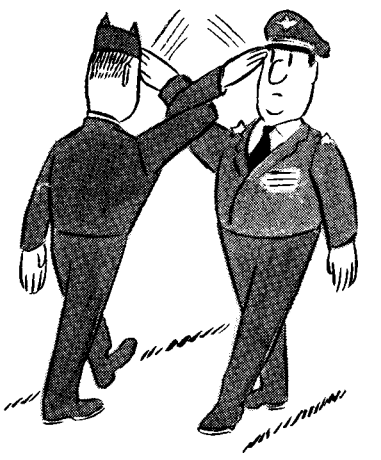
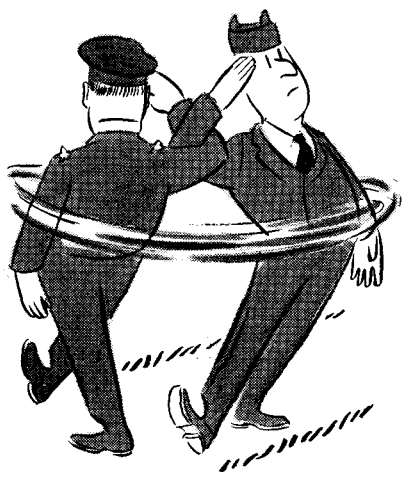
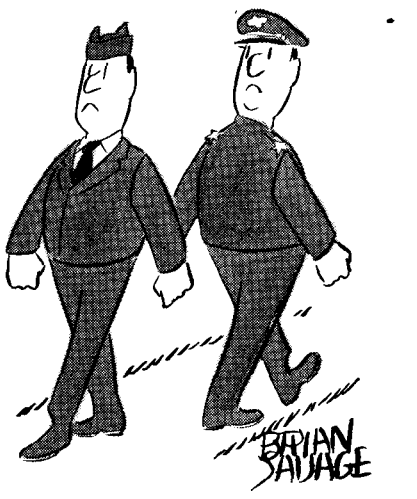
"I'm working late, dear—there've been a few changes around here."









"Pity—he *loved* a good cigar."

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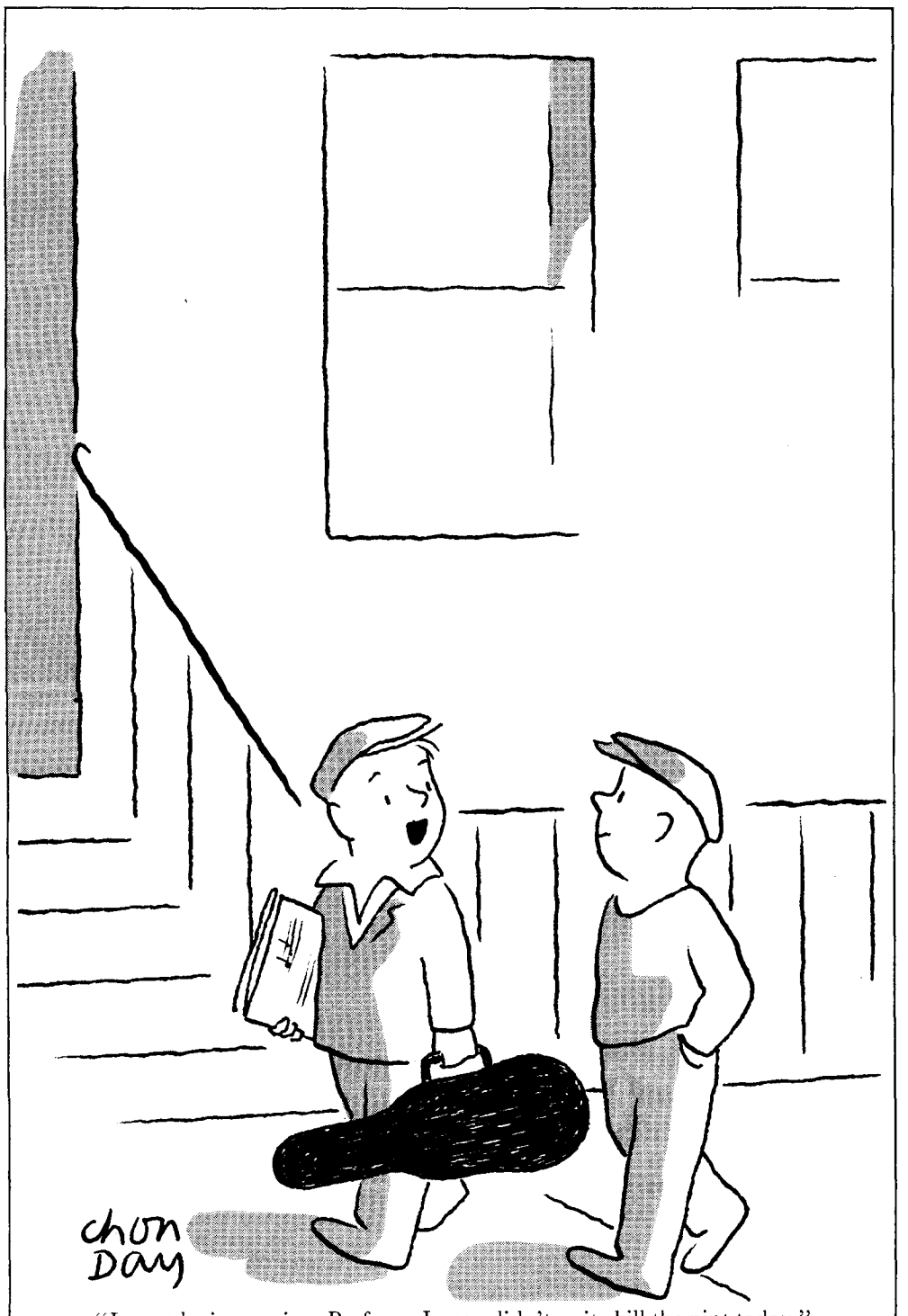
post scripts

"One of you is shedding!"

"We want to ask a question about our joint account."



"I must be improving. Professor Lucca didn't quite kill the pint today."

the end

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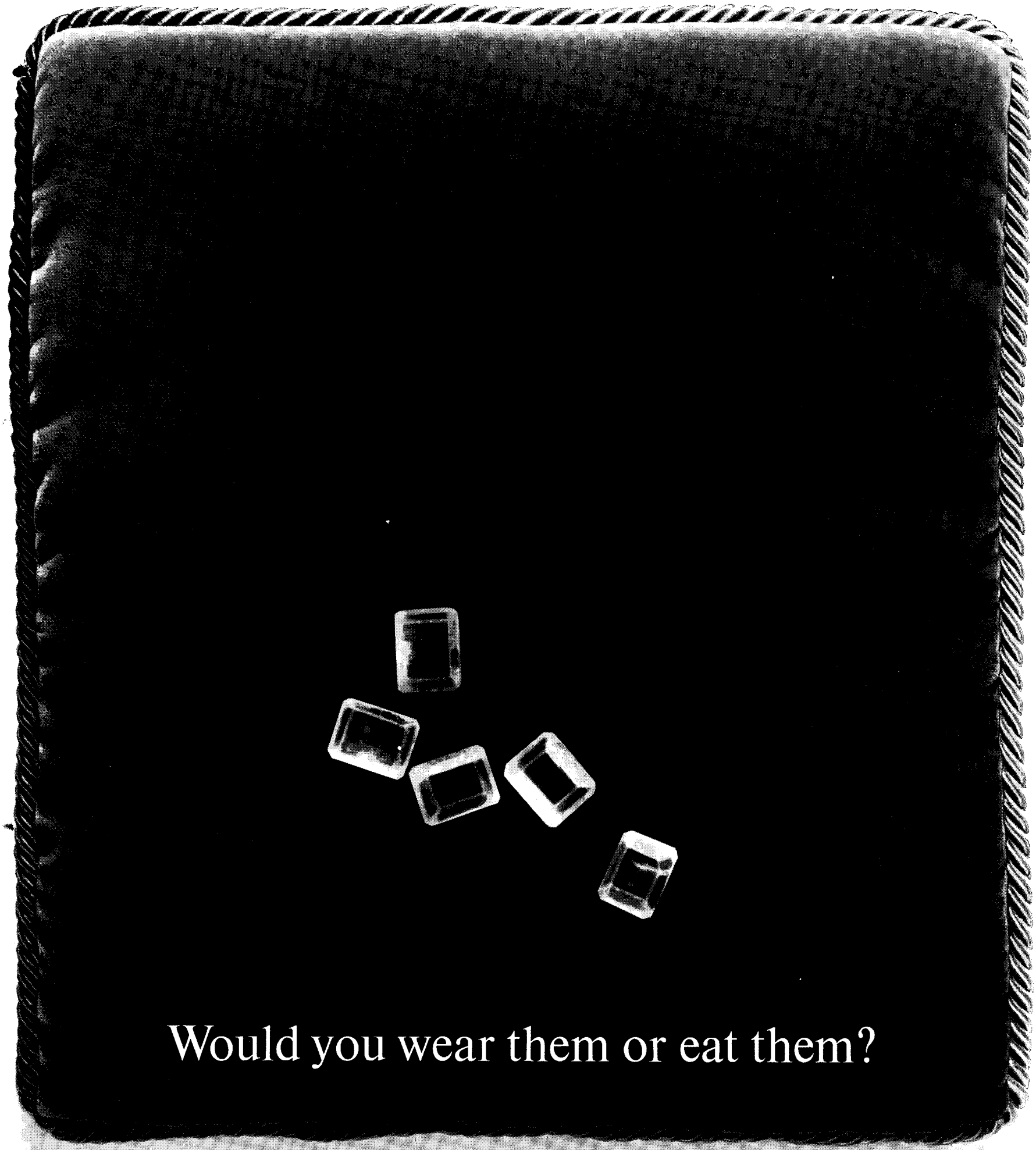
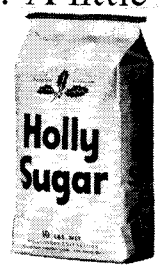


A tough decision. Because a magnified crystal of Holly Sugar (that's what this is) is startlingly similar in appearance to a fine emerald-cut diamond. It's a gem in taste, too. A little Holly Sugar used in the setting of other fine foods greatly magnifies their flavor.

Frankly, we suspect that the remarkable similarity between a fine diamond and a grain of pure Holly Sugar is due to their similar molecular structure. One thing we know for sure: they both make life a little more pleasant. During *your* next engagement in the kitchen, just remember–Holly Sugar is a girl's best friend.



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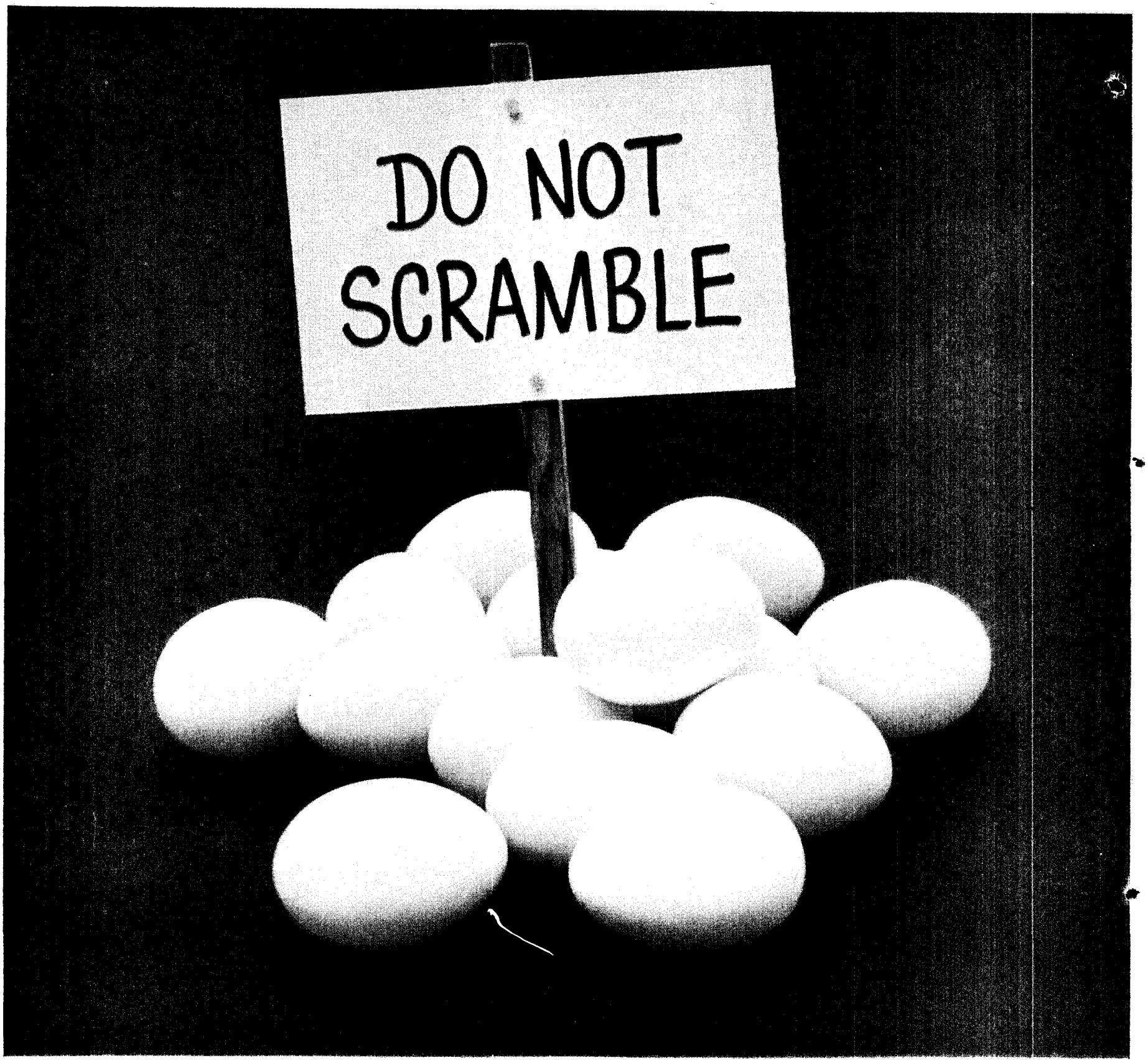

At the breakfast table, scrambled eggs can really hit the spot. Scrambled financial affairs, though, are something else again. That's why it is usually best to make a sharp distinction between money you *invest* and money you want to *save*–the money you want to have immediately available under all circumstances. Put your investments wherever you think they will earn the best return. But keep your *savings* where you know they will always be accessible–*in the bank*.

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BY WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN

BATTLE PARTY

make the assault tonight? it simply couldn't be done.

Only intermittent artillery fire disturbed the deep February snow along Maliore ridge, where the regiment commanded by Colonel Dave Mosby waited out the stalemate begun in December. The U.S. Army's push up the Italian boot, geared to continue into the Po valley, was stymied by a determined German garrison on the heights of Monte Tereccia.

Mosby, promoted to brigadier general while hospitalized for a shoulder wound, got the job of knocking out Monte Tereccia. He planned to take the fortress by surprise, moving a battalion of his men up the sheer 1500-foot cliff of Il Bastione at night—a rugged ascent under ideal conditions—while the remainder of the regiment stood poised to strike at the citadel from the front.

Mosby and lanky Lt. Xerxes Garbo took a party of rugged infantrymen to scout the route in advance. Guided by Lt. Percy Morehead, a youthful Englishman who had scaled the cliff before the war, the small force moved across the valley to the deserted village at the base of Il Bastione.

PART TWO

Garbo pushed a door open, the hinges making a faint complaint in the night, and Dave Mosby followed him into a room where starlight from two windows shed a bit of illumination. Boots of the rest of the little column scraped up the steps and across the sill; there was a faint sound of movement in the room, and the starlight died as Dave knew that blankets were being rigged across the broken-paned windows. Garbo's cheerful, unbothered voice came again. "O.K., Cobber. Give us some light."

A pocket lighter flared, and then candlelight put vague and shifting shadows into the long, narrow room as Dave gave it a quick glance. Pieces of furniture were scattered in haphazard arrangement. A child's doll lay in one corner; a woman's garment hung on a chair that sagged with a broken leg. Dishes lay on the table where the candle burned in the neck of a wine bottle.

The Cobber, his carbine slung from a shoulder and his eyes bright and hard, said, "So, what's the scoop, Xerk? Outposts at either end of the town like last time?"

Garbo laid his own carbine on the table and considered the question. He put a foot up on a chair and checked to see that the trench knife was still strapped to his boot. Dave waited impatiently, but he didn't interfere; Garbo knew what he was doing.

"Ought to do," the latter said mildly. "If anybody comes callin' it'll likely be from up the creek—couple of stray krauts might take it into their heads to come wandering around. Anyway, you see anybody, gather 'em in. You ready to go, general?"

"Let's get started," Dave said. He laid his own carbine on the table beside Garbo's. "We may as well leave these here—the chances are they'd only be in the way during the climb."

"Kind of thinking that," Garbo agreed. "Chances are we'll need a couple of pair of extra hands before we're up to the top, anyway. We both got pistols—you got one, leftenant?"

"Webley here," Morehead said, patting a bulge in his battle dress. "Must say I'm a rotten shot with it though."

"Maybe you could throw it at a kraut—if you saw one," the Cobber said from across the table in an edged voice.

"Let that go, Cobber," Dave said roughly. "If we're not back by daylight, report that to the ridge and tell them to relay it to General Grimes. Wait for dark tomorrow night and then pull back to the regiment. The chances are that we're not coming."

The Cobber's face turned a darker shade in the unsteady light. He glanced at Garbo and then turned back to look at Dave Mosby with a rebellious stare. "Sir," he said, "the Scout Company's not in the habit of leaving any of its people behind. If you ——"

"Those are orders," Dave said curtly. Then, because he knew what was eating the other, he moved around the table to drop a hand on Jeff Cobber's shoulder for a brief moment. "We'll be back—just see to it that a German reception committee isn't waiting for us when we come."

The tightness didn't leave Cobber's face, but he said, "Yes, sir," and Dave wheeled away.

Garbo's untroubled voice took a little of the tension out of the room. "Douse the light," he said. "We're going."

The candle died, leaving the stink of burned tallow in the room, and the door creaked, letting in cold air; it creaked again, and the three were gone. Cobber's lighter flared once more, and again the flickering candlelight threw shadows into the room. Nick Ballou came up to the table, pushing his wool cap back. "You think they'll make it, lootenant?" he asked.

"How the devil do I know?" Cobber snapped at him. "With that limey guiding them, they'll be lucky to get to the top of the talus. Morelli, take two men and outpost the south side of town. You do the same for the north side, Ballou."

The scattered olive trees were behind them, and they were halfway up the talus fan that spread out at Il Bastione's base. Percy Morehead led the way; he was followed by Mosby, with Garbo bringing up the rear. Beneath their feet was loose rubble, and it was hard going—climb two feet and slide back one. It seemed to Dave like a long while later when they reached the shadow of the wall and rested there for a little. Percy Morehead's low voice broke the silence. "I'll cast about a bit, sir," he said, "see if I can spot the place where Geoff and I started up. Should be close."

He was gone into the shadows, and Dave and Garbo waited without speaking. Then Percy was back, coming as noiselessly as he had gone, and Dave thought, *The boy wasn't fooling about that commando business. He moves like an Indian.*

"Found it," Morehead said, sounding pleased. "Spot of luck, eh? Shall we go?"

They moved along the base of the cliff for a hundred yards, found where a slanting chimney went up and presently came out on a narrow ledge some fifty feet above the talus. The moon was coming up now, washing the valley below with an uncertain light through the drifting clouds.

"I remember this," Percy said. "It'll take us up a goodish ways—narrows a bit farther along, though."

They moved at a steady pace without resting for the next quarter hour; then the ledge narrowed, and they followed it for a hundred yards, inching along with faces to the rock and fingers reaching for whatever handholds they could find. At the back of his mind Dave made notes. *Scout Company will make it across here all right. Not so good when it comes to the battalion with its heavier equipment—better bring plenty of rope.*

Then Percy said softly, "Ah, much better—this," and they came to where the shelf widened, and rested there.

They started again, rounding a shoulder and climbing upward into a recess of the cliff where the moonlight didn't reach. Morehead went on with a sure-footed confidence, and the two others followed, feeling their way with their left hands against the rock. Then they came out into the uncertain illumination of the moonlight again where the cliff fell sheerly

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3 kids in college... how can they afford it?

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away. Percy was halted just ahead, head tipped back as he studied the wall above them. "End of the line, what?" he said as Mosby came up to him.

Dave looked beyond him; the ledge they'd been following had a twenty-foot gap where a section had broken away. For the first time Mosby glanced down, and felt his stomach muscles involuntarily tighten as he saw the emptiness below.

"Hell of a way down," Garbo murmured as he came up beside Dave. "What's the matter, chum?" he said to Percy. "We run out of road?"

"Righto," Morehead said cheerily. "Find another higher up, I dare say. Bit of a nuisance, but best to backtrack a bit. Chimney back about a hundred feet that ought to take us up."

They found the fissure, and Morehead stood, his head tipped back again while he scanned the wall. The moonlight was on his too-young face and made the blond mustache seem more absurd. "Ought to do it," he murmured. "Best I go up first—not put all eggs in one basket, what? Might get stuck, you know."

He was into the fissure before Mosby could answer, and his scraping noises came down to them.

Garbo gave the chimney his easy attention while he adjusted the dirty scarf beneath his chin.

"Army forgot to issue GI elevators, far's I know," he said mildly to Dave. "Have to haul the equipment up on ropes, I reckon, general. Provided the leftenant finds a way out at the top, that is—now there's what I'd call a bushy-tailed character."

"He's doing O.K. so far," Mosby said absently.

"I've seen plenty," Garbo murmured. "Never saw one like him before. Beginnin' to believe he really does think this business is a lark or a robin or whatever the hell he calls it. Me, I can take my mountain climbin' or leave it alone."

Percy's voice came faintly down to them now. "All dinkum up here, sir. Watch that smooth spot in the chimney as you come."

They emerged on another ledge angling upward. It was wide enough to travel comfortably on, save in spots where the outer lip had broken away; here they edged carefully across the gaps. The new route ran out after another half hour of climbing, and again they found a rift that carried them to a higher one. It was the fourth ledge that brought them finally to the spine of the pinnacle which would take them to the wall just beneath the rim of Il Bastione. They rested here while Dave studied the final climb; it would be hard going, but the way was feasible, he saw.

For a moment he debated whether to go on to the top,

weighing the risk of running into German guards

on the rim against the advantage that some idea of the terrain would give him when the assault force hit the top of Il Bastione. A look at the ground was worth a hundred maps.

"What's behind the rim?" he asked Morehead.

"Boulder field, sir," Percy said. "Good concealment for us. For the jolly Hun, too, of course."

"We'll go on up," Dave said. "I want a look."

Forty minutes of climbing, not too bad, brought them to an almost level shelf where the shadows were deep beneath the final parapet. Morehead led the way along the wall and, after a hundred yards, stopped where a slanting crack afforded a rough staircase.

"Close now," he said in a guarded voice. "Best be quiet as mice the rest of the way. Chaps up there may have a Johnny on guard, you know. Suppose I have a look-see first?"

He didn't wait for permission, but disappeared into the rift, the soft sounds of his climbing lost in the faint whisper of the wind as it brushed against the weathered rock. It seemed like a long time, but it was only minutes before Percy loomed in the shadows beside them again and his cheerful whisper reached Dave.

"No sign of the Hun," he said. "Mountaineer's hut about a quarter mile back—could be chaps in there, of course."

This chimney was easier to climb than the others had been, and minutes later the three of them bellied over the rocks at the top. Here the wind had swept the snow away, and they wormed their way across fifty feet of bare ground until they came to the shelter of the boulder field. Dave inched along until he lay at its far edge, Garbo and Morehead on either side of him.

Ahead was a mile-wide plateau, its details dimly visible in the intermittent moonlight. The flat ground rose to a small ridge at the far side; then seemed to drop away again before it merged with the timbered slopes which rose toward Monte Tereccia. Patches of wind-blown and stunted scrub dotted the plateau. If the Germans had a garrison here, and they almost certainly had, it would be snugged in bunkers on those wooded slopes, Mosby knew.

He whispered that to Garbo and pointed to the notch that broke the plateau's rim to the left. "That must be the way up from the corridor leading toward Tereccia north of the town," he said softly. "The rest of the regiment will have to come up there—the Germans will have automatic weapons covering it."

"That's for sure," Garbo agreed.

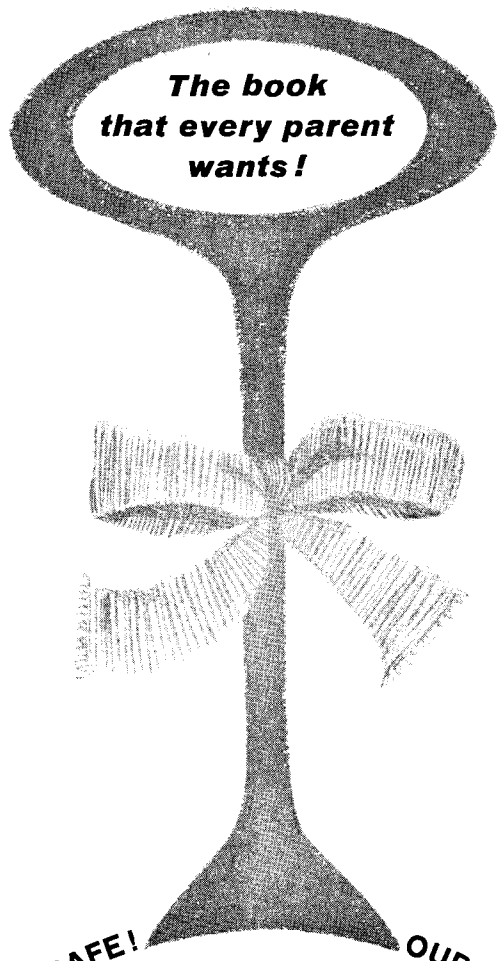
"We'll set up strong points along that ridge," Dave went on. "Hold against the counterattacks they're sure to throw at us. Then we'll take the bunkers covering the notch from behind and signal the rest of the regiment to come on. Cleaning out those weapons bunkers is the Scout Company's job, Xerk."

"A breeze," Garbo said. "Just hope that Pappy don't take it into his head to go pickin' daisies in some other pasture."

While the two had talked in whispers Percy Morehead had moved away to the left. Now he came crawling back, making signs for quiet as he rejoined them in the shadows. Dave was suddenly aware that the night held a new sound as the moon went behind a small cloud, leaving only the starlight. It was the sound of hob-nailed boots, and it was coming toward them from the left.

"Hun coming this way," Morehead whispered, his lips close to Dave's ear. "*Unteroffizier*, I think, making the round of watch posts. Best let me handle it if he sees us, sir. My dish of tea—trained for it, you see."

"Three is better than one," Dave told him. He had no chance to say more because a thick-set figure took shape in the boulder field and came moving toward them from seventy-five feet away. The moon broke free from the clouds now,



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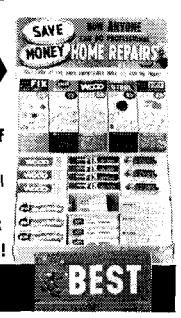

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and Mosby swore silently as he saw the man come on, swinging his head suspiciously from side to side. A machine pistol was slung from his shoulder and his other gear was that of a parachutist. Mosby was suddenly conscious that Morehead was no longer beside him; Percy must have slipped away just before the moon came out.

Some sixth sense warned the *Unteroffizier*, because he stopped now, cutting them off from the rim as he unslung the machine pistol and held it ready in his hands. For a moment he stood listening; then he changed direction and came straight for the shadows where Mosby and Garbo lay, challenging in guttural German as he came on with the machine pistol lifted.

Dave said, "Now!" and came to his feet. His rush never got really started because Morehead's stringy shape came out of the rocks almost at the German's side. Mosby saw the leftenant chop once with the side of his hand—a wicked, backhanded cut that slashed across the German's Adam's apple. The man dropped without a sound, and Percy caught him as he fell. Then the moon disappeared again and the night was quiet except for the soft soughing of the wind and the faint scrape which could have been made by boot heels being dragged across the rocks.

"My Lord," Garbo said softly, his voice a little awed. "Did you see what I think I just saw, chief?"

"Karate," Dave said soberly. "It's a kind of judo that you kill with. I've heard of it—I've never seen it before. The German was dead before he hit the ground, Xerk."

"That kid, though," Garbo said. "Hell, I wouldn't ——"

"Morehead told me he used to be a commando," Dave answered tiredly. "I didn't believe it then—I do now. Let's get back to the rim. Morehead will join us there, I think."

They reached the top of the chimney, the moon still hidden, and after a moment Morehead came, materializing out of the night like a skinny ghost. Garbo led the way down the fissure and, after a little, the three of them stood together on the shelf below. Mosby didn't want to ask the question, but knew he had to. "What did you do with him?" he asked.

There was a hard, impersonal note now in Morehead's voice as he answered. "Put him over the cliff where he won't be found, sir. No good to leave him around as a calling card. Imagine we'd best be getting back, sir."

They moved back along the shelf beneath the parapet and came to the spine of the pinnacle which would take them back down to the wall again.

Garbo stayed in the lead. "May as well see if I remember the road down," he said over his shoulder. "Any one of us could get expended on this damn mountain."

Dave, following behind, made no answer. They made good time going down the steps of the spine, and came to the final one that dropped to the ledge which would lead them across the sheer wall below. Garbo went down, his big hands testing holds and his movements lithe and sure. He disappeared into the shadows beyond the faint overhang and then his voice came back. "O.K., chief. Come ahead."

Again Dave was conscious of the emptiness beneath him as he inched down the steeply shelving drop, taking care not to put too much strain on his bad shoulder. He slid the last few feet, and then Garbo's hand came out to steady him on the ledge.

Dave called up to Morehead; he heard the other's cheerful answer and stood from under a little as a trickle of snowy gravel told him that the leftenant was starting down. He stood, his head tipped up, as he waited to give Percy a steadying hand. Then a little spate of loose rock sluiced across the bulge.

Morehead's voice, thin as a knife blade, reached him. "Stand clear—afraid I'm going, chaps."

He came with a rush, hanging above Dave for a split second before he dropped, falling outward. His toes caught the lip of the ledge as Dave lunged for him—somehow closed his left hand in the slack of Morehead's battle dress. The two of them swayed, fighting for balance; then Dave got the fingers of his other hand into a crack in the wall and clung desperately as Garbo's

voice came to him. "Hang on!" it said with furious urgency.

Pain was a red-hot explosion in Dave's left shoulder as he fought off the nausea that was trying to engulf him—as he willed that those damaged muscles would serve him just a little longer. Now Garbo's arm was hauling Percy back to the safety of the ledge and, for a moment, the three stood close against the cliff, breathing heavily.

Morehead broke the silence first. "Thanks, chaps," he said quietly. "About all one can say, I guess. Bit of rotten rock gave way up there—you're hurt, general!"

There was cold sweat on his forehead, and the agony of his wrenched shoulder showed in his face, Dave guessed. "It's all right," he said, keeping his voice even with an effort. "Ticked my bad shoulder a little is all. We ——"

He stopped as the sound of a shot, sharp in the cold air, drifted up through the moonlight. It was followed by another—then the night was quiet again.

"We got trouble downstairs," Garbo said quietly. "Better go—you sure that arm's all right, sir?"

"It's all right," Dave said. "Lead on."

It wasn't all right, Dave knew as he followed. The sharp, stabbing pain in his chest and shoulder told him that. He put the thing away from his mind as he tried to think ahead. If Cobber had run into trouble down in the town, the attack on the cliff couldn't wait for Friday night. It would have to go tomorrow.

It was a little after 0300 when Nick Ballou, speaking cautiously over the handy-talkie radio, passed the word back to the house that a six-man patrol had come out of the trees a quarter mile upstream and was moving toward the town.

Sgt. Alonzo Bullwinkle, groggy for lack of sleep, took the message as he sat at the table beside the candle.

"You mean a kraut patrol?" he asked, not because he didn't know better, but because he'd been half dozing.

"Naw," Nick said savagely. "A chorus-girl patrol! Put somebody on that damn radio that's got sense!"

Jeff Cobber, asleep on a battered sofa, suddenly came wide awake and crossed the room with long strides. He took the radio away from Bullwinkle and listened, then spoke cryptically. "You lie low up

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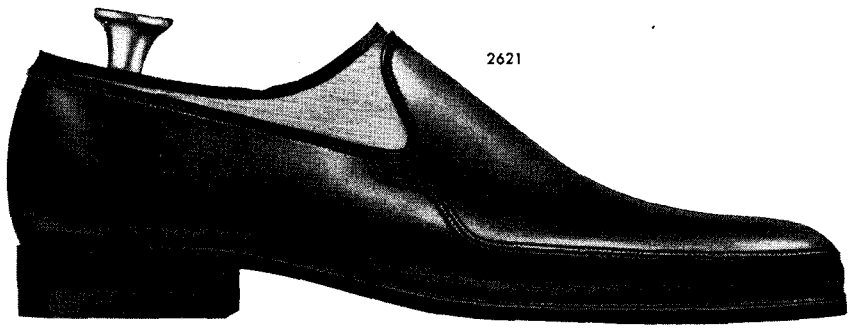

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there and let them come in," he said. "We'll take care of them here. If we should miss any of them, you see that they don't get back up the canyon. Got it?"

"I got it," Ballou said.

Six men, bulky in heavy overcoats and carrying slung weapons, filed by thirty yards away. Ballou allowed the patrol to cover half the remaining distance to the town before he spoke cautiously into the radio once more. It was Sergeant Krueger, and not 'Lonzo Bullwinkle, who answered.

"On the way," Nick said.

"The welcome party's out," Krueger told him.

"Where's 'Lonzo? Sacked out?"

"Naw," Sergeant Krueger answered in disgusted tones. "He had to see himself some war—he went with Cobber an' left me stuck here with this damn radio."

"The fat chump'll get himself killed," Nick said.

It was a sloppy job—Cobber said that profanely afterward. Underneath, the Cobber's curses were directed at himself.

The Germans had been surprised—surrounded as they entered the town. They were being disarmed when the patrol leader, a sergeant, had pulled a small pistol from his pocket and had shot Alonzo Bullwinkle through the chest. The fact that 'Lonzo had no business being there in the first place had made no difference; now he was dying on the sofa in the long, narrow room.

It didn't help any, either, that in the confusion one of the patrol had got away. Four of the others, wrists and ankles tied, sat against the wall in one of the other rooms of the house; the sergeant was dead. Willie Martelino had taken care of that.

Twiggs, the aid man, got up from where he had knelt by Bullwinkle. "It ain't no use, lootenant," he said to Cobber. "Nothin' more that I can do for him—he's goin'."

Sergeant Krueger, still at the radio, spoke softly—then listened. After a little he took the set away from his lips and put it down carefully while he looked at the Cobber. "Ballou says he searched a mile upstream—no sight of that kraut that got away, sir," he said. "Nick wants to know can he come in—he was a kind of a friend of . . ."

Krueger's voice trailed off, and he thought for a minute that Cobber wasn't going to answer. Then Jeff said, "Send Eigg out to relieve him. He can come in."

Nick Ballou came, stopping outside to call, "Coming in," and Krueger snuffed the candle. He lighted it once more when the creak of hinges said that the door was closed. For a moment Ballou stood just inside the room, smelling the reek of burned tallow and stale cigarette smoke, while he blinked. His usual good-natured nonchalance was gone as he finally crossed to squat beside the sofa. "How you feel, 'Lonzo?" he asked.

A glaze was creeping into Bullwinkle's eyes now. "Like you said, Nick—a man ought to earn his pay," he murmured and died.

"Damn them!" Ballou said violently. "Damn them all!"

Daylight was a scant two hours away when Mosby and the two with him got back to the house and went through the ritual of entering the blanketed doorway. Jeff Cobber explained what had happened in a few terse, toneless sentences. "It was my fault," he concluded bitterly. "I got careless, and the German pulled a gun. . . ."

Mosby glanced across the flickering light to where a blanket, salvaged from the house, had been thrown over Alonzo Bullwinkle. Maybe Cobber had made a mistake, but mistakes were a part of war. Had he himself not decided up there on the wall to go on to the top of Il Bastione a German *Unteroffizier* wouldn't be missing to further alert the garrison and he wouldn't be carrying his own arm in an improvised sling fashioned by buttoning it inside his field jacket. Such things happened.

"Don't ride yourself, Cobber," he said tightly. He added to Garbo, who had come up beside him, "The assault will have to go up tonight, Xerk. We can't wait now until Friday."

"Figured that," Garbo said quietly. "We getting back to the ridge now, general?"

"As soon as I see the prisoners—they'll talk now better than they will later. We'll take Bullwinkle with us. Rig a litter. Where have you got the Germans, Cobber?"

Jeff Cobber, his face drawn and unhappy, jerked his head toward a door. "In there, sir," he said.

"You speak German, don't you, Krueger?" Mosby asked the sergeant by the radio. "Come on with me then."

The far door closed behind them. Mosby stood with his feet spread a little as he braced himself against the tiredness which ran in him. The four prisoners against the wall looked back at him.

"Ask them how strong a garrison holds Il Bastione?" he told Krueger, and the latter spat harsh syllables at the four. He got no reply from three of them and a sullen few words from the fourth.

"He says he doesn't know, sir," Krueger translated.

"You're lying," Mosby said, speaking directly to the German

now, with his voice flinty hard. "How big's the garrison on Il Bastione? Answer me, soldier!"

The man who had spoken flinched a little from the impact behind the words. He tried to look away, but there was something about this officer, with his left arm thrust into his field jacket and his eyes burning out of the hospital pallor of his face, that scared the prisoner a little. Well, it was no skin off his . . .

He named a parachutist regiment, noted for its hard fighting qualities, and Krueger gave that information to Dave. The main body of the regiment was in bunkers on the slopes that led to Monte Tereccia; it could be reinforced by another regiment in a day's time. There were watch posts along the rim of the cliff; the rest of the guard slept in the mountaineer's hut. Also there were artillery O.P.'s that looked down into the valley ——

"That's enough, sergeant," Mosby said finally to Krueger. "Get these men ready to go back with us—they can carry Sergeant Bullwinkle's body. Tell Lieutenant Cobber."

Back in the main room, Leftenant Percy Morehead had stretched himself on the floor and gone to sleep, his face looking peaceful and immature in the smoky candlelight.

Garbo and the Cobber still talked in low voices at the table.

"What's wrong with Mosby's arm?" Cobber asked, and Garbo told him about

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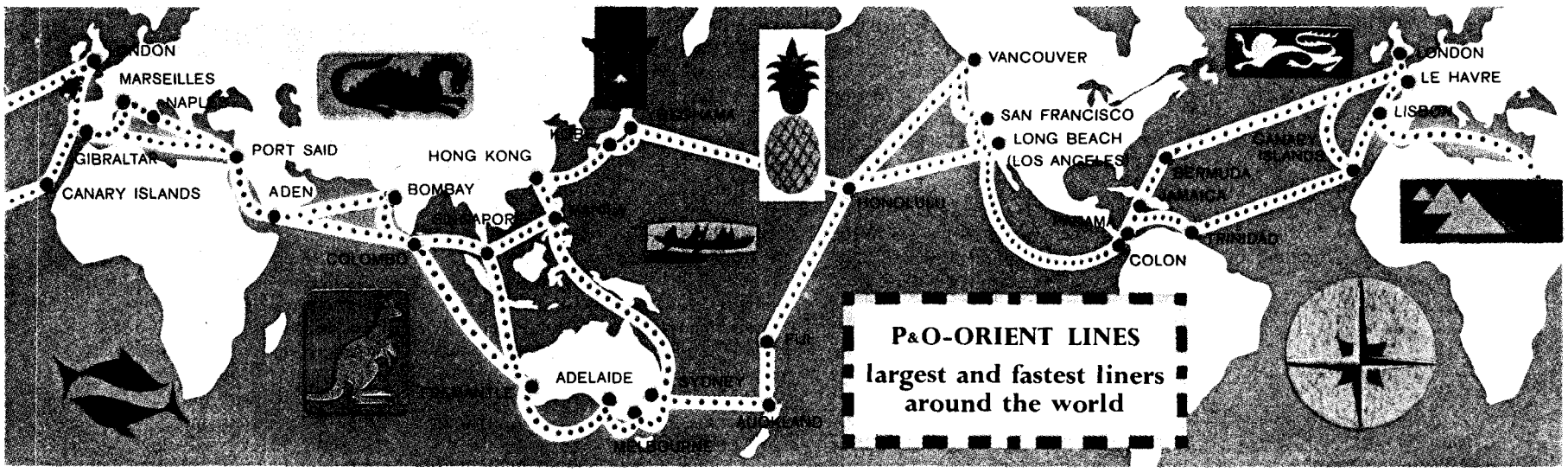

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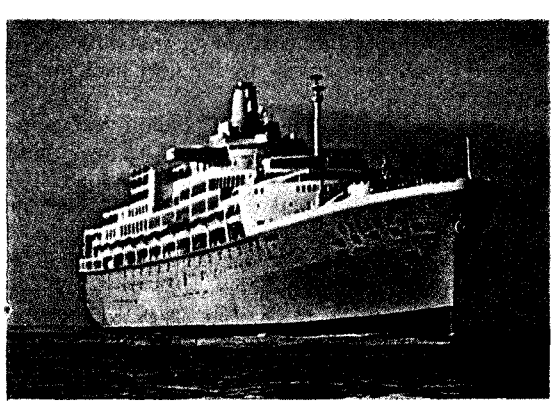

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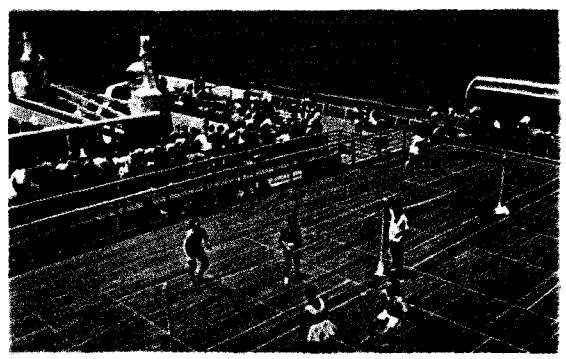

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that moment on the cliff when Morehead had nearly gone over. When he had finished, Cobber's eyes were bitter. "Too damn bad he didn't," he said violently.

"Come again?" Garbo asked. "I don't read you on that."

Cobber swept an arm which took in the room and the blanketed shape on the sofa. "We wouldn't be here if it hadn't been for that pantywaist Britisher with his talk about it being a lark to climb Il Bastione," Cobber said. "Because of him, Bullwinkle's dead and ——"

"Pantywaist?" Garbo said. "You're a little screwy, Jeff. We'd have climbed that damn cliff anyway, and as for Morehead ——"

He would have said more, but Mosby came back into the room again, trailed by Sergeant Krueger. "Let's get on the road," Mosby said. "It'll be light soon."

Lt. Col. Pappy Harriman had worked throughout the night with his S-3 in the command bunker behind Maliore ridge. A folding table was covered with drafted orders, schedules, charts, meticulous memoranda. Pappy was a man who liked details. Now he stretched and yawned, glancing with satisfaction at the littered table.

"We'll knock it off for now, Textor," he said to his red-eyed S-3. "Get a little shut-eye and something to eat. Then start in again at oh nine hundred, eh?"

"Yes, sir," Major Textor said, his voice showing relief.

"Want to see the battalion commanders at fourteen hundred—don't let me forget," Pappy went happily on. "May as well have the company commanders here too. Including that damned provisional Scout Company," Pappy added, scowling. "After this operation I'm going to disband that fool organization. No sense to it!"

"Sir," Textor said tiredly, "Lieutenant Garbo went across the valley with General Mosby last night."

"So he did," Harriman said. "Whole idea's screwy, Textor. Absolutely unsound. Mosby back yet?"

"Not that I know of, sir."

"Make us up a cup of coffee," Pappy said, his good humor returning as he looked at the mass of papers on the table. "We'd better outline what's left to do before we leave—no time to waste if the regiment is going to move out Friday night, eh?"

The blanket door opened behind him to let in a breath of cold morning air, and a voice said, "The regiment's not going to move out Friday night, Pappy. The regiment's going to move out tonight. Better make that three cups of coffee, Textor."

Harriman swung slowly, and there was an expression of stunned disbelief on his face. His steel-rimmed glasses had slid down his nose so that he peered over them as Dave Mosby came on into the bunker, pulled off his wool cap and fished for a cigarette with his good hand while he kicked a box around to sit down on.

"You look like hell," was the only thing that Harriman could think of to say. "What happened to your arm?"

"Bumped it on the cliff," Dave said. "It's all right. We ran into a little trouble across the way, Pappy. The Germans may be onto us—we'll have to go tonight or not at all."

"Then I say not at all!" Harriman said violently. "I've been against this crazy scheme from the first!"

Mosby got his cigarette burning while he stared across at his former exec. "We go up tonight, Pappy," he said quietly. "No ifs, ands or buts about it. The Scout Company and the second battalion will go with me as planned. You will take the rest of the regiment over into that corridor across the valley and hold it until you get my signal to come on up."

Textor brought the coffee, and Dave sat sipping the stuff, black and steaming hot, while he felt the tightness go out of his chest and the strength come back into his legs.

Another thought had occurred to Harriman now. "Dear Lord," he said, shock in his voice, "if we do manage to get up on top of that confounded hill, we'll be cut off up there until the division jumps off on Sunday morning. Did you think of that, Dave?"

"I thought of it," Mosby said patiently. "It means we have to hold up there for three days instead of one. I'm going to get a little sleep; I want to see Hankins and his company commanders at noon, Pappy. Have them here, will you?"

He put down the canteen cup, tossed the butt of his cigarette into a can and went out through the blanket door again. For a moment Harriman walked in circles around the folding table; then he sat down again and yanked the field telephone toward him. The switchboard operator came on. "Get me General Grimes!" Harriman said wrathfully.

It didn't soothe Pappy's feelings any when the switchboard operator reported back that General Grimes had left for an early conference at corps. Petulantly Harriman swept the mass of papers from the folding table to the floor. "So we start over," he said spitefully to Textor. "It won't work, but we start over!"

WHO IS NANCY HANSCHMAN? SEE People on the way Up ON PAGE 39

The Scout Company, having no assignment in the line, had made itself comfortable back of the ridge. Because the men were old hands at this, their bunkers were a little deeper and more comfortable than those of the other companies. In one of the biggest, Sergeant Ballou sat on a bunk in the shadows, his arms on his knees and his face sober as he thought of 'Lonzo Bullwinkle. He wished now that he hadn't kidded 'Lonzo last night about getting knocked off.

Jeff Cobber sat at a table made of packing boxes and he, too, was thinking about the dead sergeant. Cobber had seen others die in the Scout Company, but 'Lonzo's death was riding him hard now. It had been so unnecessary, and partly, at least, it had been Jeff's fault. That thought angered Cobber inordinately.

Leftenant Percy Morehead came through the door and stood in the dim light just inside. "I was looking for Leftenant Garbo," he explained. "Chap told me I might find him here."

"Looking for him why?" Cobber asked harshly. "So you can bust his arm like you did the general's?"

For a moment Morehead stood quite still, the pink deepening a little in his cheeks as the import of the other's words sank in. "Awf'ly sorry about that, you know," he said at last. "Suppose Garbo's told you how it happened, what?"

"Garbo's told me nothing," Cobber said flatly. "Why the devil don't you get back to wherever it was you came from?"

"Don't like me very much, do you?" Morehead asked quietly. "Can't blame you for that, I suppose. Still, a chap would like to know the reason why."

Jeff knew that he shouldn't say what he was about to say, but he said it anyway. "Because I don't like pantywaists," he said, all the events of the night and morning choking in his throat. "Is that reason enough for you, leftenant?"

"I see," Percy said slowly. "Don't know exactly what a pantywaist is—still, I dare say I can guess what you mean."

He turned and went out, and Nick Ballou slowly got up from where he'd been sitting and came to the front of the bunker. "You were kind of rough on the guy, weren't you, lootenant?" he asked soberly. "He ain't such a bad type—not if Garbo likes him."

"I don't like anybody today, Nick," the Cobber said, his head between his hands. "Me, least of all."

"Hell, don't take it so hard," Ballou said. "Well, I got to go wake up the general. I got a good notion not to do it either. He could sure use some more sleep."

"Why do it then?"

Some of the old careless good humor had come back into Nick. "An' get my hide nailed to a barn door? Maybe that guy talks soft, but he can be meaner than a rattlesnake when he wants."

Mosby was dreaming that he was back on Il Bastione, lying in the boulder field and looking across the plateau at the reaches to Monte Tereccia, when a hand on his shoulder shook him awake. It was Ballou, Dave saw. He slid stockinged feet to the cold floor of the bunker and yawned as he sat on the edge of the crude bunk. He felt better as he tried his arm; it wasn't quite so stiff, he decided, and the pain was less sharp. Likely it would be all right.

"Colonel Hankins will be here with his company commanders in about five minutes," Ballou said, handing a steaming canteen cup of coffee to Dave. "Here's your pants, general—you wouldn't want 'em to catch you in your underdrawers, would you?"

Mosby grinned, blinking the sleep from his eyes as the coffee seared his throat. "You keep a check on the message center like I told you to, Nick?"

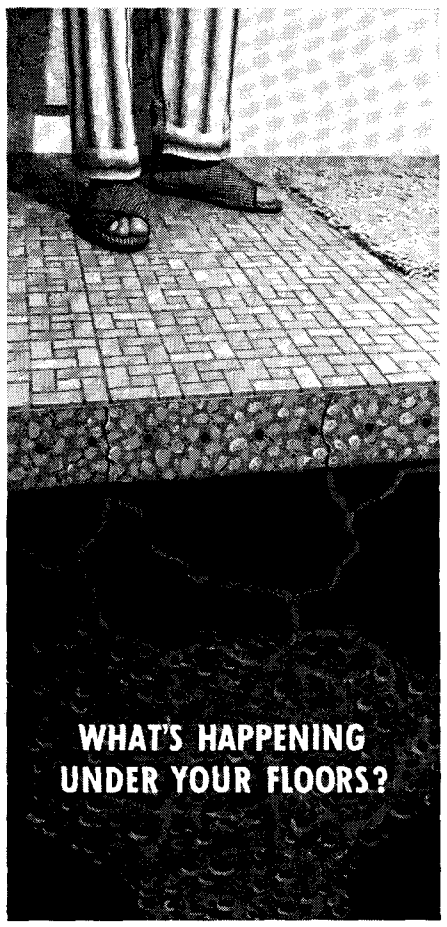
"Yes, sir," Ballou said. "Pappy tried to get through to General Grimes right after you left him. The general's at corps. There ain't been any word since."

"Good," Mosby said. "I don't want Grimes bothered about that little business concerning my shoulder back on the cliff, Nick."

"I'm a deaf mute," Ballou said, grinning around his cigarette. "All my family, back in Akron, was deaf mutes, sir."

"Good," Dave said again. "Send in Hankins when he comes."

Lt. Col. Asa Hankins, commanding the second battalion, was a rawboned man with glacier-blue eyes. He was a man who got things done; a man on whom you could rely. His company officers patterned themselves after him, and there was a unity in the second battalion that Dave liked. He greeted



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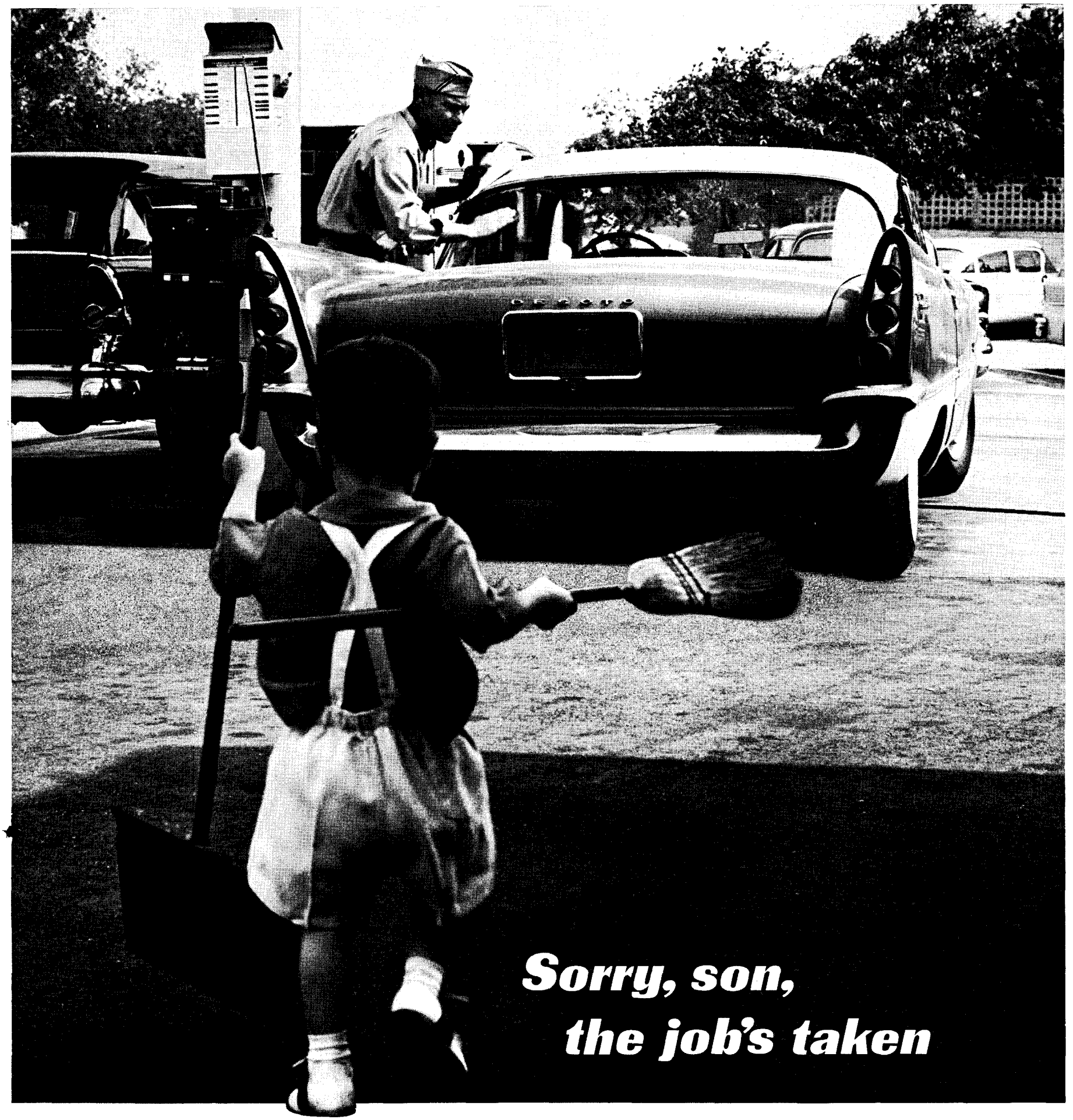

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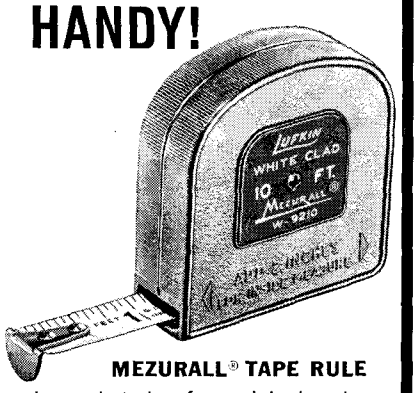

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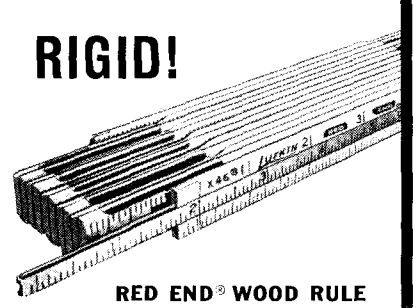

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the officers by name as they filed in, and then told them to gather around. With a trench knife he scratched a rough map on the dirt floor of the bunker.

"This is what you'll find when you get to the top of Il Bastione," he told them. "Now, as to details . . ."

He outlined the terrain, marked where he expected the German counterattacks to come from, where the outfit would hold. Then he issued his orders in a few terse sentences, punctuating the main points with stabs of the trench knife.

"Any questions?" he asked when he had finished.

"How long before the rest of the regiment supports us?" Ed Markham, the chubby captain of George Company, asked.

"We get on top at daybreak," Mosby said. "It'll likely be around dark tomorrow night before we've cleaned out the weapons bunkers and the other two battalions join us, Ed."

"Which means we'll have to stand off a parachute regiment all of tomorrow," Hankins said, his tone as unconcerned as though he'd commented on the weather. "That it, general?"

"That too much, Asa?" Dave asked.

"Not too much," Hankins said. "It's been done before."

"How about getting the heavy weapons up the cliff?" Dan Beersheba, commanding How Company, wanted to know.

"You'll march last, Dan," Mosby answered. "Have to rope your stuff up—it won't be easy. On top you won't have far to go because you can support us from the boulder field."

"Roger," Beersheba said.

"Any other questions?" There were none. "We move out at nineteen hundred," Dave said. "The Scout Company will head the column. I'll be with them."

It was four in the afternoon when Maj. Gen. Duffy Grimes got to the ridge. He was in a bad mood. The new driver for his jeep had got lost twice, and the conference at corps still rankled in Duffy's mind. He stamped into the bunker where Pappy Harriman was feverishly working at the folding table.

"Where the hell's Mosby?" Duffy growled.

Pappy, ignoring the danger signals, bounced to his feet. "I've been trying to get you on the phone all day, sir," he said, his voice querulous with indignation. "General Mosby's come up with an impossible demand. Damn it, he wants to go up Il Bastione tonight! It simply can't be done, general!"

Duffy Grimes stared at Pappy distastefully from beneath the overhang of his brows for a moment. "Mosby order you to take the regiment across the valley tonight?" he asked.

"Yes, but ——"

"Never mind the buts," Duffy said, his voice gravelly hard. "If Mosby told you to move tonight, you move tonight. He's commanding this task force."

Grimes stamped out again, and Nick Ballou was waiting for him. Duffy gave the sergeant a hard stare. "Well, what are you hiding now, damn it?"

Nick looked hurt. "Why, nothing, general," he said. "I just thought that you might be lookin' for General Mosby, sir. He's at the message center."

"Lead the way," Duffy snorted.

Dave Mosby was seated with Garbo at the back of the message-center bunker. They got to their feet as Grimes came in; Dave's arm was free of the improvised sling and his impassive face showed no sign of the ache which had become permanent in his shoulder now.

"Thought you'd be up here, sir," he said to Duffy. "I tried to get you on the phone—they said you'd just left."

Grimes nodded impatiently. "How'd it go?"

"We can get to the top of Il Bastione," Dave said. "But we've got to go tonight, sir."

"So Pappy told me," Grimes said sourly. "You want me to relieve him, Dave? I could get my G-three up."

Mosby shook his head. "Pappy knows the regiment. He'll do all right once he's recovered from his state of shock," he said wryly. "The assault party will move out at nineteen hundred."

Duffy Grimes's knowing eyes didn't miss the tired lines in Dave's face—lines that hadn't been there day before yesterday. There seemed to be something odd in the way that Dave moved that left arm of his too. As though it were made of glass.

"You all right to go up there again, Dave?" Grimes asked sharply. "If you go tonight, you're going to be on that mountain three days before we can take the pressure off you!"

"I'm O.K.," Mosby said in a flat voice. "We can stick on the mountain three days if we have to. You had the answer to that when we were riding out from Arazzola Monday."

"Answer? What answer?"

The expression on Mosby's face didn't change. "By taking Il Bastione a lot of good men will get to Monte Tereccia who'd be wearing mattress covers otherwise," he said.

Duffy gave Dave a long stare. "I can't quarrel with my own words," he said heavily as he turned. "Good luck, boy."

Daylight was a half hour away as Thursday morning came to Il Bastione. The Scout Company was assembled beneath the cliff that led to the rim; behind it, unseen in the intermittent moonlight, the second battalion toiled up the cliff. Easy Company, Captain Jaylord commanding, was beginning to reach the shelf now, and Jaylord joined Mosby as the latter stood with Garbo, Cobber and Morehead.

"You take the party to the right, Xerk," Mosby said to Garbo. "Knock out the watch posts and O.P.'s before it gets light. Cobber, you do the same to the left—Morehead will go with you. He knows the terrain. Any questions?"

The Cobber started to say something—but didn't—and Dave went on. "When you've finished, assemble on Easy Company, which will be at the edge of the boulder field. We'll play it by ear from there on. O.K., move out."

Mosby waited with Jaylord as the Scout Company filed by, dim in the shadows. Nick Ballou fidgeted unhappily a little behind Dave as the last of them passed.

"Don't I go with 'em, sir?" he asked.

"Stay with me," Dave said.

He coughed a little, hawked and cleared his throat of gummy spittle. *Must have caught a cold*, Dave thought absently. It was what came of lying sacked out in a hospital bed for six weeks.

It seemed like a long while later when the first sound of exploding grenades came through the cold air. A faint paleness showed in the east now as a new day was reluctantly about to be born on Il Bastione.

"Let's go," Dave said to Jaylord beside him.

TO BE CONCLUDED

"Followed by a shampoo?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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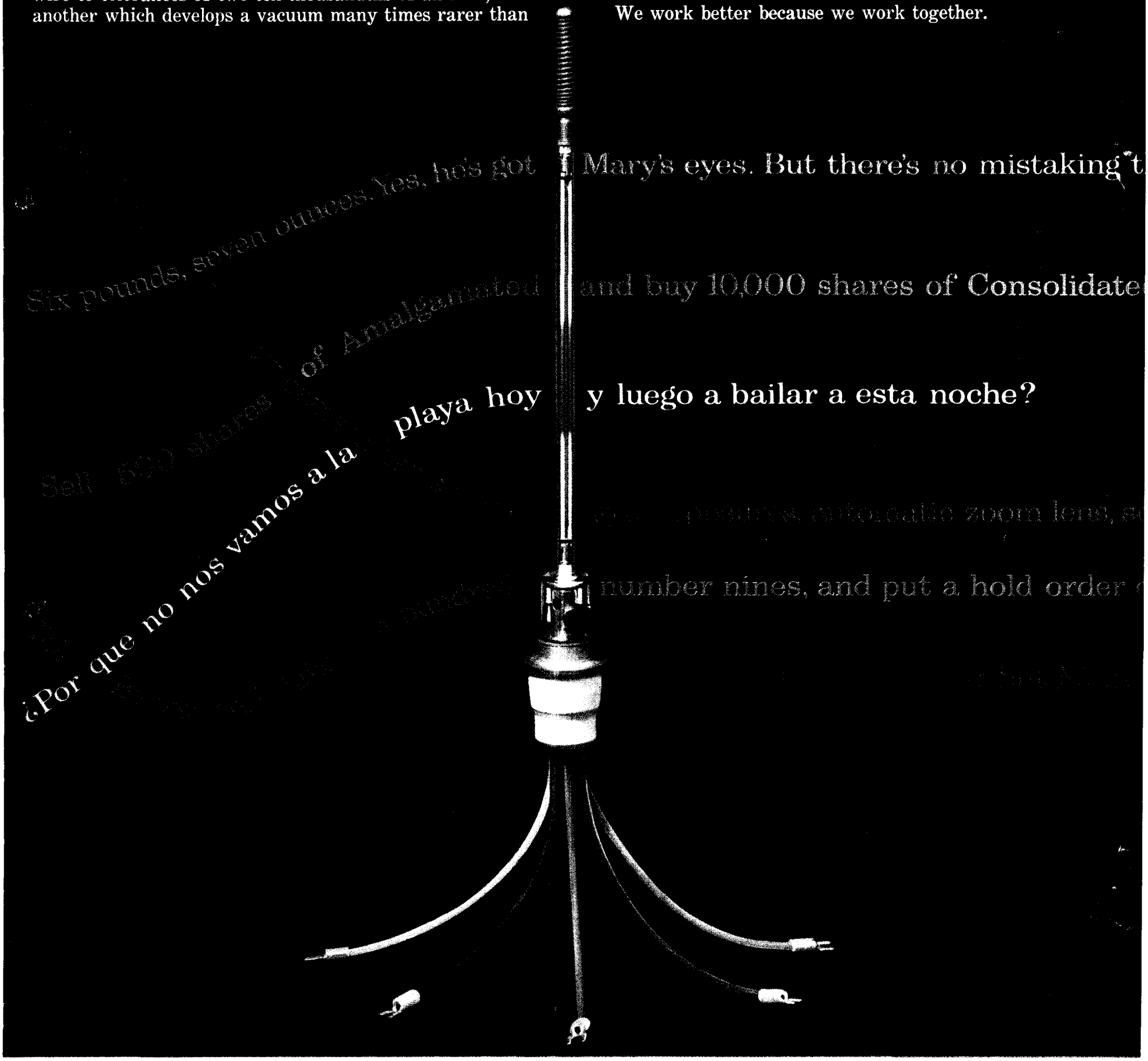
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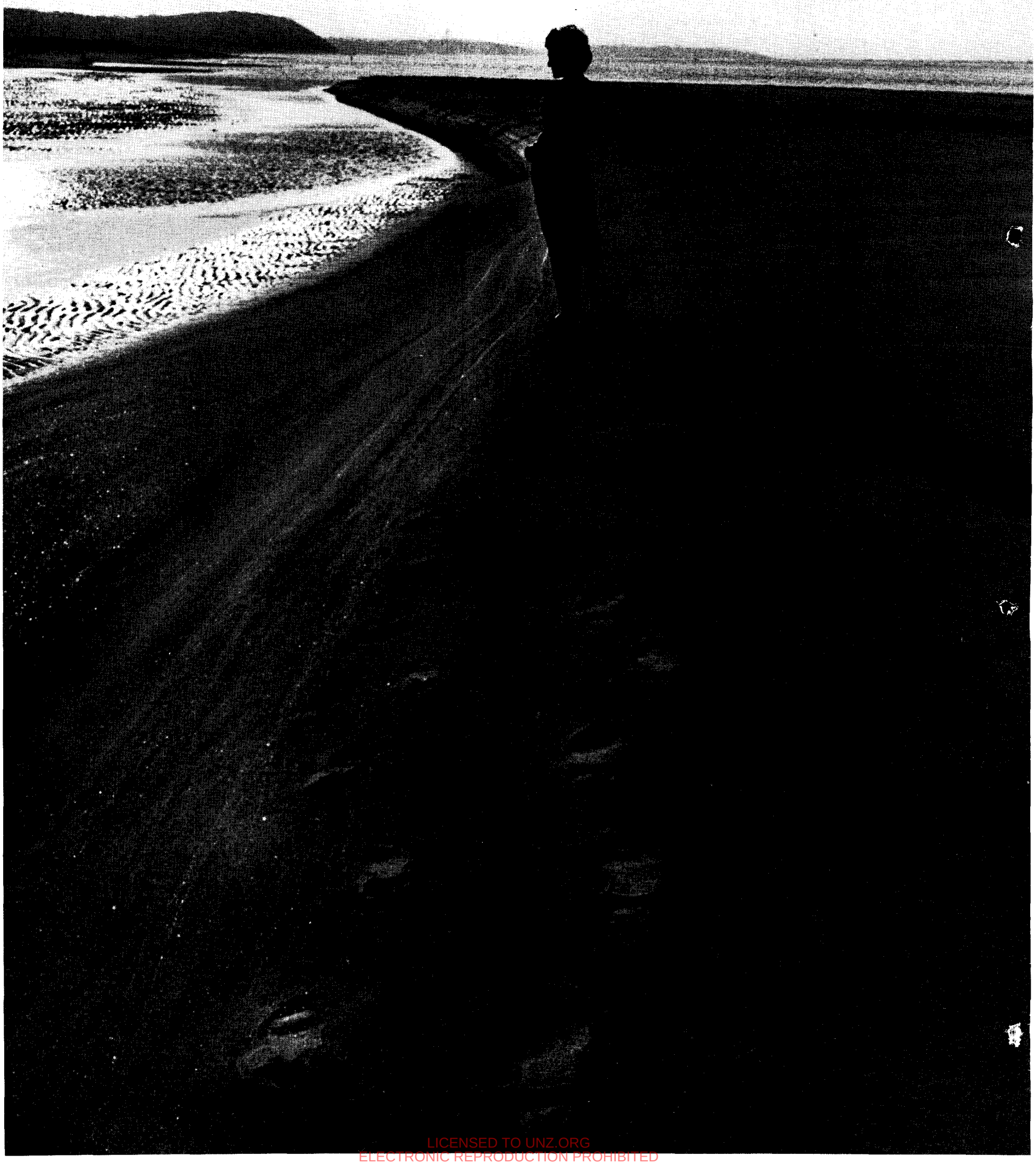

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"Please let me know if there's anything I can do."

That futile phrase, which most of us reach for when tragedy strikes a family we know—and which I have uttered so many times—has come back to haunt me.

Last October my husband, Charley, died of Hodgkin's disease. He was thirty-nine. I was thirty-five, and we had six children: Chickie (Priscilla), fifteen; Stevie, twelve; Phil, nine; Missé (Elizabeth), eight; and the twins, Rick and Bobbie, who were just turning seven.

Through Charley's illness of almost three years, and the months of my widowhood, people have offered me the same well-meant, meaningless comfort I had once given others. It seems that I have heard those words a thousand times: "Please let me know if there is anything I can do." Each time I politely murmured my appreciation, but I wanted to say, "There's nothing you can do. Nothing anyone can do."

Since Charley's death I have learned I was wrong, for there are things you can do, not only to help a friend who has had a death in the family, but to prepare yourself for a similar loss.

I certainly never expected to be the bearer of such advice, although I now see that my situation is not unusual. My next-door neighbor is a widow with young children. Her mother, a widow for more than twenty years, lives with her. There is a widow across the street, three young widows with children up the hill, more than eight I know within a mile of my house; and two members of my small church have been widowed since Charley's death. Yet I once lived with no awareness of the shadow of widowhood, confident that my pleasant world would never change. I left Smith College when I was eighteen, sure that I wanted to be married and that a life with Charley and his children was all I could ever want—and I was right. I was content in a world bounded by the comfortable problems, the petty, important details that gave my life meaning. We were busy, harried, tired, for we had six children. We got cross, we bickered, and we scrapped, but we had wonderful moments of sharing. We were rich with the casual certainty of a marriage in which love had grown far beyond what we had known the day we were married.

Then one morning Charley left our home in Needham Heights, near Boston, and drove to the Raytheon Laboratory in Wayland, where he was in charge of work on air-borne radar systems. During the day he showed a company doctor a "misplaced mump"—and our world was forever changed. He soon learned he had Hodgkin's disease, a progressive enlargement of the lymph nodes, spleen and lymphoid tissue. We had hope, but it was a realistically bleak hope.

I am grateful we knew the brutal truth. I know many people disagree with me, but I would not trade one moment of illusion for the months of reality in which we all faced the future honestly together. Knowing the truth, we had time to set our house in order—financially, emotionally, and spiritually. Each of us, the children included, had a chance to get ready, as much as anyone can, for the inevitable. Charley had time to teach me lessons I should have learned earlier: how to file an income-tax return, when to have the car serviced, where the valuable papers were put away. He even made out a budget for afterward. These were all unpleasant tasks, but vitally important if I were going to take over as business manager of the family and raise our six children.

Honesty about death is not an easy policy though, and sometimes I would pass a bedroom door at home and hear one of my children crying. I hungered to go in, but I would make myself tiptoe away, for the child deserved an opportunity for private grief. And how could I pat him on the back and say, "There, there, everything will be all right." It probably wouldn't.

The Saturday after Charley's first series of radiation treatments he called me and said, "Pack. We're going to the Virgin Islands Wednesday. Just the two of us." With doctors' bills piling up, facing an uncertain future, we were flying to the Virgin Islands for six days. It seemed crazy. It wasn't, of course. The trip was one we should have taken years before. We had a wonderful loving, laughing time.

The next year Charley was worse, but he insisted on taking all of us to the Virgin Islands for two weeks we all shall never forget. Before he died we managed a final trip to Florida. We didn't hoard life, for we couldn't. We savored it instead.

We also had time to shore up our spiritual walls. People often ask, "How can you believe in a God that did this to Charley?" I am no theologian, and my answer may seem incomplete to them, but I simply do believe. Fortunately, our religion wasn't born of crisis, but it was proved by crisis. We are active Episcopalians, and Charley's illness deepened and broadened our faith. All I can say is that I have tried to learn the meaning of "Thy will be done."

Yet the final moment of death has its own special horror, regardless of all the preparation, and I felt it the noontime last October when Charley died. Fortunately there is a numbness that lasts for a few weeks, an insulation that protects our sanity. I find other widows do such silly things as I did—I had my hair cut, had the downstairs repainted, traded in our two old cars for a new station wagon. I was also brutal with myself, and I am thankful I was, for before I had time to brood over them, I did many of the unpleasant chores that have to be done. I went through all of Charley's things at home and from the office and reduced all his belongings to one drawer. At first I was frightened to see a man's life folded into a single bureau drawer, until I realized that he lived on in his children, in his home, in his work, in me, in his friends, in all whose lives he had touched.

Numbing work, tranquilizers, scrubbing the floor on hands and knees, reading the prayer book I keep by my kitchen sink, ironing a night away, joining a dozen organizations, walking miles alone on a beach, tears—all help you through the dark tunnel of grief, but it's still an agonizing passage. I knew I had to live alone in a world that I once shared with Charley. I had to banish the ghosts. I forced myself to listen to his favorite records, and nothing happened. I relaxed. The ghosts were leaving.

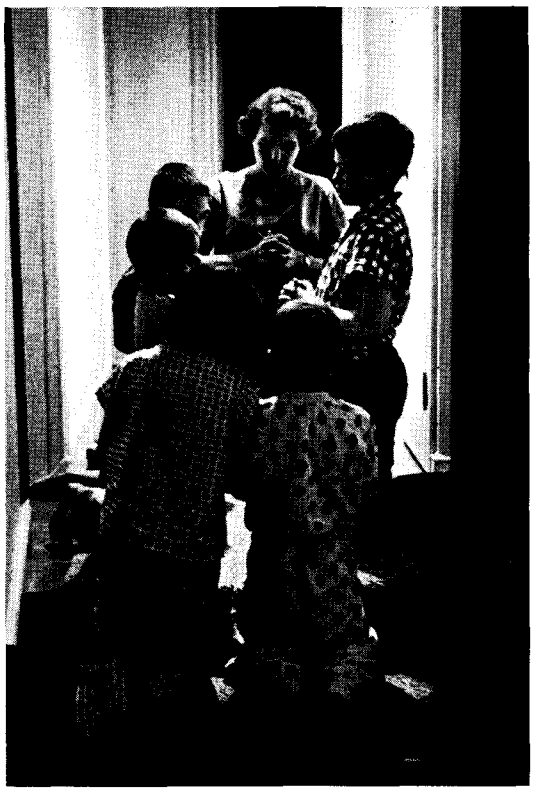
Then, the next morning I instinctively reached over to touch him when I woke, and was submerged in a wave of hopeless tears. Taking the children to a movie Charley and I had seen together, I suddenly thought my flesh was being torn off my bones. Looking down the street I saw a gait that looked familiar, and I wanted to run after it, chasing the man who could never walk my street again. Charley was the focus of my life. Without him I felt as if I had lost my way. I still do. I'm constantly told how well I'm coping, but I'm not so confident. I do not believe there is such a thing as an independent woman. Her role is different from man's, and I was always happy to be a woman. Charley was the skipper of our marriage; he made the final decisions, and I carried them out. Now I have both roles.

I find my relationship with the children changed. I can't be a pal in the same way I had been when, as disciplinarian, I had Charley's invisible but very real support. Most of all, I now lack the balance that man gives woman, and woman gives man. I find myself calling to one of the twins on a Jungle Gym, "Watch out." And I hear Charley's voice, "Let him be, he's got to learn." I don't hear his voice enough. This lack of normal interplay between male and female makes me less sure of myself as a mother. Now there is no relief from responsibility, no saying to my husband, "You handle this." The worst times come when the children are sick. It is then I realize that I alone have the full responsibility for my children's care; their life is in my hands.

Yet those times must be lived through alone. It may be a teen-ager's tantrum or an indecently aggressive cemetery-lot salesman or the normal physical and emotional cycle of a woman's life that sends you down, down, down into a drowning depression. Whatever the cause, it's rough every time. I can no longer be smugly moralistic about the widows who wander into the swamps of self-pity, alcoholism, gluttony, mental illness, sexual promiscuity or perversion. I have seen them go, and I have understood their flight. Loneliness is a fearful disease.

The way is made more difficult by the fact that we send our widows, especially the young widows with children, into exile. Like the animals in Noah's ark, adults travel in pairs. Old friends, understandably concerned with their own families, their own jobs, their own social life, simply

Over 400,000 young American women raise families alone because their husbands died early. A thirty-five-year-old mother of six describes how she faced widowhood.



Bedtime prayers for the five youngest Coits.

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evaporate. The young widow is cruelly cut out of the herd by most of her friends and neighbors at the very time when she needs them the most. I've been luckier than many widows, yet I have felt in a hundred ways the chill of exile. Suddenly the widow realizes many of her women friends think her a predatory animal, a sort of lioness waiting to pounce on their husbands. The truth is that many men seem to feel *they* are the lions, and the young widow is the lamb. She is supposed to be an easy mark—lonely, experienced, frustrated.

Pushed into this position, it's easy to see why widows do such things as bar hopping. And they do. I know. I've been invited along. I have seen once-proud women lose their self-respect and desperately try to pick up men. I've been advised to take a lover by people I never had suspected would give such advice. I see only greater loneliness in such a course, but I cannot feel the shock I would have a year ago. I must face the fact I am outside normal society.

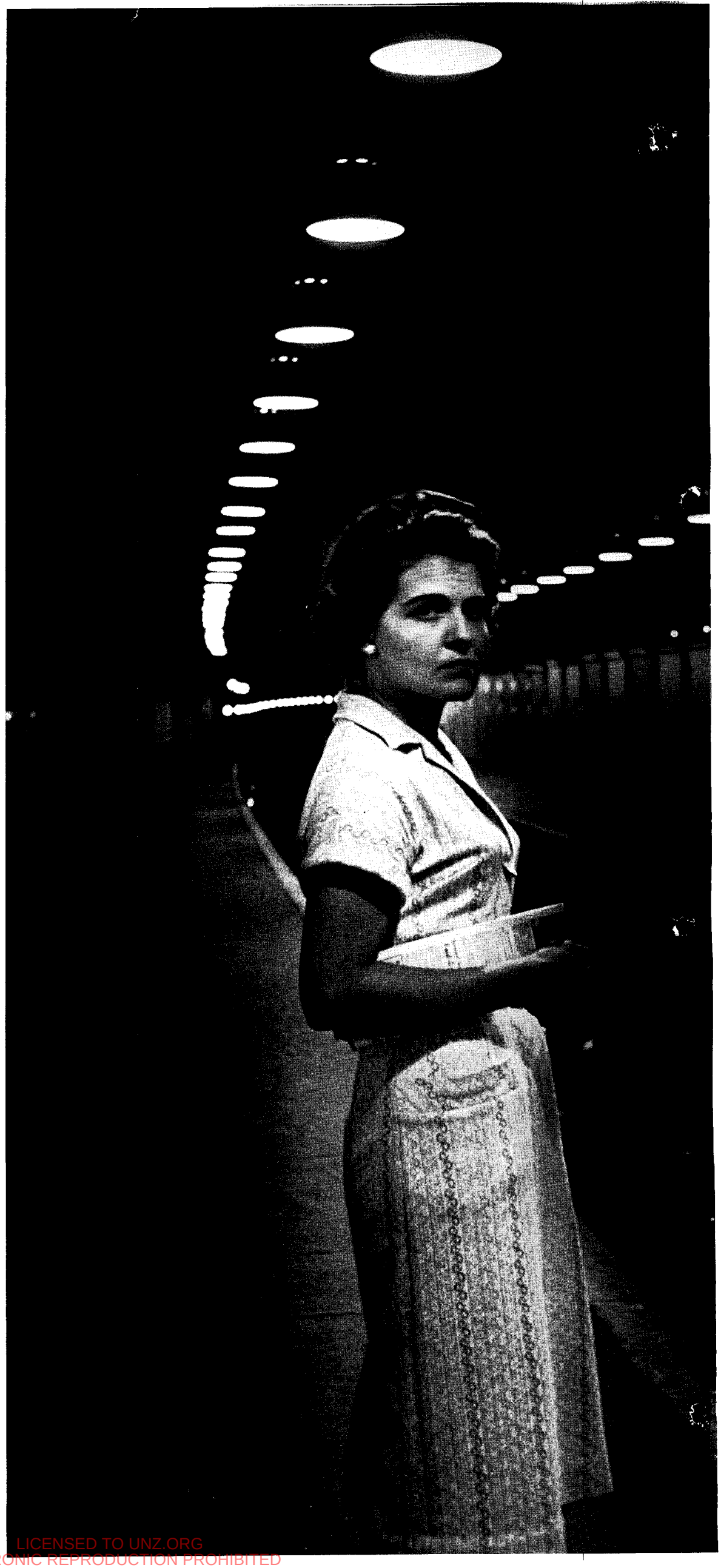
Developing a proper family life without a father is made far more difficult by the children themselves. The boys especially will seek father substitutes, and you may worry about their influence on your sons, or you may fear they will move away or desert your boy, making him suffer a second loss. Yet boys crave and need male direction. You'd better understand their hunger and find healthy ways for it to be satisfied.

More subtle and more hazardous are the children who turn to you. They are a real comfort, for they can succeed, in part, in filling the vacuum of companionship. But you let them become your confidant only at the price of their own childhood. Some children try to take over the role of the dead father. With a family as large as mine, the older children always must carry some responsibility, but if you let them infiltrate until they have become policy makers or disciplinarians, you'll find yourself in trouble. No matter how paralyzed with grief you are, you should never abandon your role as head of the family. The too-good son or daughter who takes over the family is enjoying a mixed-up childhood which will give him trouble later.

All such problems are made easier for me because Charley was a good provider. I dare not imagine what our problems would be if we had not had adequate insurance. A long illness such as Charley's would cripple even a well-to-do family. His medical bills came to more than $7000, about 80 per cent paid by a company major-medical plan, which took over where Blue Cross and Blue Shield left off. Charley wanted a modest funeral, and I respected his wishes. That cost only $654.

Before he was ill I used to gripe about the premiums on a life policy that Charley purchased. But when he died it paid $25,000. Social Security now gives me $254 a month with six children under eighteen. In addition Charley was covered by a group life-insurance policy at Raytheon, which provided total benefits of $45,600. My lawyer and I decided on a plan whereby I received from the life-insurance company and Social Security a payment of $804 a month this first year, which they call the year of adjustment. The next nine years I will be paid $554 a month; then for two years it drops to $537. The following fifteen I get $200 a month, and then $202 for the rest of my life. If I remarry, of course, I lose that part of the monthly income which is paid to me under Social Security as an unmarried widow.

Fortunately I was not weighed down by a mountain of debt. We were unusual, I guess, in



BUBLEY

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Alone now, Mrs. Coit must bear the late-hour gloom without the companionship of her husband.

that my husband did not believe in owing money, and he had savings. I was lucky enough to have some money of my own, and a thoughtful purse from his fellow employees has added to the education fund for the children. Still we are not anywhere near as well off as we would be if Charley had lived. I have been amazed at how much capital it takes to make up for a regular paycheck. When money only goes out and is not replaced by regular income, it can drain away in a hurry.

Even though I don't have to work, I have a part-time job which gives me some contact with a normal adult world. Another activity that has helped me through the months since Charley's death is Parents Without Partners, Inc., a national organization of widows, widowers and divorced parents who help one another by sharing their problems. Young widows with children can find out if there is a chapter near them by writing Parents Without Partners, Inc., 80 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, New York.

The best solution to the problems of young widowhood, I suppose, is remarriage. Charley and I talked this over, and I know he would approve, as I think most young husbands would today. But I cannot rebuild my life on such a long shot. It would take an extraordinary man to accept the responsibility for a wife *and* half a dozen leather-lunged children. Like any widow, I'm torn between need for a husband and fear of once more putting all my dreams, my love, my energies into a life that, after all, is mortal.

The widow, of course, has to deal by herself with such large private problems as remarriage. Still, there are many ways you can help her. Be thoughtful. Consider her needs and then try to fill that need. There was, for example, a friend from church who put a huge bowl of rich homemade soup in my kitchen just after Charley died. It was all I ate for a week. A neighbor took the youngest children into her house for supper that night. Other people took all six children and said to me, "You need a nap. Have one."

Many people do wonderful things during those short days between death and burial. But few people do much afterward, and that is the time when your need is the greatest. It takes a long time to adjust; many widows have told me that they hit the lowest spot six or eight months after their husbands died. That's when they feel the exile the worst. It's natural to leave a widow alone. We don't know what to say; we think a widow ought to be allowed to grieve in private. She shouldn't. She needs some time for private grieving, of course, but she'll get that in the middle of the night. What she does need is time to visit with friends, to go to parties—without necessarily being matched up with an eligible man. She needs the kind of comfortable evenings of talk she had with friends when her husband was alive.

There are many things neighborhood fathers can do for a widow. Give her sons a chance to work around their yards with a man in charge, as Charley's friend, Bob Brooks, has so often done. Check to see if the lawn mower's all right. Ask if the furnace is working or if a shelf needs to be hung. Women friends should, of course, continue to make her a part of their women's world of shopping trips and *Kaffeeklatsches*. There are many, many ways to help a widow.

These past few years have taught me many things. I live with a new appreciation for life. There is more meaning to those sudden, unexpected moments of sharing with the children, to the yellow of my day lilies bowing before a background of evergreens; to the Mozart or Bach I play mornings on the phonograph. My faith is stronger; my tolerance, greater. I suppose the most important thing I have learned is how tough we humans can be. I haven't been particularly brave, but I have come up against a stone wall, and I know there's no way around. I can't run away, ignore it or make believe it isn't there. I slip and fall, I skin my knees, I get mad, I cry and I feel sorry for myself, but I have to climb that wall.

How do you climb it? How do you build a new life? By accepting all the help you can get, by knowing it must be done, by trying and trying, again and again. I am still trying, and I have begun to feel at last that I can make it. THE END

Mary Coit is not unique. Very likely one widow lives on your block, another across the street. One out of every eight women in the United States over the age of fourteen is a widow. Approximately half a million of them are young mothers.

Death always comes as an intruder, but especially for the increasing number of American women who live comfortably in pleasant neighborhoods, whose husbands earn substantial incomes. About them is an aura of youth and health. Only on occasion does the staggering burden of debt their families carry seem to worry them. They confidently expect another pay raise. For widows, there will be no raise. When a man dies, his wife's world is shattered.

It is in financial matters that Mary Coit, who expresses so well the emotional, social and psychological problems of all young widows, is unusually lucky. She had savings instead of debts. Insurance experts estimate that the ideal minimum life-insurance coverage should be four to five times the husband's yearly income. Charley Coit carried almost four times his yearly income. He had major-medical health insurance. He left his wife financially secure.

Most young widows are totally unprepared to pay the enormous expenses of a terminal illness. When death comes they are hit with funeral costs, taxes, extra baby-sitting fees, travel expenses. Overnight the widow realizes she does not own her house; she owns a mortgage. She does not own a car; she owns an installment loan. Monthly bills continue to flood in, but monthly income has stopped. Most often the best job she can get is routine, low-pay office work.

A Social Security Administration survey of mothers receiving its benefits revealed that 18 per cent of all widows were totally in debt when their husbands died, and 13 per cent had neither debts nor assets of any kind. More than half had no liquid assets, although about the same number had an equity of about $7000 in their homes. Of those who had to care for children, 21 per cent were not covered by any life insurance, almost 9 per cent received benefits of less than $1000, and only 3½ per cent had more than $10,000 of insurance protection in any form.

If a young mother's husband was making $10,000 a year, died and left her $50,000, this would not mean that she and her children could continue to live on the same scale for more than a few years. Even such a sizable estate allows her only enough time to adjust her life so that she can become the family breadwinner.

The only bright spot for young widows is that, statistically speaking, the chances of remarriage—even with several youngsters eager to go along on the honeymoon—are getting better.

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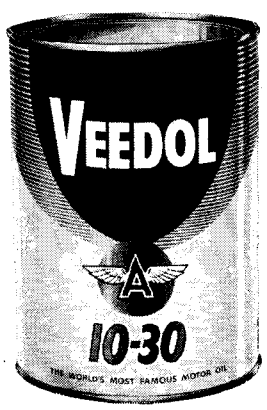

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WHY IS IT BAD NEWS WHEN KHRUSHCHEV'S SERFS REVOLT?

It is impossible to predict as this is written just what course the Berlin crisis will take. It is likely to drag along for many inconclusive months. However, Khrushchev's ability to retain the initiative, despite worsening conditions throughout the Red empire, undoubtedly received encouragement from a number of events in the West.

Even the President's military gestures could not have disturbed the Kremlin too much. The emphasis on conventional military and naval forces, coupled with our failure to order prompt resumption of nuclear tests, could have led the Soviet dictator to believe that the West was not expecting serious trouble. He can hardly believe that the West is thinking in terms of "limited war" in which Khrushchev, with his superiority in numbers, would have the advantage. Talk of "massive retaliation" is not considered cricket these days. However, in 1959, when we had a Berlin crisis, President Eisenhower had only to ask the question: "With 175 Soviet divisions in that neighborhood, why would anybody dream of fighting a ground war?" Despite the President's remark that he didn't see how nuclear war would "free anything," Khrushchev got the word. He didn't want nuclear war then any more than the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy does. Nor does he today.

More disturbing have been the signs of funk over what should have been regarded as good news, the rush of refugees from East Berlin and the consequent disorders. Instead of general rejoicing over the appearance of cracks in the Communist wall, there were widespread expressions of alarm. Senator William Fulbright, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, suggested on a radio and television program that this country would be willing to "negotiate" the closing of escape avenues from East Berlin, presumably lest the flood of refugees create disturbances which could lead to war. *The New York Times* reported from Washington that "the policy of the United States and its allies continues to be that nothing will be done to encourage a rebellion in East Germany and nothing will be done to assist if one should erupt because of the danger of a clash with Soviet forces." In support of this policy, the *Times* stated editorially on August sixteenth that "we must seek to discourage anti-Communist revolts in order to avert bloodshed and war. We must, under our own principles, live with evil even if by doing so we help to stabilize tottering Communist regimes, as in East Germany, and perhaps even expose citadels of freedom, like West Berlin, to slow death by strangulation."

Certainly nobody demands military action in these circumstances, but the question arises: How long will our own "citadel of freedom" survive if the Kremlin is always to be free to shore up "tottering Communist regimes" with the tacit encouragement of the Free World? "Liberals," especially in England, console themselves with the thought that the flight of so many from East Berlin has served its purpose because "world opinion" is now convinced that people don't like Communism. Well, that was made plain by earlier revolts in East Germany, Poland and Hungary. Whatever world opinion may have learned from those tragic events, the Communists still control East Germany, Poland and Hungary. Despite Vice President Johnson's reassuring words in Berlin, the fact remains that Khrushchev had already bottled up the East Berlin escape hatch with no interference by the West. The danger to world opinion is that the bystanders will conclude that the West does not desire an end to the Communist threat earnestly enough to take any risks.

If we are going to shudder with fear every time internal discontents erupt into action in the Communist empire, and what is worse, if we actually are going to attempt to throttle the discontented to save our own skins, our eventual fate can be charted. That course would not save our skins but would hasten the day when, having lost our allies within the slave empire and weakened our own morale by false hopes and avoidances, we faced the ultimatum: Surrender or die.

INFLATION CAN BREAK THE BEST WILL A LAWYER CAN DEVISE

Courts have been so free with amendments to, and even reversals of, wills and trusts that one is tempted to wonder whether a testator has any "civil rights" at all. However, there are occasions when a revision of the precise terms of a will can improve the position of the beneficiaries and actually carry out the intentions of the deceased. In this category is a decision last year by the Supreme Court of Minnesota in a case involving a million-dollar trust set up in 1917 by the late Dr. Charles H. Mayo, one of the founders of the Mayo Clinic.

Doctor Mayo, in establishing the trust, stipulated that the funds should be invested in bonds and preferred stocks, specifically banning common stocks. Twenty years after his death the beneficiaries of the trust, observing the rise of common stocks in contrast to the erosion which inflation had wrought in "basic" securities, applied to the courts for the right to invest a part of the funds in equities. The lower state courts understandably said no; the wishes of the testator had to be respected.

However, the Minnesota Supreme Court, donning the robes of economic soothsayers, declared that assets of Doctor Mayo's trust "within the next twenty years will in all likelihood be worth less than one fourth of the value they had at the time of the donor's death" in 1939. The court held that, inasmuch as Doctor Mayo's "ultimate and dominant intention" was to provide for his heirs in solid dollars, his purpose would be frustrated unless "deviation is allowed" to protect the purchasing power of the trust.

The court said, "Through an investment in bonds and mortgages of the type designated by the donor, plus corporate stocks of good, sound investment issues . . . the trust will . . . be fortified against inflation, recession, depression or decline in prices."

This decision, it should be noted, is not of a piece with recent judicial efforts to rewrite wills to appease minority groups or gratify some sociological prejudice. The Minnesota court specifically stated that deviation from the terms of Doctor Mayo's trust was permissible "only if the accomplishment of the purposes of the trust would otherwise be defeated or substantially impaired." With the Minnesota court, "the purposes of the trust" were the controlling factor, not the ideological concepts of outsiders. The distinction is important.

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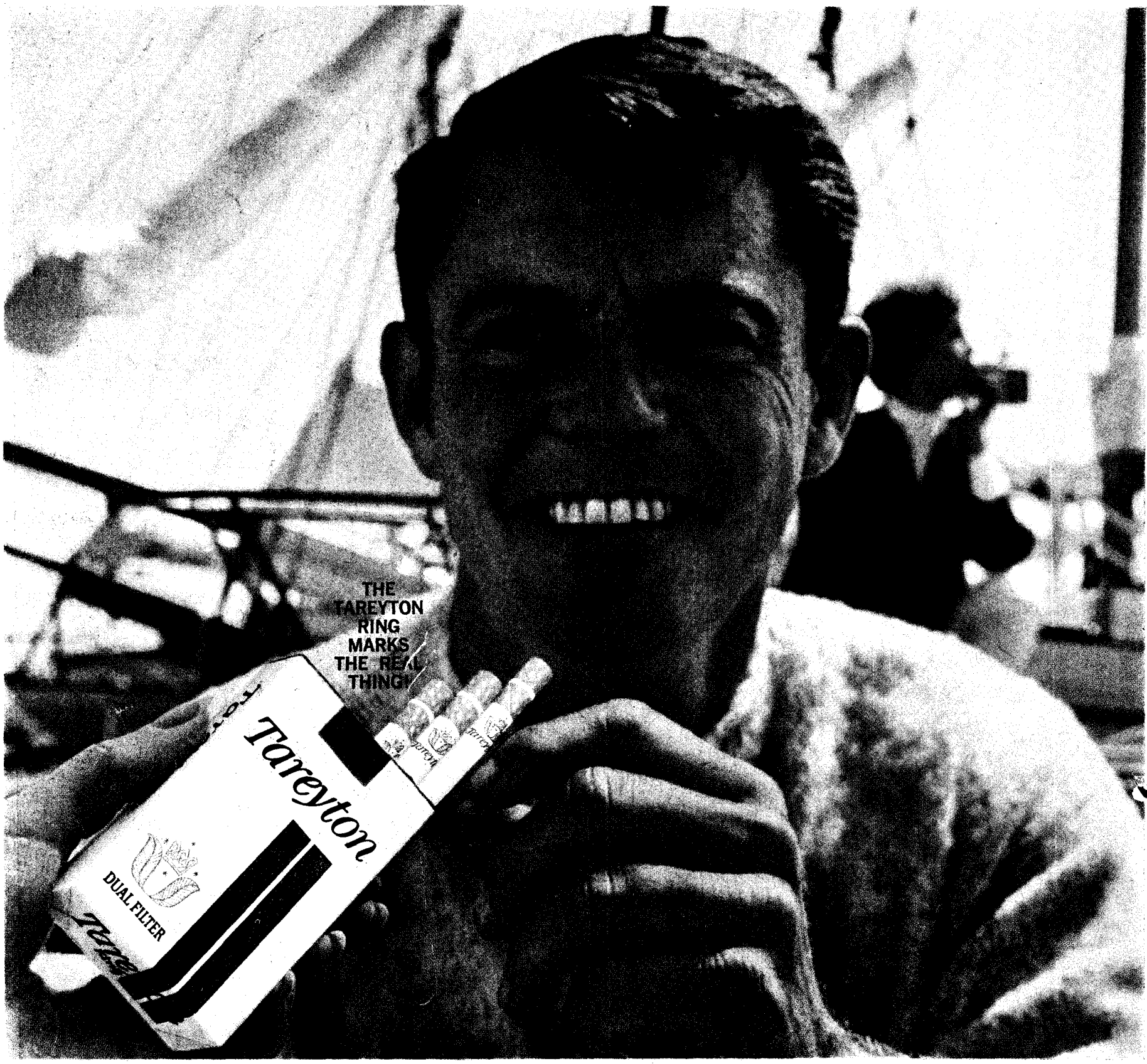

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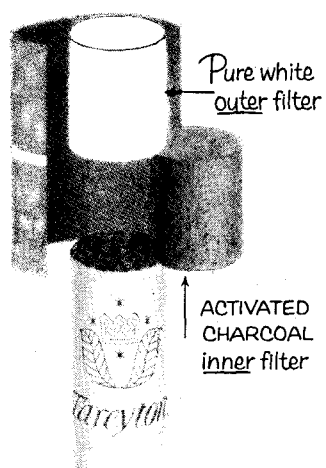

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